JUNE

True Story

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

MAGAZINE

25 CENTS

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

THE LARGEST NEWS STAND SALE IN THE WORLD

$10,000.00 In Cash Prizes

Keep hair lovely and free of Dandruff

Do you know that women everywhere are including Listerine as part of the once a week shampoo? They have found that it keeps the scalp tingling with health and invigoration. They have found by actual experience how wonderfully effective it is in preventing loose dandruff—and overcoming it once it has started.

Why not try it yourself once a week for a month? The treatment is simple. You merely douse full strength Listerine on the scalp and massage vigorously. Keep the massage up for five or ten minutes at least, moving the scalp forward and backward. Use a little olive oil if the scalp and hair are excessively dry.

Of course, if you have any evidence of dandruff now, it is wise to increase the frequency of the Listerine shampoo. If the case is mild, Listerine usually conquers it within a week. If the case is stubborn, it is sometimes necessary to use Listerine two or three times a week for several weeks.

Listerine first removes and dissolves dandruff, then soothes, cools, and heals the troubled scalp. If infection is present—and most dermatologists agree that dandruff is caused by germs—Listerine immediately attacks it, because, as you know, Listerine kills germs in fastest time. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Pays $5 for perfume . . . *Spends nothing on her gums and she has* "pink tooth brush"!

TRUE! Men, like bees, are drawn to the flower that is delectably fragrant! But of what use perfume, if on closer scrutiny, these critical men find that all your attractiveness flies away when you *smile*?

Don't forget that to be alluring, a smile must reveal only brilliant, white teeth! And sound, white teeth are dependent on sound, firm gums!

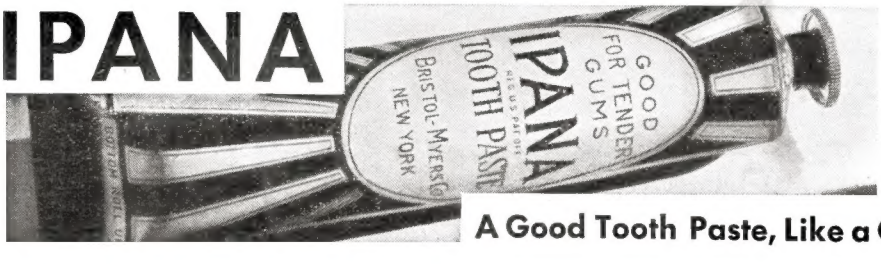
The foods of these modern days are far too soft and creamy to stimulate the gums—to keep them hard. Now they're soft and flabby. Tender, too. You have "pink tooth brush"—or you're *likely* to have it.

And if you're wise, you'll do something about this unhealthy condition of the gums. For "pink tooth brush" not only can dull the teeth, make them grayish-looking—but it may endanger the *soundness* of the teeth. And all too often it leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the rare but dreaded pyorrhea.

If you'll get some Ipana Tooth Paste, and rub a bit of it into your gums every time you clean your teeth, you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush." The massage stimulates the gums, of course. But the ziratol in Ipana (ziratol is a splendid toning agent) *aids* the massage in firming the gums.

Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and keeps teeth beautifully white and clean. Ipana with massage keeps the *gums* hard and healthy. Ipana with massage *protects* your smile! So today—start in with Ipana, and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. V-62
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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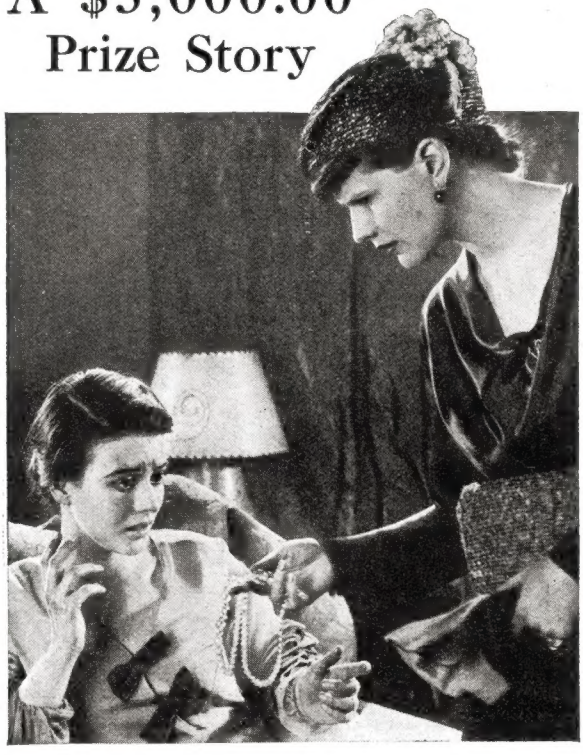
A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

Vol. 26 **TRUE STORY** No. 5

A $5,000.00 Prize Story



My Living Secret

The daughter of Mary Goodrich said, "Look, mother," indicating the front page of the morning newspaper, "doesn't this girl resemble me?"

Mary glanced casually at the picture of a smiling girl. Suddenly her heart leaped. She snatched the paper from her daughter's hand. The headline above the girl's picture danced before her eyes: MODEL HELD FOR QUESTIONING IN ATKINS' DEATH, and underneath the picture she read the name—Sonia Tate!

Sonia Tate! For a single desperate moment Mary clutched at the paper with both hands. Her eyes were riveted to that pretty face. Memories came flooding back—of a little girl and of a string of crystal beads.

Then the picture and the printed words turned into an inky blackness. Her fingers relaxed. Her knees crumpled. She fell to the floor unconscious.

Who was Sonia Tate? What was she to Mary Goodrich? You will find the astounding answer in Mary's $5,000.00 prize winning true story in the

July TRUE STORY Magazine
On Sale Everywhere June 3rd

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The stories in this magazine are about REAL PEOPLE and, because of this fact, fictitious names, which bear absolutely no relation to the real characters and places involved in the story, have been used.

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"Listen, baby,

I'M GOING TO TELL YOU SOME FACTS ABOUT LIFE!"

"Hurrah! I certainly do love this bath, even if I do have to scrub your back! I tell you, it's one of the few things I enjoy, these days — what with the weather getting warmer, and my chafing and prickly heat getting worse . . ."

"What! — hasn't your mother ever told you? Don't you know what makes some babies comfy and cheerful, and what makes some so cross? Well I declare! . . . listen, baby, I'm going to tell you some facts about life! . . .

"It's all on account of the powder you use! Of course! — and you'll feel better now, with my kind of powder cuddling up to you. It's the softest, soothingest, you've ever met. My mother told me — and believe me, baby, she knows!"

Listen, mother . . . HERE'S A LITTLE TEST THAT TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT BABY POWDERS!

Quick! — before *your* baby catches you napping on the important subject of baby powders! Do this . . .

Take several different kinds of baby powder and rub them — one at a time, of course — between your thumb and finger. You may be surprised to find how harsh and irritating some of them are. (And the surprise is even more unpleasant for babies, remember.) Now, try a little Johnson's Baby Powder . . .

Here, you'll feel a difference! Here, you'll feel velvety softness — wonderful fineness! Why? — because the talc used for Johnson's Baby Powder is the finest that can be obtained. It comes from Italy, and is made up of soft, tiny flakes. But — the inferior talc in some baby powders contains sharp, *needle-like* particles! Do you wonder that babies notice a difference?

Make this test today — and remember, too, that Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no stearate of zinc.*

If babies could speak for themselves, about soap . . . "We much prefer Johnson's Baby Soap, thank you! You see, it's made especially for us, and makes the loveliest lather, all smooth and nice. And, best of all, it leaves our skin feeling soft and velvety-like — the way we like it to be. Of course, you may think Castile is best, but just try this and see!"

And about cream . . . "We babies sometimes have our troubles, but when it comes to chafing, and sunburn and prickly heat, there's really nothing like Johnson's Baby Cream for making us feel better! You ought to tell your baby about it!"

FREE SAMPLES! Send for our free Gift Box containing a generous sample of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. G-1, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Johnson & Johnson

Your Druggist is More than a Merchant — Try the Drug Store First.

Stranger than Fiction

Poignant dramas, stirring revelations, and astounding experiences told in a few words

The Kick

THE throngs were cheering. One heard the stirring strains of martial bands; the rhythmic tramp of marching feet. The presentation of war medals was over. The citations had been read; the handclasp and salute given. The lines of men were swinging away through the summer afternoon.

The News Reporter pushed her way through the cheering throngs. She had quite definitely made up her mind to bring back some new slant on one of these hero stories. Surely if she spoke personally to one of these stern, boyish heroes with their young faces and age-old eyes, she could extract some new thrill from his personal experience.

At last, with persistence, she shoved her resolute way to the little group of army officers standing beside the three heroes. She noticed one man, a little apart from the others, his nervous fingers moving restlessly at his belt, his handsome face clearly depicting strain.

The reporter turned to the man beside her, who was hurriedly folding up a tripod and camera.

"Who is the officer you just took a photo of?" she inquired eagerly.

"That's Lieutenant G——," he answered. "The chap who held up a machine gun nest single-handed and, with a grenade shattering his leg, leveled his guns at the enemy, forcing them to surrender."

"What did he do with them?" asked the reporter.

"Held them prisoners until his men came up and relieved him."

"Goodness! What a terrible experience! And with his leg blown up! My, I just must speak to him! How long did he have to hold those guns pointed at the men?"

"About half an hour, I think. I don't know for sure. I only heard part of the citation. It was up at the Meuse—along the Aire River Valley somewhere. He's a quiet chap—won't talk at all."

The camera loaded to his liking, the man moved away, nodding carelessly to the girl.

She moved nearer to the stern-faced officer.

"Oh, I must get a new slant on this story. Surely he can give me some point no one knows of. I just must get a 'kick' into my copy today.

"Lieutenant G——, please will you answer me just one question?"

The officer turned and regarded the wide, violet eyes of a pretty girl, eagerly raised to his.

"Oh, I know," she hurried on, "I know you have been asked a hundred questions about the war. I don't want to bother you with a lot of stupid inquiries about the fighting or the dug-outs, or the mud and dirt and hardships. Nor will I ask you about your bravery or how it all came about. But please—will you tell me this: As you sat with your leg bleeding, with shells falling about you and your troops far behind. As you sat there alone, leveling your guns at those enemy soldiers, can't you tell me something that you haven't told any one else about that terrible experience? Just one thing that you alone know?"

The stern face relaxed into a gentle, amused smile.

"Why, yes," the officer said slowly. "My guns were empty."

The Phantom Phone

A BLIZZARD was howling around the house the night it happened. John, my husband, had driven into town in the morning intending to take care of some business at the bank, get medicine from the doctor for Billy, our little boy, who had a bad cold, and be back by afternoon.

I was alone on the farm with the sick child. Our nearest neighbors, the Thompsons, were almost a mile away, but I was not worried, even when it started to snow, for I could telephone if anything happened. Even as I thought of that, the phone rang.

It was John. He had been delayed at the bank, and had called me up when he noticed how hard it was snowing. He did not want me to worry; he soon would be leaving and would be home before dark.

Darkness came early in the winter time and soon I had to light the lamp. Billy seemed worse, too; but I thought it was only because his cold usually seemed worse at night. Besides, John soon would be home with the medicine.

But the hours passed and my husband did not return. I became uneasy, and then (*Continued on page* 140)

NEW! QUICKLY APPLIED

with the Dainty Sanitary Applicator

INSTANT-ACTING... SAFE...ECONOMICAL

This INSTANT Non-perspirant and Deodorant Solves Every Perspiration Problem For You . . . *and for every garment you own*

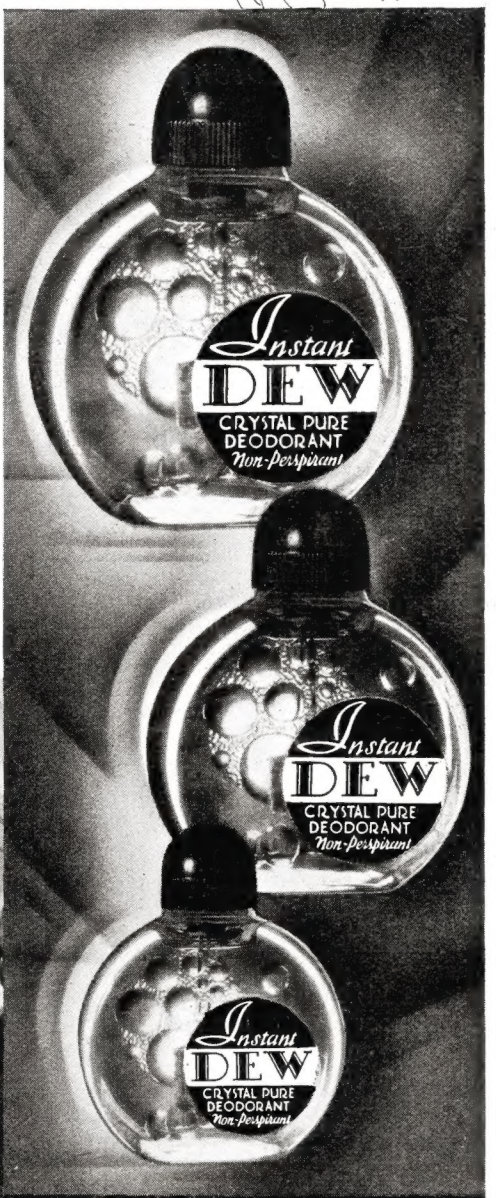
Greatly refined, DEW comes to you now in a smartly modernized flask which combines new convenience with beauty.

Quick in application, action and drying—*that* is what you'll like most in this *safe* non-perspirant. When dressing, always take a moment to apply DEW with the sanitary applicator and you will *know* that you and all your garments are secure. Use as often as needed.

Increasing thousands of women have relied upon DEW for years because they have found that *it will not irritate a tender skin or harm a fragile fabric when the simple directions are followed.*

•

DEW *instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads*



REGULAR FULL SIZES

25¢ AND 50¢

LARGE ECONOMY SIZE · $1.00

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Enclosed is 10c. Please send DEW sample to:

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*City*_____ *State*_____

Home Problems Forum

What Would You Do if Facing This Knotty In-Law Problem Which Threatens to Break Up a Happy Marriage?

The New Problem

IRMA and Jerry come to you this month with a problem which requires delicate handling. They have been married eight years. The first years were hard sledding, and Jerry's father paid for several operations which Irma needed. Then, some time later, he presented them with a beautiful little home, so that they need no longer pay rent. In addition to this, he took Jerry into his business, a profitable men's shop, and paid him an excellent salary. After the death of Jerry's mother, however, Irma was persuaded by outside forces to take her husband's father in to live with them. He is extremely nervous and hard to get along with, since his wife's death, and has practically nothing to do with the store, though it is still in his name. Irma feels that he should turn the business entirely over to Jerry, and then go to live with one of his out-of-town daughters. Jerry is horrified at Irma's attitude, but can do nothing to change it. He says that everything he and Irma have is due to his father's kindness, and they must put up with his poor health now, however trying he may be.

How do you feel? Is it right to take and not give? Or is Jerry right in his desire to care for his father, who has done so much in the past to help both him and his wife?

Irma Writes:

DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

I suppose there is hardly a family in the country which hasn't a problem now. Everybody seems to be having some sort of trouble. And, after trying my best to get somewhere by arguing with my husband, I have decided to write to you. I am a constant reader of your department and feel that you will understand my viewpoint, for you seem to know exactly what goes on in a woman's heart.

Though my husband and I have been married eight years, within the last year he doesn't seem to understand me at all because, no matter what happens, he always takes his father's part.

The first year of our marriage was a very hard one. I was twenty, and had been rather spoiled by my parents. Jerry was twenty-three and, although conditions were very good everywhere at that time, he couldn't seem to earn very much money. He had gone to high school, but really never had made up his mind what he wanted to do. He tried various things, but wasn't especially successful.

THE very first year Jerry's parents helped us out with money. His father had a business, men's furnishings, one of the nicest stores in the whole district. People came to it from many miles around, because it was a modern store and had always given good merchandise and excellent service.

In the first year of our marriage I had to have an operation, and Jerry's father and mother paid for (*Continued on page* 187)

PRIZE WINNERS

Problem of Lillian and Ed

in the March, 1932, TRUE STORY Magazine

First Prize: Nora M. Cate, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Second Prize: Mrs. A. Wallis, St. Louis, Mo.
Third Prize: Mrs. M. Ichrist, Tiffin, Ohio

Every month TRUE STORY Magazine offers three prizes, $15.00, $10.00 and $5.00, for the three best letters of advice to those perplexed souls who bring their difficulties to the Home Problems Forum.

Can you help Irma and Jerry, whose problem is so vividly presented in their letters in the adjoining columns? Have you, or has some one you know, faced a similar problem? If so, be sure to write them. Your letter may be just the one they need most.

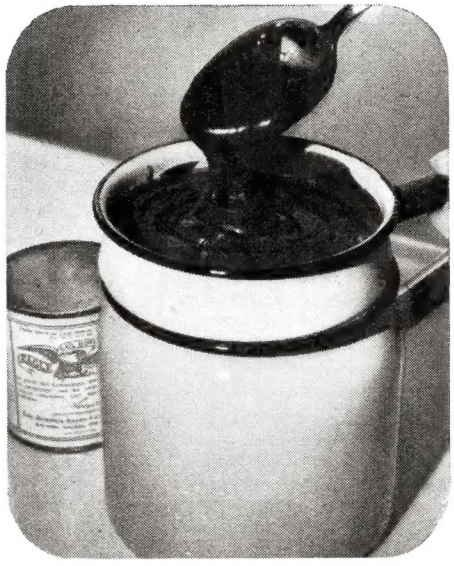
And if you, too, are confronted by a problem that you do not seem able to solve, why not write to Mrs. Helen Willman, of True Story's Intimate Home Problems Forum, and let our readers help you from their own experiences? No letters to the forum can be returned.

MAGIC

DOUBLE-QUICK COOKING!

Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate in double boiler. Add 1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Cook—stirring occasionally—for five minutes! Result ...a Magic Chocolate Mixture! Rich, creamy, more perfect than you'd ordinarily get with a half hour's cooking. Look below—see all the delicious things it makes.

MAKE NO MISTAKE. Be sure you use the right kind of milk in this recipe — Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Although evaporated milk is fine for many uses, it simply won't work in this magic recipe.



Use it as is . . .

CHOCOLATE FROSTING!

Never grainy. Never too thick or too thin. Spread your Magic Chocolate Mixture while still warm with a knife dipped in hot water. It goes on in rich swirls —a half-inch thick, if you like.

Add a little water . . .

CHOCOLATE SAUCE!

To your Magic Chocolate Mixture, just add ⅛ teaspoon salt and ½ to 1 cup of hot water. A wonderful chocolate sauce — full flavored, creamy-smooth — for puddings, ice cream!

Add more water . . .

HOT CHOCOLATE!

To your Magic Chocolate Mixture, add ⅛ teaspoon salt and 8 cups boiling water. Get out your best cups for this. It's hot chocolate at its best! Smooth, rich, delicious!

Or add egg whites . . .

CHOCOLATE PUDDING!

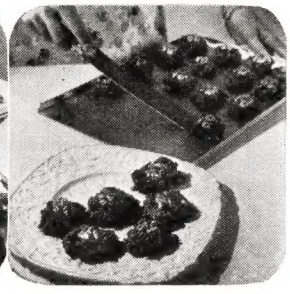
To your Magic Chocolate Mixture, add ⅓ cup water, and—after cooling for 5 minutes—add 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pile into sherbet glasses. It's a wonderful pudding—they'll love it!

• OR USE IT IN THESE WONDERFUL SHORT-CUT COOKIES!

To Miss Virginia Dozier, Thomson, Georgia, went $25 for this recipe in our recent buying of housewives' recipes. Try it!

In no time, this recipe makes 2½ dozen lovely little cookies. First remove your Magic Chocolate Mixture from the fire.

Next add 1 cup toasted bread or zwieback crumbs, and 1 cup chopped nuts. Mix well. Now isn't that easy?



Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Top each with a nut meat. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 10 minutes.

FREE! WONDERFUL NEW COOK BOOK "AMAZING SHORT-CUTS"

Contains dozens of $25 recipes, with names of originators!

New! Different! Full of brand-new ideas never published before! Candies! Cookies! Mayonnaise and other salad dressings! Puddings! Frozen dishes—both freezer and chill-tray ones! Pies! Cakes!—all sorts of good things made in far less time! Included are dozens of new magic discoveries, for which we paid $25 each, in our recently terminated purchase of housewives' recipes. Send today!

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Please send me your new FREE booklet "Amazing Short-cuts."

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Address _____

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(Print name and address plainly)

EAGLE BRAND+CHOCOLATE

$10,000.00

IN PRIZES IN GREAT TRUE STORY CONTEST

TRUE STORY will award $10,000.00 in prizes for twenty-four true stories selected from among the stories submitted during this great three months' contest which extends from April 1st to June 30th inclusive. And in addition many other stories suitable for publishing but falling short of coming within the prize winning class will be considered for purchase at regular rates.

Imagine receiving the first prize of $2,000.00 for a single story of perhaps 5,000 words—a rate that very few of the greatest authors ever command! It is hard to conceive of opening an envelope and finding a check for $2,000.00 in return for a story representing an experience that took place in your life or in the life of an acquaintance—but *that very thing may happen to you* provided you enter this contest series, follow the rules carefully and put your best efforts into the manuscript or manuscripts you submit.

We shall never be satisfied until we know we are getting the best true stories that have been lived and written. If there are better stories, if there are more unusual situations, if more touching or thrilling or pleasing episodes have taken place in human lives than those that already have been recorded in TRUE STORY and allied Macfadden magazines, we insist upon having them for our readers—and we believe that this magnificent offer will bring them to light.

What We Mean by the "Best" True Stories

By "best" true stories we do not mean the best written or the most highly polished stories. Words never made a story—they simply tell it. The stories that we seek do not require the embellishment of fine writing or literary craftsmanship. Their power lies in their simplicity and their appeal to the human heart. They come from the heart more than from the head. The stories for which we are in search are now reposing untold in the hearts of those who lived them, one or more perhaps in yours—memories of supreme moments, emotional crises, unusual situations so profoundly moving that they have branded themselves upon your very soul. These are what we mean by the "best" true stories and it is stories of this kind that will be awarded the magnificent prizes in this great manuscript contest series.

So begin today to set your story down. Do not hesitate for fear you do not have the ability to write. When you consider that during the last few years we have paid nearly a quarter of a million dollars to people, many of whom, until they had taken part in TRUE STORY Manuscript Contests, thought they could not write, you will realize how groundless your fears are. Do not be deterred from writing your story for fear of your identity becoming known for, during its entire career, TRUE STORY has never published a story over a writer's name nor revealed the identity of a writer, except with his or her express permission.

Tell your story simply in your own words, just as it happened to you or some one you know, and the judges will consider it entirely upon its qualities as a story, i. e., its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. If it contains the human quality we seek, it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the person submitting the best true story will be awarded the first prize of $2,000.00, the person submitting the second best will be awarded the second prize of $1,000.00, etc.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

The only restriction as regards the length of stories submitted in these contests is that no story shall contain less than 2,500 words. Beyond that feel no concern. Let the length take care of itself. Use as many words as are necessary to set it forth to best advantage—whether it be 3,000, 10,000 or 50,000.

Remember, it is the stories you send in that count—nothing else. Do not procrastinate. It would be a pity indeed not to take full advantage of this unprecedented opportunity to cash in richly on one or more of your life experiences. You may submit as many manuscripts as you desire but only one prize will be awarded to any one person.

On this page you will find the contest rules. Read them carefully. They are simple and easily understood—all based upon our past experience in conducting contests of this nature. Follow them carefully and your manuscripts will contain all necessary information and reach us in such form as to insure their receiving full consideration in these contests. Do not enclose photographs, letters or other exterior matter of any kind except return postage. Such enclosures only complicate the work of handling manuscripts without helping or affecting decisions in any way. Within two weeks after receipt of each manuscript an acknowledgment will be mailed to the sender.

Another thing, watch the contest page or pages every month. For several months there may be nothing new—then, suddenly—a great new announcement. It pays to watch the contest page.

NOTE—On behalf of the many persons who submit their life experiences in story form to TRUE STORY and allied Macfadden magazines, we have printed a manual describing the technique which, according to our experience, is best suited for use in writing true stories. It is entitled, "Facts You Should Know About TRUE STORY." Please ask for it by name when writing for it. We shall be glad to mail you a copy free upon request. Failure to send for this booklet does not, however, lessen your chances of being awarded a prize in the contest series.

Prize Schedule

1st Prize	$2,000.00
2nd Prize	1,000.00
3rd (2 at $750 each)	1,500.00
4th (4 at $375 each)	1,500.00
5th (16 at $250 each)	4,000.00
24 stories	$10,000.00

RULES GOVERNING THE TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, proper evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double-spaced, are preferred, though manuscripts written with pen and ink will be considered. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 2,500 words, stories written in foreign language or submitted in parts, will not be considered.

At top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE, and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript. Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper. Send material flat by first class mail. Do not roll.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if accompanied by proper postage, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return, and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. (Return addressed envelope not necessary.) No rejected manuscripts may be entered in a later contest of this series nor submitted later to this company for purchase. Enclose return postage in the same envelope with your manuscript. Do not send under separate cover.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning rejected manuscripts, nor can changes or corrections be made in manuscripts once they have been submitted. Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest.

The decision of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

In case of ties, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This contest runs for a period of three months beginning April 1st and ending at close of business June 30th, 1932.

Names of prize winners will be announced in TRUE STORY Magazine, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Address your manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. 10C, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

She Learned About Washday From Him — by C.A. Voight

"Does amazing amount of work," says this Baltimore woman

"IT IS surprising what one can accomplish with a large package of Rinso. Besides cleaning floors and woodwork 4 times, washing the sinks and basins 5 times and the dishes 14 times, with this same box of Rinso, I did my whole wash—a big one, as this list will show:

2 bed spreads	7 table cloths	3 pajamas
8 bureau scarfs	24 towels	8 shirts
12 doilies	28 dish towels	7 dresses
12 face cloths	48 handkerchiefs	4 nightgowns
18 napkins	12 children's dresses	8 men's underwear
12 pillow cases	6 children's nightclothes	12 pairs socks
6 sheets	12 children's underwear	16 pairs stockings"

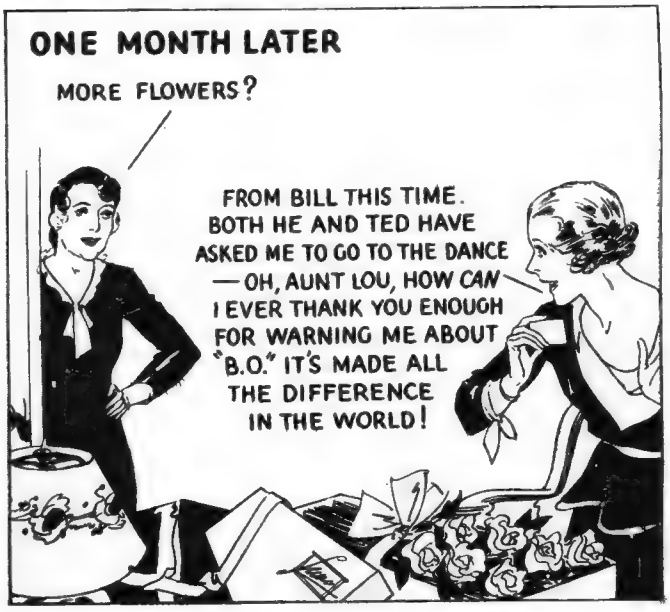
MRS. JAMES HOBBS
639 Bartlett Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

You will be amazed at the amount of washing one big box of Rinso will do for you—*even in hardest water.* No softener needed. Try it and see.

Rinso The Granulated soap

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

WHO'S POPULAR NOW?.. by ALBERT DORNE

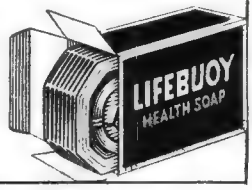


"B.O." RUINS ROMANCE
(Body Odor)

A PRETTY FACE—an attractive smile—count for nothing against that unpardonable social fault—"B.O." (*body odor*). Don't take chances—especially now when warmer weather makes us perspire more freely. Make Lifebuoy your toilet soap. Its rich, creamy, deep-cleansing lather *purifies* and *deodorizes* pores—keeps you safe from offending. Removes germs from hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you you're cleaner, *safer*.

Lovelier complexions—soon!

How quickly complexions respond to Lifebuoy's bland, soothing lather—its gentle, yet thorough, cleansing! Watch dullness and cloudiness vanish—clear, healthy radiance return. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Romantic Thrills

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE joys of being in love—who can truly describe these halcyon enchantments?

Words are weak and incomplete. They cannot picture the rapturous ecstasies of reciprocated love. They cannot even faintly give one an idea of the bewildering allurements that stir the souls of sweethearts and lovers.

There are endearing moments that blot out all the soul-crushing sorrows that have gone before. There are times—regardless of previous hardship or suffering, or torturing sacrifices you may have endured—that are so delightful, so exquisitely blissful, that that which has gone before is of no concern. You feel that you have been fully compensated.

Love and romance promise so much. They seem at times to give us a taste of an earthly heaven. But such entrancingly beautiful reveries are usually short-lived.

Some phases of love can be compared to an exquisitely delicate flower. It must be carefully nurtured; it is all-powerful, yet supersensitive. It can carry us into the heavenly realms, or into the scorched regions of Dante's Inferno.

And to acquire some understanding of this terrific yet dreamily seductive force implanted in the heart and soul of every "human," we must realize that it has perpetuated the race; it is through the rapturous delights of falling in love that we have sweethearts, marriage, homes and children. These are the outstanding, constructive results of romantic attachments.

Romantic thrills draw men and women together with an unerring force, bringing to us marriage and mating. And if the time ever comes when we can develop the proper understanding of these all-absorbing relationships, doubtless the fascinating and bewildering sensations that they bring will be greatly prolonged.

Sweetheart days should live for a long time after marriage. They are well worth careful nurturing. The happiness that they can bring into the home, and into the lives of people everywhere, can never be adequately described.

And marriage should not necessarily mean the death of love and romance. It should merely be the beginning of life's most resplendent experiences.

We often jest about love and marriage, and the apparent senselessness of the victims of its charms; but it is indeed a serious subject, and if knowledge can some day entirely compensate us for what we have lost through the perversion of our sex instincts, the enchantment that marriage promises should always be dependable.

Then romantic thrills should be continued on and on, year after year, as long as we can retain the zest and spirit of youth.

$25 A WEEK

$25,000 A YEAR

Both rely on this tooth paste to keep teeth lovely

Money never worries one woman. She could afford to pay $10 a tube for a dentifrice. Yet Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢, is her favorite.

The other woman does some pretty sharp figuring to keep out of debt. If she thought a costly tooth paste would be better for her teeth, she would buy it, even though she had to skimp in other directions to pay for it. But she, too, uses Listerine Tooth Paste.

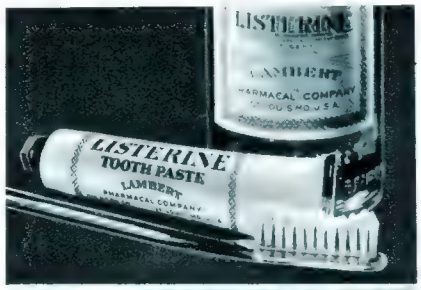
What is the answer? Simply this: Women in every walk of life have found by actual comparison that Listerine Tooth Paste achieves superior results. That, in every way, it is worthy of the great name it bears. Actually more than two million women have discarded fancy-priced brands in favor of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢.

Do not take our word for its merits. Let the product speak for itself. You alone be the judge. Compare its results and its quality with that of any tooth paste at any price. Get a tube from your druggist's and begin using it. You will be delighted with its results.

New luster and brilliance

Note how swiftly and thoroughly it cleans—but how gently. Only the safest of ingredients are used.

See how the modern polishing agents it contains add fresh luster and brilliance to teeth that used to be dull.



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢

Note how quickly these agents remove ugly tartar, unsightly discolorations, disgusting tobacco stains.

Firm, healthy gums

After you have used this paste a week, examine your gums. They'll appear healthier. And feel healthier.

And look for that wonderful feeling of exhilaration and mouth cleanliness that follows its use—the delightfully refreshing effect you associate with Listerine itself.

A common sense price

Don't forget that these benefits cost you half of what you would ordinarily pay. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25¢ the large tube—a product as good as the name it bears.

Be sensible. Be thrifty. Use Listerine Tooth Paste. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

AFTER USING LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE, GARGLE WITH LISTERINE TO KILL DECAY GERMS ON TEETH

June Collyer

THIS charming young lady won her first part in motion pictures because she actually was all that the part called for, being a popular and talented debutante, gifted with a rich and piquant beauty, and endowed with all the advantages that private schools and wealthy parents can give. After proving her acting ability in Allan Dwan's picture "East Side, West Side", little Miss June decided that parties and tennis and swimming weren't enough to keep her busy, so she signed with Paramount and has done a whole series of successful pictures. She is now making personal appearances with her husband, Stuart Erwin.

Paramount

Loretta Young

WE can literally say that the dainty Loretta is very, very young; yet in her short span of years she has made an outstanding success of her acting ability. Her theatrical work commenced when she was five years old. We remember her best as the wistful little heroine in "Laugh Clown Laugh," with the late Lon Chaney. Loretta is a very likable young person who will keep going on in her profession. She is more than ordinarily pretty, and she wears her clothes with dash and distinction. She is at present under contract to First National Pictures and has done excellent work in "The Hatchet Man", "Taxi" and "Play Girl."

Warner Brothers

Jeanette MacDonald

JEANETTE Mac DONALD is a Scotch lassie with green eyes, red hair, and a flair for wearing clothes. She has the type of complexion that reminds you of the description of Annie Laurie. Beginning with a stage career under the direction of Henry Savage, she did excellent work in a number of musical comedies, but was eventually drafted from Broadway to play the prima donna lead in the talking screen's first original operetta, "The Love Parade", opposite Maurice Chevalier. This was a huge success and a long-time contract with Paramount followed. At present she is featured in "One Hour with You."

Paramount

Charles Farrell

THIS clean-cut, personable young man earned his way through college and landed a job in the movies when he was down to his last dollar. He made a name for himself as the boy, Chico, in "Seventh Heaven", playing opposite Janet Gaynor. After this outstanding success he completed a number of other memorable rôles in such hits as "Body and Soul", and "The Man Who Came Back." He teams beautifully with the elfin Janet Gaynor, though in private life he is happily married to Virginia Valli. His next rôle will be in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." He is especially popular with the younger movie fans.

Fox Film

"I'll stand by it!"

"I'll stand by tobacco . . . in good times, in hard times . . . all kind of times . . . it helps a whole lot!

"I grew up with tobacco. And I never got anything but *good* from it! But that goes for every smoker I ever heard about.

"Why, I remember as a boy, way back, how the old folks in the fall used to pick and cure tobacco from a little patch they'd raised, and save out the best for their own smoking.

"They'd certainly appreciate what we get today, though. These Chesterfields now. Fine tobaccos from all over the world, and cured and blended just so; there isn't anything purer or milder.● Cleanest factories you ever saw, too—everything up to date.

"But what I started out to say was, you can *always* depend on tobacco. No matter how things are going. It means so much to so many people, and costs so little!...Yes, sir—I'll stand up for tobacco as long as I can strike a match!"

• • •

"MUSIC THAT SATISFIES"
Mondays and Thursdays, Boswell Sisters. Tuesdays and Fridays, Alex Gray. Wednesdays and Saturdays, Ruth Etting. Shilkret's Orchestra, every night except Sunday. Columbia Network.

● NOTE. In the sections where tobacco grows and where people know tobacco, Chesterfield is usually the largest-selling cigarette.

© 1932, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"Always, always picking on me . . . telling me what's good for me. It's just a shame that I can't talk yet. I'd certainly love to tell those grown-ups what's good for them!"

"Take Aunt Lily now. She wants a BIG ROMANCE. She prinks and she prinks and does over her complexion as if she were a movie star. The poor girl just doesn't seem to know that men love a baby-clear skin!"

"There'd be more pretty complexions in this world to make men happy, if grown-up ladies would use my beauty treatment. Watch me go after it (and do pardon my back) . . . for my skin simply loves Ivory."

"I have to hide my face and giggle when ladies talk so solemnly about opening the pores and closing the pores. Just as if pores were doors. Goodness gracious . . . why not *clean* the pores with Ivory!"

"And they talk about their sensitive complexions needing fancy soap. And me, listening, with my sensitive complexion all over me. Why, nurse said I'd break out if mother used perfumed or colored soaps. It's Ivory that keeps my skin so kissable!"

"Well, here am I, all dressed up to welcome Aunt Lily's latest. I hope Aunt Lily won't be too jealous, for I know from MY PAST that men love to pet my cheek. Perhaps it'll get her to thinking about using my Ivory!"

MORAL *If you want a baby's clear, smooth skin . . use a baby's beauty treatment . . 99 44/100% pure*

Ivory Soap

© 1932, P. & G. Co.

VOLUME 26 TRUE STORY NUMBER 5
TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

"Poor fellow," he said, "I took him downtown and bought him a suit of clothes and a new pair of shoes."

I HATED MY HUSBAND

He was honored and respected by every one but his own family

NOW that I am back safe within the protecting walls of my own home, and the shadow of the insane asylum no longer hovers over me like a threatening black cloud, I can tell my story—the story of a long, bitter hatred that, for years, kept gnawing at my heart, like some vicious beast, until it almost destroyed me.

The object of this savage hatred was my own husband—the man I lived with for thirty years, the father of my adored daughter, and a minister of the gospel. He served as a chaplain during the war, held the position of chaplain in a state prison for years, and was a respected and honored Christian man.

I am not a wicked woman. I have always tried to do my duty by my child, my home and my church. I am naturally good-natured, not much given to quarreling,

pettiness nor fault-finding; yet I nursed this bitter hatred in my heart for years, brooding over it so long that it brought me finally to the shadow of the insane asylum.

TO one man, Doctor Emil Steinblough, famous physician and psychiatrist, I owe my return to reason and the happiness that now blesses the sunset of my life.

I was born and reared i a little town in South Dakota. My parents were not very well-to-do, but we had a comfortable home and they were thrifty and anxious to get ahead. My father was county superintendent of schools and my mother read and studied with him, helping him with his work on the long winter evenings after we children were tucked in bed.

I was a little disappointed that John didn't rush madly through the crowd and take me in his arms

I inherited their ambition and, at an early age, determined that I was going to be somebody in the world. I wanted to go to college, and my father promised to send me, after I finished the village school. With what I could earn by a year's teaching he thought, by that time, he could save enough from his salary. The future looked very bright. Oh, how I worked and studied and dreamed of the time when my ambition would be fulfilled! I used to lie awake nights, and picture myself walking across the university campus with my books under my arm.

Then one day, quite suddenly, my dreams were shattered, and my chances gone forever. On one of my father's trips to visit a country school, he was caught in a terrible blizzard, and found frozen to death within a few yards of the schoolhouse. With our income gone, mother had to work at anything she could get to do to support herself and us children. Never very strong, she fell a victim to tuberculosis through overwork and exposure, and died just two years after father left us.

An aunt agreed to take us children, providing I would help with the housework and their care. Being the eldest, I felt this to be my duty. So I quit school and became a sort of maid-of-all-work in my aunt's home.

I shall never forget the day I realized definitely that my dream of college had vanished into thin air. I cried all night long. But when daybreak came I dried my red, swollen eyes, laid away my dreams forever and buckled down to the job. For ten years I washed and cooked and scrubbed. I made the children's clothes and kept them in school. When the younger ones were finally able to do for themselves, I was twenty-five years old, and felt older than that.

About this time John Rand, the minister of our church, proposed marriage to me. He was a handsome young man, dark-eyed and dark-haired, and he had a gift of oratory that thrilled me. He had a call to a church down in the Southwest, near the Mexican border, and wanted to take me with him.

I CAN remember the scene as if it were yesterday, when he told me of his plans and asked me to share them with him. We were walking home from evening service.

"Why, Grace, you're the very one I need in my work down there," he said. "I've watched the way you've sacrificed yourself for your young brothers and sisters, working so hard and giving up your life for them. That's what I need in a wife—the spirit of sacrifice—a wife who is willing to sacrifice herself to help in God's work."

I was so carried away by his zeal that it didn't occur to me that he was talking only about what I could do for him—how I could help him—and not a word about what he could, or would, do for me. I have thought about it so many times since when his selfishness has almost

He was the chaplain, and had to respond to the Mayor's address of welcome

crushed me. But then—well I could only see his handsome face, his flashing dark eyes lighted up with enthusiasm, and feel a great glow of pride that he had chosen me, a poor little nobody, to help him carry on his great work.

We were married the following month, and set forth on our great adventure. I had never even been on a train before, so the prospect of seeing new places and strange sights filled me with great anticipation.

My first glimpse of the town that was to be our home was rather disheartening. While South Dakota is a prairie land, yet it isn't utterly devoid of trees; but here was a flat, sandy country without a living green thing to be seen on the expanse of sand that stretched as far as eye could see. The whole town seemed to consist of houses made of mud, the same color as the sand. I never saw anything so drab and desolate.

I LEARNED afterward that what I called "mud" was really adobe, and the material from which most desert abodes are made. But my first impression was of a lot of gray shanties. Beyond the town, about a quarter of a mile, was the state prison. This too, was gray. A great pile of concrete surrounded by a high wall, at each corner of which look-outs were stationed with guns. The sight of it gave me a nervous feeling at first, but John assured me I would soon get used to it, and I did in time.

There were three churches in the town—the Catholic which was at the north end, and two Protestant. Neither one of the latter was much to boast about, but ours was the smaller and poorer of the two. It had only two rooms, the church proper and a small wing, which was used for a Sunday school room but could be made a part of the auditorium if needed simply by opening the faded curtains which hung from a pole on rings. A part of this room was partitioned off for the pastor's study.

THERE was no regular parsonage; but nearby was a small house (if it could be called such) which was given to us, rent free. It, too, was one of the adobe "shacks," and consisted of a living or main room opening directly off the street, a kitchen and two bedrooms, all on the ground floor. Being a warm country, no foundation was required and it was set up on what looked like stilts at each corner. It took me a long time to become accustomed to this great open space under the house. Every time the wind blew I was afraid it would carry the house away.

My husband had very little money left after paying our fares down there, but money was the least of his worries. Since he was doing the Lord's work, he felt, somehow, that the Lord would provide. With the little money we had, we bought a second-hand bed, bedding, two chairs, a table, some dishes and a stove for cooking. It was a warm climate so we didn't need heat, except sometimes in the evening when it became chilly.

The little church was badly run down, and John started in with enthusiasm to build it up. He was a good preacher, had a winning personality, and it wasn't long before he had a fair congregation. His salary was to be six

hundred dollars a year—little enough to live on; but with no coal to buy and no rent to pay, we were sure we could manage. While the prospect might have seemed drab indeed to any one else, I was too much in love to feel anything but happiness. We were young and we were together. That was all that really mattered.

"Why, honey, you just wait a year and see this little church—you won't know it. I'm going to have a well drilled right here—a regular Rebecca's well—there's plenty of water in this country when you get down to it. Then when I get a hose playing around here we'll have grass and flowers. And we'll have a bell on the church, and a carpet inside, and all sorts of things. You just watch us grow!"

It was impossible not to catch his enthusiasm, but I must confess that I found myself dreaming once in awhile of a rug, an easy chair and a few pictures for our home, as well as things for the church. And to this end I worked and saved in every way I could, but John didn't think it right for us to buy things for our house when the church needed so much; so the little I was able to save went for church repairs. I felt that John was right, and agreed gladly.

The following year our baby was born—a daughter—and I was the happiest woman in the whole world. What did easy chairs and pictures and rugs matter when I had her? The minute I felt her little warm body snuggled up to mine I began to dream for her as I had for myself in the old days—dreams of college! She should do all the wonderful things I had planned for myself. But John also had dreams for her.

"SHE shall be a missionary, Grace! Think of it! Our daughter to carry the gospel to India or China!" he said as he stood at my bedside.

"China! Why, John Rand, do you think I'll ever let my daughter go to China! She's going to college, and I'm going right along with her and keep house for her! You go along with your old China!" And I hugged the baby close to me, while John pretended to be very fierce and stern as he struck a comic pose and insisted that she go to China. We both burst out laughing, and it was all in good fun.

I needed a crib for the baby, but her coming had meant so much extra expense that there was nothing to spare for a crib. However, I managed very well by using our two chairs to build a barricade at the side of the bed while she slept. But this left me with nothing to sit on except a box and, as I wasn't very strong, it was hard on my back. Oh, how I did want a rocking chair! I felt a rocking chair would do duty for me and the baby both. When I wasn't sitting in it, it could be used for a cradle for her.

I spoke to John one day about it. "Why, yes, of course," he replied absent-mindedly. "We'll get it out of the next money that turns up."

John was unbusinesslike and easy going, and had not made any arrangements with the trustees of the church to be paid at any stated time. They paid his salary whenever they got around to it. I remonstrated with him several times, pointing out the fact that his congregation would have more respect for him if he were more businesslike and insisted that his salary be paid on time. John always replied that he "guessed so, too," and then forgot all about it. The second year we got only five hundred dollars and this was paid in small bits—fifty dollars one month, twenty-five another, and sometimes none, for two months or more, and then possibly ten or fifteen dollars. Whenever I spoke to John about it he always put me off with "Oh, they'll pay when get around to it."

I WAS doing my own housework, cooking, washing, taking care of the baby, and cleaning the church once a week, beside my duties as the minister's wife. And these were no small matter in a community of this sort, where money was not plentiful. There was always sickness and it was the custom for the minister or his wife to call and offer help to any one afflicted. And this help was rarely refused, so that oftentimes the minister's wife became not only a sympathetic visitor, but nurse as well. In those days there were no modern facilities, such as hospitals and undertaking parlors, in the small communities, so these duties had to be performed by friends and neighbors who offered their services.

John was horrified that a daughter of his could be guilty of such worldly desires

When a new baby came, both the mother and child were cared for by the same willing hands. We had a doctor in the village, old Doctor Grimm, who officiated at the sick-beds and wrote the prescriptions, but the long hours of nursing fell to the women, and the minister's wife was usually the first one to be called.

I was president of our Ladies' Aid Society, also of the Missionary Society, and taught a Sunday school class. I also played the organ and led the choir. It was customary for the minister's wife to attend every meeting of the church, and to take the lead in all social affairs, as well as baking a cake, or making a contribution to each of the church charities.

JOHN had fixed up his study in the church quite comfortably and spent most of his time there, reading and preparing his sermons. He was always sending away for new books that he needed in his work, and had accumulated quite a nice little library. I was as interested in the church work, and as anxious as John was to see it succeed, but I was almost at the end of my rope trying to make ends meet and I did think John had a right to demand his salary—all of it—and on time, too. But always the same careless reply when I mentioned it. "Oh, don't worry! They'll get it together one of these days."

I was beginning to think of our daughter's future—her education—college. At the rate we were going, what possible chance was there to get anything laid by? As it was, we were way behind in our bills.

I tried to explain, but it didn't do any good

And, try as I would, I could not do any better, not knowing from week to week what I could depend upon. I thought of trying to do a bit of sewing—I had mastered the art of making over from years of necessity with my own little brothers and sisters. There was a need for this sort of thing in the village where hand-me-downs clothed a family until the last thread was gone, and I felt here might be a chance to earn a little pin money. But John immediately frowned on any such scheme.

"Why, Grace," he said, "you should be willing to help without taking pay for it. What would people think of the minister's wife, taking pay for such things?"

"But, John," I remonstrated, "we haven't any money! The baby needs clothes, I need clothes, and we need things for the house."

"Come here, Grace, I want to have a little talk with you." I had come to his study to help him do some copying. He pulled me down beside him on one of the church benches and took my hand. "I wish you wouldn't be quite so greedy for money—that is—I don't exactly mean that—but I wish you wouldn't think about it so much. We are doing God's work, and a minister's wife should be helpful and self-sacrificing and unworldly."

"But, John dear, we've got to eat!" I cried. "We can't just live like the birds and fishes, even if we are doing God's work."

"But we have enough—we are never hungry, and as for clothes why, my dear, you always look sweet and neat, and that is all that is required of a minister's wife."

"But I have only one dress and it is almost worn out. The baby needs everything, and the house—"

"NOW, dear, it will all come right in God's good time. Our needs will be provided for when God wills it. Remember, you are a minister's wife and must keep yourself unspotted from the world. You must not let your thoughts dwell on the vanities of the world; clothes and such things. You are inclined to be a little vain, Grace."

"Oh, John, I'm not! you know I haven't even thought of clothes since we came here!"

"Well, that's right! Now come and let's get that sermon copied. I want you to go and call on the Barys this afternoon. Mr. Bary isn't very well, and Mrs. Bary needs cheering. I haven't time to go myself."

I think my first resentment toward my husband came when he bought an easy chair for his study. I had managed with two straight, hard chairs ever since we were married, and when they

(*Continued on page* 98)

The Girl I

WHEN I was seventeen years old my crowd called me "Tough McCann." And Tough McCann I continued to be called through the years that followed—and am so called today.

I deserved the title. At seventeen I was hard boiled. Man sized at fifteen, I had known man's sports, pleasures, and sins by the time I was twenty. My father had a farm just outside the city limits, and although he made a comfortable living from it and from his dairy, he dabbled in many shady transactions, which netted him much money and earned the distrust of the neighbors and the entire right-thinking element of the city. When he died, his property passed into my hands, and I continued to run the business as he had run it.

As my most profitable side-line, I took up bootlegging. It wasn't really a side-line, but one of my most important sources of revenue. I had a restaurant in the heart of the city, a factory, and a swimming pool which was a veritable gold mine during the summer months. Of course, we sold booze and, if one had the coin to pay, the sky was the limit. I spent my time among these places, looking out for my interests; and at least once a week I went with the gang to the Coast and brought in a truck-load of booze.

He flayed me unmercifully

SHORTLY after my father died, I met a girl named Lela Chard. She was at the pool one night with a fellow named Sam Ricks. I knew Ricks pretty well, and I thought any girl who would run around with him was ready for anything, so I went up to them and was introduced to her. She was exquisite, it dawned upon me later. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes a deep, clear blue, and lovely, loose auburn curls clustered about her head. Her body, revealed by her scanty bathing suit, was perfectly formed. She was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen, and I drew Ricks aside when she was upon the diving board.

"How does she happen to be here with you?" I asked.

"Aw—her folks are old-timers, and keep her penned up all the time," he informed me. "Now they've gone off on a trip, and she's staying in town with an aunt. Her folks live about six miles out of town—in the Hopper neighborhood. She's crazy for a good time and jumped at the chance to come here with me."

"I'm going to cut in, Ricks," I told him.

"Well, better let her alone," he said. "She's a gay little thing—but straight."

"Straight?" I jeered, raising an ironical brow.

"Straight," he said positively, "so far."

I managed to monopolize Lela that night—gave her supper and her first drink. Ricks wanted to stick around; but I switched him to one of the bathing girls I kept there all the time and he was afraid to make any trouble. I had not earned the title of Tough lightly. So he went

Refused *to* Marry

Monroe Chard covered me with a gun so I couldn't run away

He never knew he had a soul until that day it was revealed to him by his own flesh and blood

unwillingly—but he went! Nobody crossed my wishes often.

The next night I took Lela to the pool myself, and every night for the next two weeks. She was straight, as Ricks had said. She loved my car, the dance music in the pavilion, the good things to eat, the illuminated pool. She was in love with *me*—and she was having a wonderful time until one night, when she drank a bit too much, and was clay in my hands.

The next night Lela was frantic with remorse. I soothed her with many endearments and with promises that I had no intention of keeping. And I gave her an "engagement" ring with every evidence of sincerity.

She was crushed and repentant, and her remorse of conscience struck me as being just a bit funny. I little knew how I would bend beneath the torture of conscience—some day.

I PROMISED to marry her in a few weeks' time—I told her that a clause in my father's will made marriage impossible until my twenty-third birthday and that I would be twenty-three in six weeks. That last statement was true, but the rest was a lie, to keep Lela mine for the next few weeks. She begged to be married secretly, but I refused, pleading sure financial loss. I was hurt, I said, that she didn't trust me, and she melted in my arms—gave herself to me entirely.

Well, everything played into my hands. The next day, her aunt was called out of town by the illness of her mother-in-law and left immediately, with her husband and children. Lela was told to go to a cousin in a near-by town; but the aunt had no time to communicate with the cousin.

Lela told me about it that night, and I persuaded her to go to the Coast—on an advance "honeymoon."

I promised to get her back before her aunt returned

and, as her cousin was not expecting her, and her parents would not be back for two weeks, no one would ever know, unless we chose to tell them in the years to come.

I told Lela how romantic the whole thing was, and gradually she became excited and willing to go with me.

It makes me burn with shame to write the story now—but I mean to tell the whole truth about my part of the affair, and maybe it will be a help to some one. Especially to some girl. If a man tries hard enough, he can lead a girl who loves and trusts him, on and on—step by step—until she doesn't know *where* she is!

We went away together the next morning. We stayed ten days and before the close of that trip, I began to feel ashamed of myself. She was so little, so sweet, so trusting. She didn't have an idea that I wouldn't live up to the promises I had made so glibly. But—though a certain shame invaded my heart, at times—I had no intention of marrying and going through life with her.

I tried to buy her things, and she refused to accept them. For how could she account for them, she pointed out. So when we came back, the only thing I had given her was the engagement ring. I knew it would all but break her heart when she found out that I was ditching her for good, but I couldn't help that, I told myself.

I took her to her aunt's home, and she discovered that the family was expected back the next day, so I left her there to open the house. She was to meet me that night and go to the pool; but her mother and father returned unexpectedly, and she was forced to go home with them. She sent me a letter begging me to come to see her—but I did not go. So—after a few days of waiting—she came to my office at the factory.

I SENT my secretary, Enid Bradley, from the room and took Lela in my arms. She clung to me with a passion of devotion, and her kisses were sweet upon my lips.

"Oh, I have missed you so!" she sobbed. "It's agony—doing without you! Tough—Tough darling! Just twenty-nine days to wait—and I'll be your wife and can be with you forever and ever!"

"Yes," I said. "Yes—just twenty-nine days."

"You can't come to the house," she told me. "Father was furious when I asked if you might call. But—I might slip out and meet you—after they've gone to bed—and we could go to the pool—or to ride—"

But I persuaded her to wait until the fifteenth of the next month when I could claim her for my wife. I said that I wouldn't subject her to criticism—discovery—creeping out of her father's house under cover of darkness. I said that it made me feel sort of dirty.

And she agreed that we'd better not try to meet that way. She'd come into town—when she had the opportunity—and telephone me, and I could join her.

I decided, as soon as she left, to make a clean break. So I told Miss Bradley, "If Miss Chard rings me here, I'm out of town. Understand? Out of town."

And that's what Lela was told—every time she called. I saw her once, in a battered touring car with a man of about fifty—her father, I supposed. He was a stern, strong-faced chap, and I wondered just how he would act if his daughter's indiscretion came to his knowledge.

"Poor kid!" I commented inwardly, as I raised my hat. "I'll bet he'd be hard on her—all right!" And the look of joy and the rosy blush that swept over her face told me that she loved me as much as ever.

ON the morning of the fourteenth, I told Miss Bradley, "If Miss Chard rings, tell her I'll be here at four o'clock."

And at four o'clock Lela was announced. I was determined to make quick work of the unpleasantness ahead. I had written a check and it was lying upon the desk before me. It was marked, "In full."

Lela came in, and her eyes questioned mine worriedly.

"Oh, Tough, I have been so lonesome for you! I've almost—died! I haven't seen you—to talk to—to kiss — for twenty-eight whole days. You might have managed some way—if you had *cared enough*."

"Her folks are old-timers," Ricks said, "and keep her penned up all the time."

I seized quickly upon her words. "Yes—if I had cared enough. But the truth is, Lela, I don't care at all."

She went white as death. "You—don't love me—any more?" she whispered, one hand pressed against her

She was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen

wildly beating heart.

"I have never loved you," I said, with deliberate, killing cruelty.

She stared—uncomprehendingly—up into my face. "Then you don't intend to marry me?" she asked, and her voice had a ring of horror.

"No," I said. "You ought to realize that—by this time."

"Oh—" she said faintly. "Oh!"

"Here!" I took up the check, and held it out to her. She accepted it mechanically, opened and glanced at it.

"What's it for?" she asked dully.

"For you," I said. "In appreciation—"

"Oh!" Her face went scarlet and she tore the check to shreds, and threw them at my feet. "Oh—I hate you! I hate you!"

"It doesn't matter how you feel toward me," I said indifferently, "but I happen to be very busy this afternoon, and must ask you to go now."

She looked at me for a long minute and in the depth of her eyes I saw love die—slowly, and in an agony of pain. She struggled to say something, but the words died upon her lips. She lifted her chin proudly, turned and left the room, closing the door softly behind her. If she had banged it, it wouldn't have made so much impression upon me. But it closed gently—like a coffin being lowered into the ground. With a sort of this-is-the-end finality.

TWO months went by, and I did not see Lela. Then, one day, Miss Bradley came in and informed me that she was waiting in the reception room, asking to see me. I was busy that morning—up to the eyes—and in a beastly temper. I considered refusing to see her. Then, "Let her come in," I said impatiently. I was annoyed to have her thrust herself upon me. Our affair was over—burned out. No use to stir the ashes.

I had forgotten just how pretty she was, and when she walked in I caught my breath. Why—the girl was utterly lovely! I restrained an impulse to take her in my arms and asked indifferently, "Well?"

"I'd rather die than come to you like this," she said by way of introduction. "But I had to come. Tough, I'm going to have a baby—your baby!"

"Well," I said, after a minute of deliberation, "what about it?"

Her eyes dilated with astonishment. "You'll have to marry me," she said.

"No," I refused, "I don't care to marry. I'll give you a check and—"

"I don't want a check!" she broke in. "I want a marriage certificate! A name—for the baby! I want to feel—clean—"

"Oh, Lela," I protested disgustedly, "don't pull a scene! I won't have it. I'll do anything in reason—but I won't marry you. That's flat—final!"

"Tough," she begged in desperation, seizing me with

cold, nervous little hands. "Please! You promised! And I—believed you! I loved you so! Oh—for the baby—for my father and mother. I haven't dared tell them! I've suffered a thousand deaths—all by myself! Tough—please!"

"No!" I said. "No—I will not!"

Her strength and pride gave way at the same time and she collapsed in a little heap upon the floor, clasping her arms about my knees. "Please," she implored. "Please!"

I was wild with annoyance, and unfastened her clasp roughly and pulled her to her feet. "No," I said, "no! I'll give you a check and you can go somewhere until it's all over. Put the kid in some home or give it to the Salvation Army. I don't care!

"IT'S sure tough luck but—here!" I dashed off a check, and tucked it into the pocket of her coat. "Hope you come out all right," I said—in dismissal.

And with a look of utter helplessness on her face, she went away.

"I thought you'd be man enough to marry me—under the circumstances," she said from the door. "I wouldn't have lived with you, of course, or accepted anything from you—for myself. But I thought you'd *want* to take care of your baby."

An uneasy feeling hung over me all afternoon. Guilty conscience. But having little acquaintance with conscience at the time, I failed to recognize it. That night I succeeded in shaking it off and by the next afternoon, I was my normal self. So, when Miss Bradley came in to say that two men were waiting to see me, I suspected nothing, and told her to let them come in.

I had never seen one of them before; but there was something vaguely familiar about the other man. But I couldn't place him.

"Something I can do for you, gentlemen?" I asked genially.

"Yes," the man I couldn't ticket replied. And I found myself looking down the barrel of a businesslike automatic. It jarred me, but I stood still and looked at him estimatingly. One false move, I decided, and he'd blow my brains out. I thought rapidly.

"What can I do for you?" I asked steadily.

"You don't know me," the man said. "But you'll know what you can do for me when I tell you my name is Chard—Jim Chard. This is my brother, Monroe."

"Well?" I said.

"We'll go over to the court house and get a marriage license," Mr. Chard told me. "You'll go with my brother—I'll walk behind. One wrong step, and it'll be all over with you! I'd enjoy killing you—and I suppose you know it. I've a justice of the peace waiting at my place—who'll marry you to my daughter. Then we'll bring you back to town. Later—my daughter will secure a divorce. Coming with us? Or shall we leave you here?"

"I eat an' eat," he said, "an' I know I'll be sick."

A BITTER taste burned in my mouth but I said, "I'll go with you."

I was wild with rage. But what could I do? Nothing—but go docilely and get the license. Chard had dropped his hand—still holding the gun—into his coat pocket but I knew from the look in his eye, the set of his jaw, that I'd go through with the program he'd mapped out, or *be* through—with everything! And I most certainly did not want to die.

The license in my pocket, we entered his car and began the long ride to Hopper.

"What's all this traffic jam?" Chard demanded of his brother. But the brother did not know, and so I supplied the information:

"Wedding," I

(*Continued on page* 165)

NIGHT CALL

A $1,000.00 PRIZE STORY

She lived for only one thing—revenge. Her chance came strangely. She found herself attending the childbirth of the other woman—the woman who had taken love from her

"I like you, Miss Bowman," he said. "I like you as a nurse—and otherwise."

I WAS a trained nurse in the small town of Glendale. Most of my cases were home patients, because there was no hospital in the town. However, there was a hospital at Bradford, a considerably larger place, about ten miles distant, and sometimes I received calls from there.

At times my work was hard, of course, and often my hours were long. Yet I did not mind. I earned enough money to buy good clothes and live comfortably. When I had any leisure time I enjoyed it in going to parties, dances and the movies. I was quite popular, because I was a graceful dancer and fairly good looking, with the buoyancy and sparkle of a young woman in perfect health, sure of herself and taking life as it came.

On numerous occasions, some of the young men and several of the older ones, would make love to me. I took these advances only as so much water over a dam. It pleased the men while I was with them; so why should I object?

A professional nurse is not easily deceived. She is wise in the ways of man. She sees too many men on sick-beds—in a helpless, half-childish state of mind—to have any illusions about them.

I might have gone along in this care-free, independent life for years, if Morton Conklin had not become a patient at the Bradford Hospital, and if his physician had not called on me to nurse him.

Morton Conklin was an attorney, about thirty-five years old, practicing in my home town of Glendale which, although smaller than Bradford, was the county seat. I had seen him on the streets of Glendale many times, of course, but had never come into personal contact with him until he was a patient and I his nurse in the Bradford Hospital.

HOWEVER, I had heard much about him. He was spoken of as an extremely able lawyer. He had the gift, it was said, of seeking and revealing hidden motives. Therefore, he was greatly in demand for criminal trials.

Following an operation which, in itself, was not serious, Morton Conklin remained in the hospital for three weeks.

His was an easy case because he was so considerate of me in all his requests. Then, too, he seemed to be

somewhat interested in me, asking questions about my work and my life. He put these questions in such a seemingly unguarded way that sometimes I would answer them to his satisfaction without really meaning to do so.

Finally, one day, I exclaimed with pretended annoyance, "Mr. Conklin, you must be practicing on me for your next case in court!"

Then I noticed his smile. It was a peculiar smile—not one of pleasure or playfulness, but a sort of conscious, intimate smile that was unusually attractive.

Those three weeks were pleasant ones for me. I liked Morton Conklin and his easy, swiftly flowing conversation. One morning, shortly before he was to leave the hospital, he remarked, "I like you, Miss Bowman, I like you as a nurse and—otherwise. I envy the fellows who go with you."

"Why envy them?" I asked banteringly.

"You mean why not be one of them?" As he spoke, that smile of fascination again flashed over his face and I felt that, under certain circumstances, it would be hard to resist.

That was the beginning of my social relations with Morton Conklin. These were harmless enough, it seemed. Then, surely, gradually, I began falling in love with this unusual man.

I was surprised at myself. There is a popular belief that trained nurses frequently fall in love with their patients. As a matter of fact, they rarely do. The reason is that almost any man, ill or in pain, is such an unheroic creature that the woman who nurses him can hardly picture him in a romantic rôle.

YET I began to care a great deal for Morton Conklin; his attractive personality had overcome the handicap of his having been my patient. I knew that I cared more for him than any other man because, one day, when I saw him driving with Bernice Elwell my heart seemed to stop for an instant and I became weak at the thought that he might be in love with this girl. Bernice Elwell was a beautiful young woman, and one of the social leaders of the town. I did not move in the "upper crust," of which she was a part.

I did not mention this incident the next time Morton Conklin and I were together. Yet, as if sensing what might be in my mind, he remarked, "You know there are some attractive girls in this town and I like several of them; but you come first with me, Ida—you really do. I could love you!"

His fascinating smile illumined his face. He took me in his arms and pressed his lips to mine. I, who had tended many men in their illness and helplessness—with only pity for them or desire to help them—was now helpless in the hands of this man. This discovery amazed, yet thrilled, me.

As I nestled in his arms, he asked softly, "You love me, don't you, dear?"

"Yes," I whispered, "I love you, Morton, more than any one else in the world."

However, to my surprise, he did not press the advantage he knew he had gained. On the contrary, it was several days before I saw him again.

Meanwhile I was busy on a case with Clara Pendleton, another nurse, whom I knew very well.

"I heard some interesting news," she remarked. "They say Morton Conklin's going to be married!"

"Morton Conklin—to be married?" I repeated in astonishment. Then I sensed that her remark might have reference to me, and I smiled. "Did you hear the girl's name?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered. "Bernice Elwell."

I reeled slightly, then regained my composure. Surely, it could not be possible. That very evening I was going with Morton for a drive in his car. No, it was just idle gossip. At any rate, I would soon find out.

That night Morton and I went for a long drive. He was inclined to be talkative but I said very little for some time. Then I asked him, point-blank, about what Clara Pendleton had told me.

"Don't pay any attention to that, dear," he replied lightly. "Some people have nothing else to do but gossip. They've had me engaged to half a dozen girls. But—why spoil their pleasure by denying it? Let them talk. Who cares?"

I SMILED, and was happy again. In fact, I felt rather silly at ever having been upset over the rumor that had been relayed to me.

Crossing the river bridge, we turned into a highway that ran through the mountains a few miles south of town. After we had glided along the crest of the range for some distance Morton wheeled off into a side road.

"I want to show you something," he explained.

In a few minutes we came to a cabin built of pine logs.

"You devil!" he shouted. "So that is your revenge on me, is it? I'll send you to the gallows. See if I don't!"

"This is my hut in the mountains," Morton said. "I haven't told you about it before, have I? Well, it's a wonderful place in summer, always cool and pleasant. Sometimes I come out Friday night and don't go back to town until Monday morning. Notice how the porch runs all the way around. That's my idea of keeping out of the hot sunshine. Now come—around at the back is what I want you to see."

THE full moon had been up for about an hour, and the night was quite light. I stepped out of the car and went with Morton to the opposite side of the cabin. "There it is!" he said, waving his arm out toward the valley below.

It was a strangely enchanting sight. A sea, or lake, rolled away for miles across the valley, and lost itself in the dimness of the hills beyond.

It was not blue nor green, but silver—a great expanse of silver water. From it, the waves rose slowly and then just as slowly and gently subsided into the broad bosom of the waters. It was a sea that undulated in silence—a magic sea created by the luminous night.

"You understand what it is, of course," Morton said. "The warm, moist air rising from the valley is converted into thin vapor by the colder air of the mountains, and the moonlight does the rest. I call it the Phantom Lake."

"I have a strange sort of feeling, dear," I said. "I would like to drift down into those phantom waters; just sink down deeper and deeper until they shut me off from the world. How wonderfully sweet and restful that would be. Don't you feel a little that way too?"

HE looked at me questioningly, then laughed lightly. "I'm afraid you'd find the bottom mighty hard," he answered. "At any rate, we can sit here and enjoy it as long as it lasts. It begins to disappear as the moon rises higher."

At that moment I seemed to be in another world—a world of enveloping silence and beauty. I was lost to my everyday self; to the sights and sounds of the working day; to everything except love and the phantom created by the rising moon.

Morton drew me down gently to the wicker settee near the edge of the little porch. He held me close in his arms and, with his face against mine, we looked out over the silvery, vaporous lake that obscured the everyday realities of the valley below. We were silent for quite awhile. Then I drew away slightly and looked at Morton, as if silently questioning him.

He must have sensed my mood for he said, "I love you, Ida—only you. I want you—only you—always!"

I realized that the awaited moment had come.

Instinctive caution—that I believe is in every girl to more or less degree—warned me. I hesitated to reply, and in that instant Morton clasped my face between his hands and looked into my eyes. Then over his face came that peculiarly fascinating smile that had first attracted me to him—a smile that now was resistless. It drew me like a magnet tight into his arms.

"I want—only you, Ida," he repeated, almost in a whisper.

I knew then that I wanted him—only him—always. I thought what if the present moment could be caught in the vast sea of time and held for a lifetime? Wouldn't that be heaven realized?

SUCH a moment, I believe now, is experienced only once in a lifetime. It is fleeting; it seems hardly to have come when it is gone—never to be recaptured. It is the utmost giving of oneself to a happiness too precious to be described, and which can be recalled only in memory.

Such a moment of exaltation in surrender I experienced with Morton Conklin, on the silent shores of the phantom lake. While there were other nights with this man beside the mirage thrown by the moon, the first one will ever remain the night of nights for me. Through the disillusion of the years, it still glows in my memory.

"We'll be married soon, won't we, dear?" I asked, as we drove back to town.

"Yes, honey—soon," Morton replied.

However, his "soon" dragged along into days, and then into weeks. Still I was happy, completely happy, whenever I could find the opportunity to go with Morton to his mountain cabin, enveloped in the beauty of the night.

Then misgivings entered my mind. Returning reason told me that I, a nurse and knowing much of men, had acted like a simple - minded girl, caught in a fool's paradise. It was merely repetition of the old, commonplace story of fascination for a man temporarily robbing a girl of all judgment and forethought. Yet I knew then what love was—a shining sea on which a woman joyously embarks without chart or compass.

From time to time I stilled my apprehension with the easy thought that everything would be all right; that as soon as Morton finished his numerous cases in court, we would be married. I mentioned this to him casually, but with thumping heart.

"I know you are impatient, dear; that's only natural," he replied. "But just wait until this term of court ends and then—well, just be patient a little while, dear."

A few days later, the local newspaper printed the announcement of Morton Conklin's marriage to—Bernice Elwell! It had been a quiet wedding, taking place at the bride's home, with only a few friends present. The paper stated that Mr. and Mrs. Conklin had gone to Cuba on their honeymoon.

I READ this news in my room, having picked up the paper at the front door as I came into my boarding house. The words wavered before my eyes; then I fainted. When I recovered, I did not scream or tear my hair or even cry. I just lay there, numb, for a long time.

I felt that I had died and been brought back to life. In a sense, I had died; I was dead to love and illusion; to happiness and hope. These emotions had suddenly disappeared from my nature as completely as if they never had existed. In the vacuum left by them came hate—a desperate, all consuming hate of Morton Conklin.

"It's a lie!" I cried. "It's all lies—nothing but lies!"

Perhaps, on his honeymoon, he had scarcely given me a thought. If so, it probably was only to smile at how easily he had deceived a woman who was supposed to know the ways of men.

That was maddening! At last, I understood that smile of his. It was the smile of guile timed to win his ends, or to express his satisfaction after winning them. He had used it first to attract me; then, later, to put the finishing touch to his conquest. It was the smile of a man knowing the power of his personality, and using it without conscience.

Well, I might smile that way too! After I had killed Morton Conklin and looked down on his inert form I could say, smiling as he had, "You thought you knew female psychology, didn't you? And how to play on it for your own gratification? And then how to drop the girl? But—the laugh's on you this time!"

I EVEN pictured in my mind how I would kill him. I would wait near the court house some morning when court was in session. About nine o'clock I would see him coming from his office across the square. When he got close to me, I would step out in front of him and reach into my handbag. Then he would stop and maybe a look of sudden terror would flash over his face. In another moment it would be all over.

There would be an uproar, and the excitement would spread quickly over town. I would be arrested, of course, and brought to trial; but the jury would acquit me. I felt that any twelve men, after hearing what this man had done to my heart and soul, would return a verdict of "not guilty." Their sympathies would be with me.

Again I thought of the man who had deceived me—at that very moment, perhaps—held in the arms of the girl he had married. I could stand it no longer. I had to give some outlet to my hatred for him. So I wrote him the following letter:

Morton Conklin, you do not know what you did to me. You will never know, because a man of your type cannot understand what is fine and beautiful in a woman.

You have committed murder! You ruthlessly killed love and trust in a woman's heart. These are sacred possessions to a woman, and their destruction by a man is a terrible crime. It is committed thoughtlessly by many men, but it was premeditated and planned by you.

Morton Conklin, you must pay in full for this crime—not in the courts, but to me! I will demand the penalty of you in such a way as I see fit.

I recall the exact phrasing of that letter. Every word of it is indelibly imprinted on my mind because it was the most damaging evidence against me when I was put on trial for murder.

I addressed the envelope to Morton Conklin's office, and evidently he received it immediately after returning from his honeymoon.

SHORTLY afterward, I saw him crossing the street in front of me. As he caught sight of me he wheeled, as if suddenly thinking of something he had forgotten. Then he walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

I smiled, and let him walk on. What a coward he was! I wondered then why I had ever come so completely under his sway. At last I saw him for what he was—a clever, perhaps even a brilliant, man, yet utterly without any courage or true manhood.

As he turned the corner and disappeared I smiled again. I knew that I had him; that I could play with him, catlike, until the chosen time. I would derive a good deal

(*Continued on page* 122)

The court room buzzed with excitement

I am sure my frank worship showed in my eyes as they met his across the room

She married a man who claimed the right to be a law unto himself

My Own

IT seems but yesterday—that day in London when I first met Fran Neilsen. I was a girl of eighteen, thrilled by my first visit to the great city of which I had studied and which I had longed to see. I had thought my home city of Pittsburgh a huge place until I saw London.

Daddy had given me this trip abroad as a graduation present. Mother, who was to take the trip with me, was delighted, for she was an Englishwoman and it was a visit home to her. She had never been back since her marriage to my father, twenty years before. I was as thrilled as she was. And then—I met Fran. Francis was his name, but to every one he was Fran. He was that sort of boy, for he was only a boy, with all of his twenty years. Meeting Fran made me think of Daddy's parting words to me.

"Have a good time, Olga. See all the sights, visit all mother's people, buy some new clothes. But don't you dare to fall in love. I expect you to have four years of college, and then marry some nice American business man," he said.

"Dad darling, it's too wonderful of you to give me this trip. No danger of my falling in love. Men don't interest me at all," I returned.

BUT I was interested in Fran the moment I saw him. He was tall, slender and interestingly pale. He had coal-black hair and his black eyes flashed at me from under black lashes. I admired his hands; the long, tapering, musician's fingers were beautiful. His hands were as soft and white as a woman's, and as supple as only constant practice on the piano can make hands, for Fran was studying music and expected to be a great pianist some day. I couldn't blame him for gesturing and using his hands a great deal.

Fran was as poor as—as a church mouse; although nowadays, with a cafeteria in every church, a church mouse ought to be any thing but poor! I saw Fran for

He bowed gracefully in response to the storm of applause

Bed

the first time at a tea to which mother, and I, with our cousins, had been invited. He was playing at the function as a paid entertainer, and he played divinely. There was a spark of genius in his performance, a promise of the wonderful talent that flowered in the years to come. I loved music, played the piano a bit myself and sang a throaty alto. When Fran rose to play, I sat breathless while he evoked from the piano such music as I had heard but once or twice in my life.

I AM sure my frank worship showed in my eyes, and as they met his across the room when he stood and bowed gracefully in response to the storm of applause, an electric spark seemed to pass between us. I was wild to meet him and, of course, I did. We immediately found a secluded corner and proceeded to get acquainted. He realized that he had found a devotee, and I knew that I had met a genius.

Before the afternoon was over he knew that I had just graduated from high school; that this trip to England was a graduation present from Dad; that Dad could not come with us because of labor troubles in the coal mine he owned; that I was going to Bryn Mawr in the fall, and that I adored music.

I learned that he was an orphan, had been born in Denmark; that he cared for music above all things, and intended to study a year or two in Paris after leaving London, before he went to America to make his fortune.

AS I looked at Fran, noticed his thin frame and saw the way in which he drank quantities of tea into which he put enough sugar to make syrup, as I watched how eagerly he ate the tiny sandwiches and little cakes, I was convinced that he was hungry. I suspected that he put all his money into his lessons, and took little thought of his health.

Then I forgot all else again, as it was his turn to play. He was a genius, the notes rippled and trickled from his fingers like a stream down some mountain glade, I heard the faint call of birds, the rustle of boughs and all the magic of the hills; then suddenly they thundered and roared like a mountain waterfall. I was entranced and hardly heard the applause that broke forth. My eyes were on the player and, across the heads of a sea of women, he smiled at me.

Mother whisked me away before I could get a word with Francis, but in the following days all I could think of, dream of or talk of, was of him, his talent, his looks,

his eyes. I knew that he would call me up as he did and make a date for a future meeting.

Mother finally began to look thoughtful and after several weeks, during which time Fran had frankly rushed me, she said:

"My dear, aren't you seeing a good deal of this young man? Remember Daddy's warning! Don't fall in love with this penniless piano player. It will be years before he can make a living for himself, let alone support a wife."

"Isn't he wonderful, mother?" I asked.

"Oh, he has talent, but he is not the sort of man I want my girl to love," she answered indifferently. "That boy will break his wife's heart some day. He is utterly vain and selfish, and he has a roving eye. Olga, you know too, that your money would be a temptation to one as needy as he is." All of which was most unwise of mother.

I flew into a wild defense of Fran, and mother and I quarreled over this stranger who had captured my interest. For the first time in my life I was angry at my mother.

I CONTINUED to meet Fran in spite of her objections. I lived for his calls, we lunched at obscure little restaurants, we walked miles in fog and in sunshine, we stood arm in arm on London Bridge and watched the Thames roll on its solemn way to the sea. Oh, those were glamorous days! I loved and I knew that I was loved. Fran had told me he adored me; that life would be incomplete without me; that I must not leave him.

"But what of your music, Fran?" I asked.

"Olga, darling, my music is me. It will always be my first love, I'm afraid. But you're not going to be jealous of my music, are you?"

"No, no, Fran! But won't a wife hinder you? It would kill me to think that I had caused you to fail even a little in carrying out your ideal—your ambition."

His answer had been to sweep me into his arms and cover my face with kisses. "We'll get by. I make a good deal, playing at social affairs, and I have a small sum put by to pay for lessons. Nothing could induce me to touch that for anything else, even if I could, which I can't," he replied.

THERE was a storm that night in my room when I told mother that I was going to marry Fran. She protested, refused even to consider such a thing, and ended by sending a cable to Dad telling him of my mad infatuation for a penniless music student.

Dad's answer was prompt. "Return home at once," he cabled.

I was frantic. I loved Fran, I could not leave him; he meant more to me

Every one on board was completely fascinated with little Ingrid

just then than mother, father or homeland. That evening I stole out to meet Fran and after a long talk we decided that there was but one thing to do; we would be married, and then everything would be all right.

IT was easily done. Fran was very pale and determined, and I was as resolute as he was that nothing but death should part us. Death to our eighteen and twenty years seemed a thing to be spoken of, but something that could never touch us, not for ages and ages. We were immortal that day in our love and youth.

How glibly we make those solemn vows! "Till death us do part." Death can never really part two loving hearts, but life can. Life is much more apt to part us than is death.

After the brief ceremony, I hurried home to break the news to mother. She turned very white, and gasped, "Married! Married to that worthless, roving young fortune hunter? You, with every opportunity before you; with a chance for an education, with the surety of making a brilliant, successful marriage later! Olga, Olga, how could you do such a thing?

"Well, you've made your bed; now lie in it. Don't come whining to father and me; don't expect us to help your husband support you. Your father has worked hard for his money; this pasty - faced, shifty - eyed, soft-handed young man shall never have a cent of our money, not a cent!"

"MOTHER, you're talking about my husband!" I flamed. It did not even seem strange to me that Fran had let me come alone to tell our news to mother. "We'll show you. We'll never come near you until you send for us—until you beg us to come. You'll see the day when you'll be proud of Fran, glad to acknowledge him as your son-in-law. But I'll never forget how you have talked about him. Oh, mother, you're unjust!"

Whereupon I wheeled, went to my room, hurriedly packed my bag, left instructions that my trunks be sent to me later and, without seeing mother again, I swept away to Fran—to love, to

Her quaint mixture of French and English was a joy to all who heard her talk

everlasting bliss. At least that is what I expected.

How cruel youth can be! A girl accepts the best her parents can give her, takes their love and devotion as a matter of course, and then selfishly tramples upon their bleeding hearts. I know now that mother's and Dad's suffering was intense; I realize that mother's nervous breakdown was very real, and I sense something of their heart-break and loneliness. Then it meant very little to me.

Fran looked quite thoughtful at the report of my conversation with mother and at my ultimatum, then with a smile he gathered me into his arms, "They'll come around," he predicted. "You're the only girl they have."

"THE only child," I amended, "and Dad has oodles of money, a lovely home, everything—and here you have to scrimp and deny yourself for your musical education. It's not fair!" I raged.

"Well—we have each other, and we're young and I love you, darling; don't fret about that. I'll get my training," he told me. And his kisses made up to me for everything I was resigning for him. But I found as time went on that although kisses are exhilarating, they are not filling; tea and toast were all right for an afternoon lunch, but as a steady diet they left much to be desired.

Francis had so little of what Dad called "horse sense," where money was concerned. He really made considerable, playing at elaborate functions, musicales, and teas; but he spent lavishly when he had money and did without gallantly when he had none.

I possessed Dad's money sense, so I persuaded Fran to make me treasurer of our partnership and we did better after that. The only trouble was that Fran was likely to bring me home a big bouquet of roses or a box of sweets, or buy himself a new flowing tie or some expensive sheet music, before he handed over his earnings to me.

It was about that time that a song appeared which was sung a great deal. One heard it everywhere.

I remember only two lines; they ran something like this:

Don't buy me roses,
It's shoes'es that I need.

Those lines found an echo in my heart, but I glowed with pride in my young husband. He was still the devoted lover, and although I yearned at times for mother and Dad and the ease I had given up, I gave no sign. To myself I would say fiercely, "Mother was wrong; Fran has not a roving eye, he is not a fortune hunter."

Our baby, Maude Ingrid—named for my English mother and Fran's Danish one—was born on our first wedding anniversary. When little Ingrid was laid in my arms, when I saw her tiny, aimless waving fists in the air, and heard her lusty cry, I knew a little of how mother must be suffering. What if Ingrid grew up, married a man whom I did not like and left me, all overnight? I hugged her close and as soon as I was able to be up I wrote to mother and Dad; the first word I had sent them since my marriage.

They answered my letter and so, in a way, the breach between us was closed. But they did not suggest that we come home nor did they offer to renew my allowance. I had rather hoped that they would. They spoke lovingly of the baby, but no mention was made of my husband, no message sent to him. Fran seemed not to notice any omission in the letter. He was glad I had written, he said; glad they had replied.

SOMEHOW we got along. We lived in cheap rooms, I patched and sewed and darned and mended our clothes. Every year a huge box of used clothing came to me from my English cousins and, on Christmas, a check always arrived. I suspected that Dad sent them the money to give to me, but I accepted what the gods provided and asked no questions.

I was still happy. I had Ingrid and I loved Fran. I had resolved that a wife and baby should not hinder Fran, should not take from him his chance for I knew that some day Fran would be a great musician. So, no matter what I did without, he had his lessons, his time to practice, and his clothes, so that he might not be ashamed in any crowd where he went to play. And somehow Ingrid had her milk and the other things she must have. But I simply did not have clothes fit to wear to the functions Fran attended, so I sat at home more and more. I was not unhappy, for I felt that Fran would make it all up to me when we went to New York. I could stand anything for a few years.

I mothered Fran and Ingrid too; denied myself; wore dowdy hats and dresses; planned, managed, and so made Fran weak and dependent. He came to accept

(*Continued on page* 159)

I just stood and stared at Fran, stunned

The MAN I CAN NEVER FORGET

The moment of decision had come. A lifetime of happiness or misery hung in the balance. Could she trust love to dictate her reply?

A $1,000.00 PRIZE STORY

Holding me with an iron clasp on my arm, he led me into the house

ALTHOUGH the daughter of a small-town banker, I was born and reared on a farm. Mother, until she married my father, then a young bank clerk, lived on this farm with her grandparents. It was a beautifully kept place on the main road to town. After her marriage to father, at the earnest entreaty of her grandparents, the young couple settled down with the old folks on the home place. There my two brothers and I were born.

At the old folks' passing, mother, being their only heir, came into possession of the property. Indeed, she managed the farm very efficiently, ably assisted by my two elder brothers, now young men in their early twenties. As we lived but a scant mile from town, father made his daily pilgrimage, year after year, to and from the bank either driving or riding, preferably the latter. I can see him now, to my admiring eyes a wonderfully imposing figure, who rode his horse like a centaur.

Never a farmer, he left the management of the farm entirely to mother, always seeing to it that she had plenty of experienced help. With the passing years, father was promoted as vacancies occurred, with the

result that he finally controlled the bank. It prospered.

Like most young girls of my day, I was not brought up in idleness. Mother and I, with the help of old Aunt Phoebe—who was everything from nurse to cook, and had been in our family for years—constituted our entire house staff. Indeed, at times, especially during haying and harvest times, when there was a shortage of labor, I attended to the entire milking. On various occasions I took very creditably a man's place in the fields. I was no weakling.

Lucky for me that my forbears were of hardy pioneer stock, sound mentally and physically, else I could not have survived the almost unbelievable mental and physical torture and nerve-racking strain which I was forced to endure for a few years.

Vivacious, slightly above the average in appearance and education, the only daughter of our town's most influential and wealthiest citizen, I was much sought after, and it is not to be wondered at that my adoring friends of both sexes acclaimed me the belle of the community in which I lived.

Our pleasantly situated house, with its large, airy, cheerful rooms radiating hospitality from every door and window, my parents' charming personalities and genial manners, made our home the Mecca of friends and neighbors, old and young, from the surrounding countryside.

Naturally I had the choice of all the socially elite; all the eligible swains for miles around.

However, my erratic fancy rather inclined to Doctor Alyn Grant, a young medico who had but recently hung out his shingle in town. He was the son of our leading lawyer, my father's lifelong friend.

THREE years my senior, Alyn and I had attended school together until the day he graduated, and left home to attend a medical college in Philadelphia. I liked Alyn principally, I suppose, because his four years' absence at college had rather enhanced his charm and fired my romantic nature. For away down deep in my heart, under a cool exterior, there lurked romance. Why I picked on quiet, unromantic, good-natured Alyn was an enigma to my friends as well as to myself. While we had not publicly announced our engagement, it was definitely understood in our respective families that at some future date, not as yet agreed upon, Alyn and I would join the ranks of the newly-weds, settle down among the young married set and start a serious and constructive career of home building.

Mother and I were busily engaged in our spare moments in filling my dower chest. No easy task in those days of home-made lingerie and hand-sewn linens.

I was blissfully looking forward to my wedding day, all athrill with the thought of having my own home to manage, when Fate intervened!

Not very far from our place, but closer to town and on the main road, was a weed-infested ten acres of land encumbered with a ramshackle house and some tumble-down outbuildings. A very peculiar and crochety old man lived there, alone but for the presence of a mangy old dog of nondescript appearance. At first, the neighbors extended the hand of good fellowship, but he was so surly and rude and of such a miserly disposition that after a time they left him severely alone.

HOW the old fellow managed to exist was a mystery. He was never seen to enter the general store at the crossroads. One day his dog was run over by a passing team, and its wounds were so serious that, in mercy, it had to be shot. That deed infuriated the owner and he vowed vengeance on every one. He certainly must have brooded over the dog's death and felt his loss keenly. Several days later, two boys, in taking a short cut to the river to fish, found the old man by the well-curb in the yard, lying face downward and groaning horribly. The boys ran to the nearest farm for help and placing him in a wagon carried him to the nearest doctor, who pronounced it a stroke of paralysis. He died without regaining consciousness, and his body was taken to the undertaker's parlors.

The proper authorities, in going through his effects, found a will. To his sister's son—his sole heir—he left

He approached me warily

the ten acres, and ten thousand dollars in cash, which was deposited in a nearby town. The old man was buried, and the nine-day wonder had subsided when the town had another surprise.

Three weeks later I went down to the depot to see some school friends off on a week-end jaunt. When the western express pulled in, before the train had actually stopped, there swung from the rear platform one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He was tall, with an athlete's build, dark, laughing blue eyes and thick, wavy black hair. He was twenty-five, I judged, and tanned by the contact of wind and water. So much I saw in a swift, appraising glance. He was a perfect picture of manly grace; one that an artist would delight in transferring to canvas.

ONE single glance he directed my way, and my pulse quickened. I wondered what his business was in our quiet town, for we seldom had such fine looking strangers for visitors.

I wished that I might meet him, for I am afraid it was love at first sight with me. How well I was to know that man! Was it Fate that I should meet the train that day? I could not get his image from my mind, and when I chanced to meet Alyn on my way home, my manner must have baffled him, for I was in a trance. I had met romance face to face!

During the week following, I saw nothing of the stranger, but heard that he was still in town.

The girls all raved about him. He was a Greek god! He was an actor! He held aloof from his fellow men! He was flirtatious! He was a traveling salesman for a wholesale grocery firm!

AS a matter of fact, he was none of these things; he was the heir of the late Mr. Dingle, and the ten thousand dollars and the old place on the highway belonged to him. He was the Kansas nephew!

One day I rode to town on a errand for my brother Van, and to take a message from my mother to the bank. I jumped off my horse, threw my reins over the hitching post, and entered my father's sanctum by a back door.

Unaware that father had a visitor, I entered in my usual joyful manner, and had bestowed a swift kiss on the top of his head where the hair was beginning to thin before I noticed that he was not alone in the room.

Father introduced me to his visitor and, much to father's chagrin, I impulsively invited the stranger to come out to the farm to meet (*Continued on page* 108)

He must have thought I was some mad creature tied and chained for safety

Two Women's

They had sworn he would never learn the truth from their love-sealed lips

She stared at me as if I'd gone crazy. "Why, mother!" she gasped. "Why, mother!"

MOST mothers take the respect as well as the love of their sons for granted. But I longed for my Davy's respect with an almost fanatical longing. I used to have a dream—a dream so dreadful that it's a wonder my black hair isn't snow white! I would dream that Davy was looking at me with anguished brown eyes, crying, "Oh, little mother, this can't be true! Why, I'd rather die than believe you've been a bad woman!"

Then I'd wake up trembling, wet with cold sweat, wanting to die! But when I was wide awake, I'd comfort myself with the thought that dreams didn't mean a thing. That Davy's love for me would never be disturbed; that nothing would ever happen to bring that anguished, horrified look to his dear brown eyes.

We had always been very close to each other, Davy and I, and no wonder! I had worshiped Bob, Davy's father, and Davy was Bob all over again. For Davy had grave brown eyes, wavy brown hair, a wistful, one-sided smile, a slow voice, gentle big hands. Yes, just his father, all over again!

I was very young when I met Bob King. I was a shy, lonely girl just out of an orphans' home. The matron at the home had found me a job in a drug store that served lunches.

It was in the spring of 1898. War had been declared on Spain, and President McKinley had called for 125,000 volunteer troops. Boys from all over the country had responded. Just outside of our flourishing city was a regiment made up of cowboys, ranchmen, Indians and college graduates—a strange picturesque company, waiting to be called to Cuba.

The whole town tried to do something to make their stay pleasant, and to show their own patriotism. When the boys in wide hats, neckerchiefs and khaki trousers, came into the drug store where I worked, the other clerks couldn't do enough for them. But being very shy, I hung back.

BREEZY, red-haired, red-cheeked May Walch scolded me one day for being stand-offish. "It's your duty to show 'em a good time while they're here. Buck up, kid, and don't look so scared," she cried, slapping my slim shoulders. "You'd knock 'em all cold with those big gray eyes of yours, if you'd only look at them, instead of at the counter. Why, if I was pretty as you are, I'd make a dive for the Colonel himself!"

That was a new sort of talk to me, for nobody had ever told me that I was pretty before. I stole a quick, pleased look into the glass back of the soda fountain. I wore my black hair parted and smoothed down over my ears, fastened in a big knot behind. But the wind from an electric fan had loosened tiny locks, and now they curled about my thin, pointed face. My black brows and lashes made my gray eyes look bigger and brighter, and I saw with a pleased little thrill that the store uniform (a black lawn dress with wide white cuffs and collar) was

Eternal Secret

becoming. I had never thought much about clothes.

"That's right," laughed May Walch, "take a look at yourself and buck up! I'll bet those curly lashes of yours are an inch long."

"Sh-h-h!" I warned, catching sight of a tall, brown-eyed young soldier coming toward us. He had been in the store every day for the last week, and I found myself watching for him. He seemed so different from the other boys. Oh, worlds nicer! Or so it seemed to me. Now, as I met his slow smile, I felt a flush starting up my throat and over my usually plain face.

"What may I serve you?" I found voice to ask.

And he said in that slow, deep voice of his, "A banana split for two, if you'll share it with me."

HE didn't seem bold a bit—just big and friendly and dear.

Things go very fast in wartime. and before two weeks had passed, I had eaten many a banana split with Bob King. And I found myself watching for his coming—watching with fluttering pulses. In spite of his bigness, Bob was only a boy—twenty-one—and a small-town boy at that, I discovered.

He and his mother owned a little grocery store out in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

"There's a soldiers' home out there and lots of tourists, and so we do pretty well," he told me one evening as we walked back to my bare little room in the moonlight. "I've never cared about a girl before. I've always been a little afraid of them, before," he confessed, his big brown fingers closing over my hand which he had drawn through his arm as we started out.

"But you're different, Ruthie," he said, with a queer little catch in his voice. "I knew the minute I laid eyes on you that you were my girl. Say, Ruthie, you aren't fooling me, are you? You're not just being nice to me because I'm a soldier and maybe not coming back from the war? Because if you are, I—I—" He gulped and couldn't go on.

"YOU know I'm not fooling," I whispered. Then, since we were right on the edge of town and thought no one was looking, he took me in his big arms and his trembling, boyish mouth whispered his love against my cheek.

A loud "Ahem!" made us both jump. There stood a burly, red-faced policeman, grinning from ear to ear. "Best go home and do your sparkin' there," he chuckled.

So, terribly embarrassed, we hurried on. When we reached the gaunt, unpainted house where my cheap little room was, I went up the outside stairway and Bob went with me. If he hadn't been leaving for Cuba the very next morning, I'm sure I would never have dared to ask him in. But he (*Continued on page* 127)

I felt a little vicarious thrill. From his voice I knew that Davy loved this girl

MAN

JOUETTE LISTON and I were cousins; our fathers had been brothers. We had grown up together in a sheltered home where wealth was lacking; but love was ours, and comfort and every reasonable indulgence girlish hearts could desire.

Jouette's parents had died in a typhoid epidemic, leaving her a penniless orphan at five. My father had gone to fetch her to our home; and from the hour when he placed her, weeping, in my mother's arms, my parents made no difference between my cousin Jouette and me. My people had lived all their lives in a town of twenty thousand which I shall call Huntsville. Until Jouette's arrival, I had been an only child, and they had very strict ideas about the proper training for a girl—the things she ought to know and do, and say and see.

My mother had named me Morna, after a character in some romantic tale she had read, and her dreams about my future were just as pretty, romantic and impractical as my name. I was delicately built, with exquisitely regular features, a creamy skin, and hair and eyes of the same rich chestnut shade, underlaid with golden lights. Mother was secretly proud of my beauty, though she took pains to tell me frequently that loveliness was a vain and passing illusion, while character was a real and lasting possession. Gentle, yielding and rather timid, I was guided by my parents; and I approached maturity with a lack of experience, an ignorance of life that would appall the modern educator.

"I don't see," she said, "why I shouldn't enjoy myself any way I want."

THE gentle, unworldly pair who reared me so mistakenly have long slept in the peaceful Huntsville churchyard. Thank God they never knew how bitterly I paid for their impractical theories.

But Jouette Liston was another pair of sleeves. Almost from babyhood, she was hard, cold, selfish and self-sufficient. She grew up tall, slim, red-headed, with cold gray eyes, pearly skin, a pert, tilted nose and a heavy, provocative red mouth. Precociously mature, she seemed born with an instinct to attract men; the Hunstville boys were drawn to her as flies to the honey pot. At fifteen, she scorned them and turned her wiles on older men. My parents, angry, and severe with her, were deeply concerned for her future. As Jouette had no idea of going to work, she felt the need of placating my parents until she could marry well. She was as smooth as butter to them; but she used to rave out her fury to me.

How she did hate our quiet life and the useless restrictions imposed by my old-fashioned parents! My implicit obedience, my content with my quiet existence, filled her with contempt for my intelligence.

WE roomed together, and Jouette could not hide from me that she was slipping out secretly of nights. I threatened to tell my father, but she just laughed tauntingly, saying, "I don't see why I shouldn't enjoy myself any way I want."

I realized she knew I wouldn't carry out my threats, but I am pretty sure that my girlish interference sowed the seeds of a bitter, secret hatred to which I paid heavy toll in later years.

The best matrimonial catch in Huntsville was Alvin West, the only child of old Deacon Cale West, who

HUNGRY

Was there no defense for a good woman against this brazen love thief?

I realized that she knew I wouldn't carry out my threats

was president of the county bank, owned the hotel and had a large finger in most other local enterprises.

I was sixteen and just graduated from high school, and Jouette was two years older, when Alvin West returned to Huntsville after a five-year absence.

HE was a big, handsome fellow with city clothes and manners, a taste for dissipation, and a decided dislike for work. He had held some sort of easy position which his father's influence had secured for him in a large eastern city, which I shall call Creighton. Vague rumors floated back to us that Alvin had left his easy position under some sort of a cloud, but the West influence was sufficient to hush these up.

My parents, being devout Christians and most unworldly, were anything but pleased when Alvin West singled me out for the most pointed attentions. And Jouette was furious. Alvin would inherit his father's fortune some day, and she meant to have him. Old Deacon West was delighted, however. For years he had expected to wake up some morning to the knowledge that he had acquired a daughter-in-law with more beauty than morals; one he would soon have to buy off with a good many of his treasured dollars. He detested Jouette, the Huntsville belle, with her hard beauty and sophisticated ways and, no doubt, gave thanks that his son had escaped her.

BUT the old man made the capital mistake of urging Alvin on in his pursuit of me, and of telling him how cheap and detestable Jouette was.

As for myself, I was not a coquette. Alvin West, with his good looks, accomplished wooing, and smart clothes and manners, completely turned my innocent, silly head. I experienced a bad case of sixteen-year-old calf love which I had no art to hide. Now Alvin was one of those unfortunates who are incapable of real love; he enjoyed the pursuit, the game of advance and retreat. Easy conquest soon palled upon him, and my parents' careful teaching, my own instinctive purity, defeated all attempts at familiarity. Master Alvin soon found that, in spite of my open devotion, marriage was the price of possessing me. Meanwhile, Jouette was playing her own clever game; she teased Alvin, scorned him, flouted him, frowned upon him one minute, only to smile the next. Before any one quite knew how it happened, the pair were betrothed and I was nursing, in secret, what I

firmly believed to be a broken heart.

My parents were worried for Jouette, relieved for me, and old Deacon West's wrath knew no bounds. It was the greatest triumph of Jouette's career when she cajoled the hard old man into a grudging consent to her engagement. She certainly had a way with men.

I was barely seventeen, and Jouette, nineteen, was insisting that Alvin settle on a wedding day when Craig Iselin came to Huntsville as chief engineer for the construction of the big new power plant that was to turn our quiet old town into a bustling city. How vividly I can still recall the Craig of those days, dark, handsome, romantic, and only twenty-six, in spite of his important job. We learned that he came of a well-to-do Creighton family which was socially prominent, and Craig himself, was well on the road to wealth and prominence in his own calling.

I drew back frightened by the fury of her attack

INSIDE of three days, Jouette was snubbing Alvin and laying her snares for Craig Iselin. But from the instant he saw me, the young engineer had eyes and thoughts for no one else. My shy and innocent ways appealed to him, and my experience with Alvin had taught me the unwisdom of yielding my love too openly and easily. Many city girls had pursued Craig Iselin; Jouette, with her sophisticated beauty and calculated wiles, was a familiar type to him. He ignored her advances and evaded her proffered companionship. But my cousin was scheming for more than mere love; she saw her chance to gain a home in Creighton; social prominence that counted, a career of ease and power as the wife of an engineer who would one day climb to the top of his profession. As she became too eager, tact and finesse deserted her and her pursuit of Craig was so open and brazen that my shocked parents threatened to lock her up. She and I quarreled and ceased to room together. And the town grinned covertly, then openly.

Alvin West was jarred out of his insolent procrastination by the prospect of losing Jouette, whom he loved in his selfish way. He began to clamor for an instant marriage; but his pleas were ignored. Jouette would not tie herself down to a dependent life in Huntsville while there remained the least possibility of winning Craig. She was ugly to my parents; seemed to feel no gratitude for their years of loving care and the generosity that had supported her out of their limited income.

Delighted with my lover, father and mother allowed me an unheard-of amount of freedom, and my cousin hated them for it.

Matters reached a climax at the Sunday school picnic late in June. The affair was held at Chestnut Ferry, a lovely resort park on the hills above the river. Craig took the entire day off from his work, and drove me out to the ferry in his smart roadster. On the way he urged me definitely to marry him at once. He could not spare time for a holiday that summer, but we could board at the hotel, or stay with my people, just as I chose. In October he would take me abroad, after we had visited his family in Creighton, and met his many friends there.

I consented shyly and happily to all of Craig's plans and, turning aside into a lonely hill trail, we spent a period of such joy as comes but once to each of us when love and life are young.

ARRIVED at our destination, we had to endure a lot of teasing, but we made no explanations. I had told Craig that my parents must know of my happiness before we told any one else; and they had not come to the picnic, as mother was far from well. In all my happy years at home I had never seen anything but tenderness between my father and mother; and their gentle unselfishness gave me the rosiest views of my own future. I was picturing just such a union for Craig and myself.

Jouette must have felt that she was playing a losing game badly, for she stuck like a burr to Craig so that I could not get a word alone with him.

I pitied Alvin, who really loved my cousin. But that pity changed to disgust when he became drunk and quarrelsome by mid-afternoon. Jouette came up to Craig and told him he would have to see her home; she pretended great fear of Alvin.

"You had better run Morna home early and then return for me," I heard her tell my frowning lover.

"You nasty, jealous little cat!" she cried

trying to keep out of her way!"

Jouette must also have lingered near and heard all that was said, for she suddenly came running toward me, hands upraised.

"You nasty, jealous little cat!" she cried.

I drew back frightened by the fury of her attack, but for once in his life, Alvin West acted like a man of decision. Before the rest of us could move or speak, he had seized Jouette by both wrists and dragged her away by main force. I could see her furious face glaring back from the shade of the trees. She was not the sort to forget or forgive and, years later, both Craig and I were to pay for that minute's lack of self-control.

BUT we were happily unconscious of the bitter future as we rode gayly homeward, planning a golden existence that should be all sunshine because we were together.

Alvin must have lingered somewhere near, and had overheard Jouette's cool proposal. For when she had strolled away, he approached Craig just as I reached his side. Drawing his coat aside, Alvin showed the butt of a revolver protruding from his hip pocket.

"Just take my girl home, and see what I'll do to both of you," he said thickly.

Craig was tired out, from long hours of overtime and the heavy responsibility of his position; the day was breathlessly hot, and he was bored and disgusted by Jouette's open pursuit. He abruptly lost his temper.

"YOU give me a pain in the neck!" he snarled. "I don't want your girl; she bores me to death. Besides, I am going to marry Morna in less than two weeks.

"I'm not afraid of you and your fool popgun. But after the boners you've both pulled, I would not take Jouette home if she had to crawl the whole ten miles!"

For probably the first time in my gentle life, I too, was recklessly angry. I had been counting for hours on that long, dusky homeward ride with my beloved; and Jouette's cool demand that he get rid of me for her convenience was a little too much.

"You can just behave, Alvin West, and take Jouette home your own self," I said tartly. "Craig's not going to take her home; he's worn out enough shoe leather

Early next morning, all Huntsville was greeted with the news that Jouette Liston and Alvin West had been married at the county seat at midnight, and had departed on a honeymoon financed by Deacon West.

A week later, Craig Iselin and I were married very quietly and simply in the dear, familiar parlor of my father's home. It was almost two years before either of us saw Jouette West.

The first year of my marriage was saddened by the death of my father and mother in the same week. Craig and I had spent the first five months of our married life in Huntsville, and my first real sorrow darkened my happy life just after I had met my husband's family and had settled down in a pretty apartment in Creighton. Craig had a wonderful opportunity in his home city and we were both quite willing to forfeit our trip abroad in favor of it. I liked my new relatives and they were good to me, in their busy, formal, preoccupied way. Craig's father was a successful criminal lawyer; his mother went in for political reform; his sister, Myrtle Johns, was devoted to bridge and organized charity, in the order named. I saw a good deal of her husband, Cyril Johns, a pleasant, idle Englishman with an ample income.

I worshiped my handsome, successful young husband; but he seemed more formal and preoccupied, less loving, than in our happy early months in Huntsville. His working

hours were long and he seemed to feel that he must spend a certain period each evening in his exclusive club. He explained how necessary and useful were the friendships thus maintained with influential men. Like the rest of his family, Craig greatly enjoyed playing about with his own exclusive social clique; and I was too quiet, gentle and timid to shine socially. Their eternal bridge games bored me, and I was not a clever or popular partner.

I did become an expert horsewoman, but most of their outdoor games were beyond my strength and skill. He never spoke of it, but I had an uneasy feeling that my lack of skill and aplomb somehow angered and disappointed my husband.

I SPENT many long and lonely hours while I fought my homesickness for village life, my longing for my dead parents, and tried to interest myself in music, embroidery or the newest books.

These cold, indifferent city people with their utter lack of any friendly, neighborly spirit appalled me. My six small rooms gave me a cramped, suffocated feeling, while my two efficient maids left me no comfortable, homelike tasks to do.

We had been married for almost eighteen months when I discovered I was to become a mother. I was wild with joy. Craig received the great news with a disconcerting lack of enthusiasm. Oh, yes, he admitted that he would like to have a son; but children were a tie and a responsibility, and I was not over-strong.

It was at this time that I first met gruff, kindly Doctor Rainey with his heart of gold. He had doctored all the Iselin tribe for years and, of course, must usher Craig's son into the world. That the expected baby might be a daughter did not occur to any of them. Mrs. Iselin and Myrtle began to see a great deal of me, to issue instructions that I must do this, and refrain from doing that.

The elder woman had borne two children in a hospital, under ether, and had turned them over at once to the skilled care of trained nurses. Myrtle had never had a child. Yet both of them knew a great deal about what ought to be done and expected me to follow Mrs. Iselin's example.

I did not argue; but deep in my heart, I vowed to have my baby at home; to care for his tender little body myself and to feed him as nature intended. About one thing I did argue; I did my best to persuade my husband to lease a house in some quiet suburb, where the baby and I could have plenty of pure air and room for exercise. But he refused. That tiny, close apartment, perched high above a city street, and crowded on every side by other modern cliff-dwellers, was home to him, and satisfied all his needs and desires.

My baby was expected in November. The previous summer the Iselin family had leased a twenty-room "cottage" on the Eastern coast, near a small town called Shell Harbor. It was a breathlessly hot and humid summer with many electric storms; and rather against my will, Craig insisted that I spend all my time at Shell Harbor, while he came down over the week-ends. Our small apartment was like an oven, and Doctor Rainey absolutely refused to allow me to remain in it, so I was forced to submit. We packed all our valuables off to a bank vault, gave our maids a vacation on half pay, and closed our little home till autumn. Craig went to live at his club.

"Let me take him, Morna," he said with gentle firmness

WHILE I live, I shall remember every least detail of that sunny Saturday afternoon in late July when my husband came swinging down the board walk that connected our cottage with the dock where the small excursion steamer landed on its two daily trips from the city. Our cottage fronted the ocean, about thirty yards above the high tide line. On that day, the great foam-crested breakers raced up the beach before a brisk wind; and a score of gulls screamed, wrangled, soared, and dipped; intent on some invisible prey. Cyril Johns, Myrtle, Mrs. Iselin and a woman named Barden, who lived near by, were playing a hotly contested game of bridge beside me. The tiny dress I had been embroidering had slipped to my feet, while my mind went dreaming back to the happy, early months of my marriage when Craig and I had occupied the large, airy front bedroom in my father's house.

"Who in the world is that stunning red-headed beauty Craig has in tow?" Myrtle demanded, her distraction from the game a sincere tribute to the said beauty.

Just at first I was not deeply concerned, though I recognized Jouette at a glance. I even smiled a little as I recalled our last meeting, and her determined efforts to secure Craig for herself. (*Continued on page* 133)

Her Telltale Diary

Infatuated by his lovely secretary, a new world of ecstasy opened before him. Then, one night, he learned her secret, and—

My hands were shaking so I could hardly read it

I WONDER what prompts a man in my position, whose professional and social activities have extended into high places, to reveal, under a cloak of anonymity, a chapter of his life so intimate that he would blush to relate it to his closest friend. Perhaps it is merely a revolt against all of the restrictions that are drawn around him.

Men of my kind cannot be natural. Every move that we make is more or less under public surveillance. Many of the most harmless impulses, in which ordinary men may indulge without compunction, are taboo for us. We must not turn to watch a pretty girl as she passes us on the street, no matter how strongly we may feel the urge to do so. We must not make too obvious our appreciation for a shapely ankle, much less for any further revelations incidental to a short skirt. We must not even be seen with a book or magazine that isn't entirely in keeping with our dignity and position in society.

No code of behavior ever set up to order the lives of men and women in any stratum of society, however, has yet been able to alter one whit the fundamental impulses of mankind. Regardless of the position which a man may hold, regardless of the honors which have been bestowed on him, regardless of all the pomp and dignity which have been thrown around him, if he is physically and mentally normal, he is as conscious of a pretty woman as the lowliest curbstone loafer.

THE only difference is that he must conceal his emotions while the loafer is free to respond as instinct impels.

It would be wrong to suppose, however, that we do not have our moments of weakness when opportunity permits, though few men in my (*Continued on page* 142)

A Woman's

PRIDE caused me to give my name as Miss instead of Mrs. Geraldine Medford, when I applied for a stenographic position with the Hern-Howard Steel Company. I did not want to be barred because I was married and, presumably, had a husband to care for me. Neither did I want to be given a position out of pity.

I shrank from broadcasting the terrible calamity that had befallen Jack, my husband, when we had been married only six months, and had cast what threatened to be a permanent blight on our young lives.

Jack was a newspaper man, a tall, broad-shouldered, blond giant of twenty-eight, ten years my senior, when we were married in Michigan. We motored to the West Coast on our honeymoon, and were so enchanted with southern California that we just stayed.

We sent for my mother. She came as soon as possible, and helped make for us a home in a charming bungalow in Eagle Rock, a suburb of Los Angeles. My father was dead and I was the only child. Jack and I had planned to live with mother in our home in Michigan, an arrangement which pleased us all. Naturally mother and I did not want to be separated, and Jack, being an orphan, was devoted to my mother.

Life in sunny California was very gay and festive, one delightful excursion after another, to the sea and the mountains. Mother is a perfect housekeeper; more than that, a perfect homemaker. Everything is immaculately clean and neat, yet not uncomfortably so. And her meals are delicious. Then she is such a pleasant person; never critical or ill tempered. Always ready, at a minute's notice, to go anywhere.

"Do try to cheer up," I pleaded. "You can still hold the baby in your arms and feel her silky hair and hear her laugh."

I AM of French descent, dark and fun loving. Music, dancing and the theater, are the breath of life to me. There is always a song in my heart and on my lips, and my feet skip and twinkle rather than walk.

Jack is quieter than I, more sedate, less effervescent. Of course, he is ten years older. But we got along beautifully and were supremely happy until the accident, the automobile accident which—I shudder as I write the dreadful words—which *blinded* Jack!

He was alone in the car, coming home from downtown, where he had gone in quest of a position on one of the newspapers. The man he had hoped to see wasn't in. Jack had been in no hurry about going to work.

"This is the only honeymoon I expect to have," he often said laughingly, "and I'm enjoying it to the full. There'll be plenty of time to work the rest of my life."

I shall not dwell on the horror of the accident, nor the agony of the days which followed.

Seven months later, our little daughter was born. We named her Felice. She was a blue-eyed, golden-haired baby, a beautiful baby who looked like her father. Mother

Greatest Temptation

She never dreamed what life could do to two human beings that day she vowed to love, honor and cherish this man

"Don't, Gerry, don't!" he muttered, as if my words hurt him terribly

said that God in His goodness had sent Felice to comfort Jack; that she had never seen such devotion, almost adoration, of a father for his child.

Almost from the hour of her birth, she was Jack's baby, his little charge. He wanted to do everything for her and, of course, mother and I humored him in this. Mother taught him how to bathe and dress her; how to handle her. When she was asleep out in the back yard, he sat by her little bed. When she was awake he played with her. It was only when with the baby that he seemed to forget his condition; to be at all reconciled to his blindness.

He had learned where things were in the house, and to care for himself. He became familiar with the yard and the neighborhood. He even wheeled Felice in her perambulator up and down the street. Of course he kept in our block, and on our side of the street.

BUT for me, life was sadly changed. There were no more gay excursions. Jack absolutely refused to enter an automobile. This was not to be wondered at. To be driven along and not able to see where he was going, to hear other cars and buses and street cars whizzing by and be unable to see them, under the circumstances would have been dreadful. Even I did not blame him. Nevertheless, this made a prisoner of me. Of course, mother and I could have gone off without him, but we didn't. It seemed too heartless.

And of course he could not enjoy the theater, the movies or dances. For a girl as young as I to be shut off from all gayety was bad enough. But as if this were not enough, Jack grew to be a most unpleasant companion, silent, gloomy, morose. He did not try to rouse himself; did not face his future bravely; did not try to equip himself to earn a living. He was utterly sunk—except when with the baby. Then his face would brighten, his voice lilt, his whole being expand.

After the first shock and grief of his blindness had worn off, I came to resent his attitude toward me. I was in no way to blame for the accident. Why should I be its victim?

"Jack, why don't you face the fact of your condition a bit more bravely?" I asked one day. "Being gloomed up all the time won't help you any. Let mother or me read to you—keep you informed, in touch with the world. Talk with us, and with other people. Let us get acquainted; invite people in and live like human beings. Actually, we don't know anybody in California except Doctor Blake." (Old Doctor Blake had come from our home town in Michigan; he had been in attendance when Felice was born, had been often a visitor in our home since.)

Jack shook his head and mumbled, "You don't know what you're talking about, Gerry. Just let me alone; that's all I ask of you."

Rebuffed and discouraged, I went to my room, threw myself on my bed and cried bitterly. I could see no ray of light in the darkness, either for Jack or myself.

There was another side to our problem of living. Our bank account, that is, Jack's and mine, was running low. He had not earned anything since we were married, and we had been at considerable expense. Fortunately he carried accident insurance, else we would have had his hospital and doctor bills to pay, ourselves, as the man who ran into Jack, and who unquestionably was at fault, didn't have a cent to his name. And, as mother says, you can't get blood out of a turnip.

Mother, while not rich, had enough to live on the rest of her life, if she were not extravagant. But she did not have enough to support herself and three others.

It was when Felice was taking her first steps and saying her first words, that I decided to go to work.

MOTHER agreed it would be a good thing and she was with me when I consulted Jack. His reaction was anything but pleasant. "Suit yourself," he said. "I'll be getting a job in a broom factory—I've heard that blind men can make brooms — or selling lead pencils on the street one of these days. Either that or go to the poorhouse." His tone was bitter and wrung my heart.

"Don't feel that way, dear," I cried. "I know it is terrible not to be able to see. But I haven't lost hope. Some day we'll find a doctor who can restore your sight. The medical profession is doing miraculous things. Do try to cheer up. You have your memory of things. You can feel the warmth of the sunshine, and smell the fragrance of the flowers and taste your food. You can still hold the baby in your arms and feel her silky hair and the exquisite texture of her skin, and hear her laugh and cry, and say 'Ma-ma' and 'Dad-dy.' "

"Don't, Gerry, don't!" he muttered, as if my words had hurt him terribly.

AGAIN I turned away, baffled and disheartened. He wouldn't help himself, and he wouldn't let me help him. Did ever a girl of twenty face a more difficult problem?

I loved Jack when I married him. And I was sure he loved me. But I was not at all sure now he loved me, or that I loved him. It is hard to go on loving a man who apparently has lost all interest in you; who either ignores you, or speaks in an irritable manner as if wishing to be let alone.

Jack made no effort to be agreeable, or to recompense me in any way for the change in our fortunes. If I had been older and wiser, I might have understood that he was suffering in those days, suffering agonies of wounded pride, of frustrated hopes, of complete discouragement. If only he had talked things over with me, had explained what was in his mind and heart, how differently I would have felt!

"And you don't mind if I tag along?" he asked eagerly

But he didn't. Just continued to mope and be irritable.

I had taken a secretarial course in high school. And the year intervening between my graduation and my marriage was spent in a lawyer's office. I received a very small salary, but I got a lot of valuable experience. I became a capable stenographer.

It was with no sense of martyrdom that I entered upon my duties in the cheerful offices of Hern-Howard. The atmosphere here was normal. Everybody was well and courteous, interested in life. The men were interested in the business, the girls in clothes and their dates.

MY spirits lifted. I, too, was interested in my work and in my companions. I liked the regularity, getting up on time, faring forth in the morning; joining the throng at noontime; lunching in this restaurant and in that one. And, in the late afternoon, going home to my mother and baby and husband, full of the adventures of the day.

"Not at all," I smiled. "Hasn't some one said that intelligent conversation aids digestion?"

But once in our pretty bungalow my spirits sank. Of course, mother was always the same, pleasant and cheerful. But her cheerfulness only brought into stronger contrast Jack's gloominess. Silent and unresponsive, he seemed almost unaware of my presence. Even my baby would run from me to her father.

Then the long evening with never a friend or neighbor coming in to break the monotony. Never a show or a party. Only the visits of old Doctor Blake. I grew to welcome even so mild a diversion as his calls afforded us.

I was always glad of a new day; one that would take me out of my home and into the office. Just how much of my happiness in the office was caused by the presence of Philip Staunton, the junior member of the firm, I did not at that time realize.

PHYSICALLY, Mr. Staunton was much like Jack, tall, broad shouldered, fair haired, and blue eyed. But there the resemblance ended. Even before his accident Jack had been quiet and dignified. Mr. Staunton was breezy, exuberant, effervescent; full of the joy of living; enthusiastic, gay, jolly.

He laughed and joked with all the girls. He seemed to like them all, and they all liked him. But he never dated any of them, although he would not have had to ask any one of them twice, I am sure.

From them I had learned that he was unmarried; a graduate of an Eastern university; that his family was wealthy and prominent socially, as well as in business; that he was a great beau in society.

Although he never talked of his private affairs, I somehow sensed that his week-ends were spent at Lake Arrowhead, at Palm Springs, or Coronado Beach, or Agua Caliente, down in Mexico; that there were enchanting house parties and lovely girls in his life; golf and yachting and delightful drives in the moonlight. And with these conjectures, I felt a bit sad and quite out of it, cut off from all that youth enjoys.

One afternoon Mr. Staunton came to my desk, and respectfully asked if I could stay that evening and do some extra work for him. My pulses beat fast and I could feel the color rising in my cheeks. But in as business-like a manner as I could assume, I said it could easily be arranged. I'd phone mother that I'd be late.

As I ate my dinner in an (*Continued on page* 114)

ORPHAN of

A policeman gruffly ordered us to move on

WHEN I look back upon the short yet suffering eighteen years that I have lived, I cannot help but feel a void in my heart.

I have missed something very vital in life; something that should be very precious to every boy and girl. An idol to shower their affections upon, some one to pour out their troubles to; to rest one's head upon her bosom, seeking comfort—and finding it!

What a terrible loss! Can you comprehend it? No, it requires a cheated child to realize what he has missed. I have been cheated; robbed of God's great personification—"Mother."

The first few years of my life were quite happy ones. I well remember hobbling about with my crutch, as a tiny tot, to be swooped down upon by my father, caught in a bear-like grasp and swung about, perched high upon his shoulder, until I was dizzy with pleasure and excitement. What a pleasant memory! He cared for me a great deal, possibly due to a certain extent to my infirmity. Or was it pity? I hate to dwell upon it.

My mother was different. She reminded one of a laughing schoolgirl, her auburn curls tossing about her shoulders, her eyes sparkling, vivacious and mischievous. She was very young to be a mother, especially of a crippled child who hobbled about on a crutch in such a ridiculous fashion. Yet, at times, her maternal affection would overcome her vanity, and she would kiss my cheek or pat my hair, but oh, so very seldom!

AS I write I cannot feel the tears come. No, I cannot gain relief so easily. My heart seems enmeshed in armor, girded with bitterness. Bitterness against Fate! Against the world! Against eternity itself! I am an outcast!

Previous to the Great War my father had settled in one of the many small, prosperous towns to be found in the

DIVORCE

They were joined in a brotherhood stronger than blood—the brotherhood of loneliness!

I was just passing my ragged cap, my face burning with shame

West. He was the owner of a fairly well paying grocery store. We had a lovely little home surrounded by gigantic pine trees, a large garden with many beautiful flowers. How well I remember the wind rustling through the pine-needles lulling me to sleep in my infancy! These trees served as a wind-break as well as beautifying our little home.

My mother was very extravagant. Even I, young as I was, can remember her absolute disregard of the value of money. The year our country took up arms, my father made an assignment. I have decided since that this was due largely to my mother's extravagance.

SEEING in the war an opportunity for diversion from his cares and financial difficulties, and having adventurous blood, he enlisted, little suspecting the disasters that were accumulating for his family.

Mother and I continued to live in the same little home where my father had so happily installed us previous to the war.

I could not understand my father's leaving us. I was filled with pangs of foreboding, and fears for his safety. My mother was discouraged and unsettled. She was happy only when she was entertaining. People came to our house day after day, night after night.

FROM the privacy of my little bedroom I could hear their laughter, music and dancing. The mornings following such revels, my mother would seem care free and gay, laughing merrily and rollicking through the house with me like a small playmate. Then her face would cloud over, the sparkle would go from her eyes, and she would sink into a fit of depression from which nothing could shake her. Such fits became quite common with her the following year.

The majority of my mother's friends were young,

fun-loving townspeople. Some of them were married couples; others were single. One man, in particular, I distrusted with all my heart. I remember well how my mother's eyes would kindle with admiration, her face flush with schoolgirlish self-consciousness at a word from this suave, sleek-haired gentleman.

He was so different from my bluff, good-natured father. Mother insisted upon my calling him "Uncle Joe."

INSTINCT, in all probability, forbade me to take a liking to him.

I came to regard his handsome face, his dark,passionate eyes, with a loathing and fear that only a child may be capable of. If he chanced to enter the house while I was with my mother, I would shun him, going to my room or into the garden. Mother pleaded and argued with me concerning my actions toward her friend. Coaxing was of no avail, so she would threaten me, flying into a rage, the effects of which would leave her weak and shaken. But no amount of scolding, entreaty nor punishment could lessen my intense hatred of this man.

Oh, if my dear little mother had only weighed my detestation of the man carefully; had given thought to her blind, girlish infatuation, we might still be a happy, united family.

The mocking face of that sleek debonair devil haunts me yet. He hated me, too; knowing that I read his soul. I have waked at night with a cry upon my lips and in a clammy sweat; seeing, in my dreams, his eyes burning into mine, mocking me, hating me, until I fairly cringed from the vision, attempting to evade it.

Such a nightmare, those first years of the war; brightened only by the welcome letters from my father! He sent me many trinkets and little presents. I stored them away in sacred places; feasting my eyes upon them night after night when I was supposedly sound asleep!

One morning, on coming downstairs, I noticed that the house seemed unusually quiet. Stealthily crossing the sitting room, my crutch noiseless on the thick carpet, I cautiously opened the dining-room door, expecting to surprise my mother.

What a shock I received! I could hardly believe my eyes! There, before me, stood my mother in the arms of this most hateful man!

I flew at him in a rage. I swung my crutch at him, maddened with a childlike ferocity. They were dumfounded. They stared at me—speechless! All the resentment and smoldering hatred flamed up in me as I kicked and scratched this intruder in my father's home.

Finally my mother clutched me to her. I buried my head on her shoulder and burst out weeping. When I had recovered my composure, my mother's friend had gone. Nor did I see him for some time after that.

I swung my crutch at him, maddened with a childlike ferocity

NONE can have forgotten the year 1918. The joy and the heartache, the laughter and the tears, as friend greeted friend, mothers greeted sons, wives greeted husbands —some of them. Others smiled, happy in some one else's joy, bearing bravely their own bereavements.

Do you suppose a child does not see these life-struggles with comprehending eyes? Does he fail to see the furtive tears trickle down a brave man's cheek? Does he overlook the maimed or wounded soldier? How enlightening it would be to pierce into a child's mind, seeing the conflicting emotions the horrors of war arouse!

How well I remember scanning each returning soldier's face as regiment after regiment demobilized; hobbling forward to grasp (*Continued on page* 80)

OFFICIALLY DEAD

The papers gave permission to open the grave—to investigate

What was this mysterious vision that possessed her soul, driving her on and on in search of her beloved?

In the Preceding Installment:

I SUFFERED much as a result of the war. My husband was killed in action. My son Ralph was wounded. And word came too that my other son, Paul, had been killed. But I did not believe it. No matter what proof the government sent me, no matter what any one said, I could not believe that Paul was dead. I'm sure most of the family considered me a bit insane on this one subject. But Dorothy, Paul's fiancée, believed with me that he was still alive.

Ralph came home a wreck of a man. His mental and physical suffering tore at my heart. So I resolved to make it well worth some woman's while to marry him and give him love. I advertised, and finally found Lily Mann, a trained nurse, who was a war widow with a little girl, Nannette. She agreed to marry Ralph, and I agreed to take care of her and her child for the rest of their lives.

Lily worked wonders with Ralph. She soon made him realize that he should do something else beside sit still and brood. It wasn't long, in fact, before he was working industriously on an invention.

Then the government offered me the chance to go to France as a Gold Star mother. I would go and try to find out everything possible about Paul. I would have his grave opened, for I still refused to believe he was actually dead.

But before I got away, Aileen, my daughter, came home. She had been away, teaching school. She confessed to me that she had had a love affair, and was expecting a baby. Hoping I could keep her from doing anything desperate, I decided to take her with me on the trip to France.

We sailed from New York and our ship had just drawn away from its great pier, and started out to sea, when I was handed a radiogram. It was from my married daughter Louella, and was brutally outspoken. It read:

RALPH SHOT HIMSELF THIS MORNING STOP LILY GONE AND TOOK NANNETTE STOP THEY LEFT LAST NIGHT STOP CAN YOU COME DIRECTLY BACK STOP

LOUELLA

The Story Continues:

THE message was a terrible shock, naturally. Aileen took it horribly to heart, too; but at least she stirred about in an effort to do something. For once in my life, I was beyond action. I sat in the stateroom, still in my traveling clothes, my hat still on my head, trying to keep from fainting—trying to realize the full horror of the message which I still clutched in my hand.

I could cheerfully have shaken Louella until her teeth rattled. Ralph had shot himself! Did she say how—or whether it was serious—or whether he were dead or alive; at home or in a hospital.

Surely the fact that she didn't mention death meant that he was alive. Maybe the fact that she didn't mention death meant that she feared it so. Of course. That was it! She knew I'd read between the lines—that I'd see the truth behind her silence. After all, Ralph could hardly withstand any further injury. Even if the shot were not mortal, he was in no condition to pull through after such a shock.

What should I do? What could I do? Was it all my fault for leaving the house? The first time in my life that I had left my home, uprooted myself for any period of time, this had to happen. Was I forever to blame myself for this tragedy—that might cost my boy his life?

What on earth had happened between Ralph and Lily? Why had she gone? The fact that she had taken little Nannette with her pointed to the probability of her having left for good. She had left last night, and Ralph had shot himself this morning. Why? Why had she deserted him? And where could she be? No doubt she had a tidy sum of money saved up by now. But where would she go?

"Mother! Mother!" Aileen burst into the stateroom, eyes wild, her breath coming in excited gasps. Behind her stood a man in uniform.

"Mother! We can get off! We can get on the pilot boat. The purser says so."

THE purser interrupted and tried to explain. If I hurried, it would be possible for us to climb down the huge ship and into the pilot boat. In a half hour we would be back in New York. By tomorrow evening I could be at home, with Ralph.

I stared at them. My faculties seemed to have deserted me. Get off the ship that was taking me to Paul? Why, how could I? I had done so much for Ralph. I might have been gravely mistaken in what I'd done for him. But I had tried. I had left no stone unturned to help him.

But Paul! Nobody had done anything for him. Nobody had tried to reach him. Nobody had stretched out a searching, guiding hand into the abyss of silence and mystery that had swallowed him up. And this was my only chance. Now, at last, I was on my way to him. Some miracle had made this trip possible—surely God had a good reason for sending me across the seas to my boy?

Aileen repeated. "Don't you understand mother? They'll let us off. It's a matter of life and death."

I shook my head.

"No! I can't do it. I can't go. I must go to Paul."

Aileen gazed at me, horror-stricken. Then she turned to the purser and beckoned him outside. I could hear them whispering beyond the door. She was explaining to him, no doubt, that I was cracked on the subject of my dead son; that they had been fearing for my mind on the subject for many years. And now, no doubt, the thought of visiting his grave had thrown me completely off my balance.

Oh, I knew what she was saying. And I sat, hugging myself with a great chill, wondering if I were a bad mother. A bad woman? Why didn't I rush to Ralph? But I couldn't. If Ralph were going to die, Ralph would die, and my presence wouldn't save him. Louella and the town doctor who had nursed my husband would see to it that he had every medical care. He even had his special doctor from Chicago, who would certainly be called in this emergency. He might be dead already.

Aileen entered again, and closed the door behind her with a strange gravity.

"Mother," she said tremulously, "I'm going. Do you think you'll be all right on this trip alone? Because I feel I ought to go."

I stared at them. My faculties seemed to have deserted me

Tears came to me for the first time, and I reached out and caught her hand. I was so grateful to her. I was so relieved that she would go. I was so proud that, in the midst of her own trouble, she'd be willing to forgo a trip and would hasten back home where she could be of help. I told her so, and told her how much it meant to me. And we cried together. For the first time in years, we were close to each other again. For the first time, I had renewed faith in the hope that Aileen would become a woman worthy of the Lord name.

WE had a scant quarter of an hour together. I told her all I wanted to know. She would wire me. I begged her to spare no expense.

If I were desperately needed, I could take the next boat back from France. I wanted to know all the details. I told her everywhere that I thought she might find Lily Mann, and how she might trace her. I explained what I would do if I went home—so that she would have some guiding thought in case of dire emergencies. And I said, as we parted, that I would phone home as soon as I landed.

I didn't go to watch her climb over the side of the ship. I couldn't. I knew she was in safe hands with the purser. I just sat alone in my stateroom and tried to think. Tried to tell myself that I had done the right thing,

"Don't you understand, mother?" Aileen repeated. "They'll let us off. It's a matter of life and death."

knowing all the time that I had been a fool. Realizing at last, that what they had been saying about me might be true—I was probably cracked over the thought of Paul's being alive.

The trip over was agony. The purser, who felt he understood my story, and the ship's doctor were more than kind to me. I hardly ever left my stateroom. I might be a sort of Amazon on land, but the sea laid me low. My mind was too upset to help me gather my forces to shake off the illness. I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep. I lived in a high tension waiting for news from Aileen.

THE first word was when she landed in New York from the pilot ship. A few hours later, she wired that she had phoned Louella and learned that Ralph was in the state hospital and they didn't know whether or not he would live—she was taking the train within an hour.

It was nearly forty-eight hours after that before I heard further.

"Glad I came," she said. "Louella needed at home with her babies, and our house is in an uproar. Ralph still in coma. They say not much hope. Station master claims he saw Lily Mann and child take train for Chicago. Am trying to trace her, according to your instructions. Love."

A few meager words on which to run riot with imagination; with which to scourge myself for having been so selfish as to stay on board. For wasn't it selfishness when you looked into it? What right had I to think Paul alive? Who did I think I was to hope to confute the statements of the government and the army by attempting to prove that Paul still lived?

ONLY one more message from Aileen before I landed. But it was the message I wanted. Ralph would live. At least, there was every chance. And Aileen, God bless her, even got the specialist to wire me himself, explaining the condition.

I tried to phone home from Cherbourg, but I found I couldn't. Wearily I journeyed on to Paris, telling myself that I must nurse myself back to strength if I hoped to see this thing through. I couldn't afford to lie ill in some hotel or hospital in France. Either I went on to Paul, or back to Ralph. And in either case I needed health.

So I took myself in hand. I hadn't caught many glimpses of the other Gold Star mothers on the boat, for I'd been so confined to my own stateroom. But now I studied them—all of them on the same train. Women in black; elderly women, thin, fat, well dressed and shabby; eyes dimmed, faces lined, chins sagging, hands worn and bulgy. All women who were being drawn to one point of horror and grief by the strange magnet of love.

Some had been sicker than I. Some were talkative;

some fearful; others silent and withdrawn. Poor mothers! Why were we here? Twenty-five of us—out of thousands—nay, millions—being carried closer to their boys' strange death scene with every turn of the rumbling train wheels.

We were assigned to modest hotels. Very neat and clean—and strange. I spoke not a word of French; not enough to ask for a drink of water. But we had an interpreter who came periodically; and the landlord of the place and the concierge spoke very adequate English.

Newspaper reporters came. Men and women. Mere boys; strange, hard-voiced girls. I refused to see them.

They pestered the Gold Star mothers. They wanted "human interest" stories. It made my blood run cold. It made me want to reach for the gun that I always carried in my bag, to blast them off the face of the earth. I suppose there are two sides to every story and I understand the effrontery of these newspaper people better now. But at the time, I couldn't stand the sight of one of their pale, blood-sucking faces. Or so they seemed to me.

I couldn't phone at the hotel either. The interpreter, a Mr. Hessler—who was a sort of Boy Scout guide to our party—took me to the Bourse. In half an hour I had Aileen on the wire.

"RALPH is out of danger," she said. "He will be at the hospital for weeks, though. He's in a terrible condition, but they are sure he will live, mother.

"No, I haven't heard from Lily, but I've heard plenty about her. Ella"—our cook—"says she heard them quarreling dreadfully the night Lily left. They had been quarreling ever since we left, anyway. But that night they had an awful row. And Ella says she heard Lily dare him to shoot. She put a gun in his hands and dared him to shoot. I'm writing. Writing everything."

I was stunned as I left the place. I had paid over a hundred dollars to hear more tragedy.

More heartache to go back to the bare hotel room and think over. But still I had no thought of hastening back home. Ralph would live, and never again would I interfere with his life. I had made one unholy mistake in Lily Mann. Life could go its own course now. They had always quarreled bitterly, somehow. But didn't she know better than to hand him a gun—a shell-shocked soldier? Didn't she know better than to taunt him with dares? What had got into her that she should do such a thing?

We were greeted by officials that night. One of the other twenty-four mothers was too ill to be present. The papers carried heartrending stories about her. The papers took our pictures. Papers here and at home carried group pictures of the mothers.

We were taken sight-seeing. Most of the mothers reveled in it; buying postal cards; sending them home; talking of remembrances they wanted to pick up for so-and-so.

Well, after all, it was years since their boys had died. Thirteen years. If their boys came back to life they wouldn't know them now, with thirteen years' difference.

Ah, there was a thought. How would I know my Paul? Could it be that he was nearly forty now? Would I ever recognize him, if I found him living? How did I know but I passed him on the street since I had arrived here—and that I'd never know him?

The thought made my heart beat thunderously. It came as we were all grouped around the ever-burning flame under the Arc de Triomphe—the tomb of the Unknown Soldier—the tomb that so many hundreds of women, like myself, figured might hold the body of her own gallant son.

There it was. The thought came that I might not know the strange man thirteen years older than the boy who had kissed me good-by. And I swayed, and nearly fainted. And cursed at the news story the next day that described my emotion for me.

But this new thought lingered. I was impatient to get to that grave. I had already started every influence I had working, to permit the grave to be opened. Meanwhile, I watched every man on the streets. I went out deliberately—to search their faces.

It was a crazy thought. What made me think he was in Paris? If he'd been taken prisoner.

WHY did I search for him? Why not leave him dead? Why open that grave to see if it were Paul or some stranger? Wasn't I interfering with a life again? And how dare I? If Paul lived and had his senses, he must want to remain dead to those who loved him, or else he would have written to me. What right had I to disturb him, then? If Paul were alive and minus his right mind, how would it help any one for me to trace him?

They were unanswerable questions. But though I argued with myself far into the night, I could not sway myself from the path I had chosen. I was going to find Paul—or go home convinced that he was dead.

The day arrived at last when we were going to travel to the battlefields. The government was paying our expenses. But those who could afford it might arrange to stay over, and make it a five-day trip. I was one who registered. And to my great joy and relief—yes, and fear—the written permit came only ten minutes before we left in the big bus to have the grave opened. Orders had come to Mr. Hessler, too, who took me aside and begged that I would not let the other women know; that I visit the graves as every one else did—and then

Your Letter May Win a Prize

One of the reasons why TRUE STORY *holds first place in the hearts of so many people is that we are constantly trying to give them the kind of magazine they most desire.*

We are exceedingly anxious to get your opinion of our stories, and in order to encourage you to write us a letter now, we are offering $100.00 in prizes.

The first prize is $25.00; the second prize is $10.00 and there are thirteen prizes of $5.00 each.

In your letter please tell us:

(1) Which are the three best stories and why.

(2) Which is the least interesting story and why.

(3) Our faults, and your constructive ideas on how to make the magazine better.

Address your letter, June TRUE STORY *Criticism Contest, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.*

All letters criticizing the June issue must be in this office by June 5th. Letters will not be returned, and we cannot undertake to enter into correspondence regarding these contests. Prize winners will be notified in due time, and the names of winners will be announced in the magazine as soon as possible. The editors will act as judges and their decisions will be final.

go back later for my own purposes, keeping it as much of a secret as possible.

I gladly consented to every discretion. After all, I myself, didn't want those newspaper hounds after me. What a story they could get—if they knew. The thought that I might find my son living; that I didn't believe he was dead. And the fact that another son had just shot himself, and was slowly being nursed back to life. If ever those newspaper ferrets got hold of all that! But how could they?

The night before we left, I received mail. I expected the letter from Aileen. It told how queerly Ralph had acted after I had left; how he insisted that he be taken for a drive; how Lily had helped him into the car and they had gone off together. They were away all afternoon and Ralph had been quite weak and ill when they returned. Ella said he had eaten no supper at all. Later, she was awakened by the sounds of their quarreling.

She had heard Mr. Ralph throw something, and had heard a scream. She had tried to enter, but the door was locked and Lily had called out that everything was all right, that Ralph had only been troubled with nightmares. But Ella heard quarreling after that. Heard the threat Lily made. "Here, then, take the gun, and see if you have guts enough to use it. Go ahead! Shoot!"

LATER, Ella had heard Miss Mann go back to her own room—and had heard her crying.

That was all. But it was enough. Oh, if only I could find the pale, calm Lily and talk to her; hear what she had to say in explanation.

I did not expect my second letter. It was from Dorothy Young. I hadn't seen her for years, and it was with an effort I recalled her fresh young face through the haze of forgotten memories. She had married years ago, and I had put her out of my mind and thoughts then. I half resented her marrying—for it seemed to show me so plainly that she, too, had given up hope of Paul—all hope. Well, Dorothy was changed now. She was no longer the gay, dewy and blithe young person that my Paul had loved and proposed to. No, she was thirteen years older too; married, and probably the mother of children.

Hers was a wistful, sad little letter. She had seen my picture in the home-town paper that she still subscribed to, and that was sent regularly to her home in Denver.

She had read that I was going abroad—to visit the grave. And she had wasted no time in learning how to reach me. Would I, for the sake of old times and old ties, write her what I found? Could I send her a picture of the grave? Would I remember her when I was there?

That was all. But, again, that was enough to give me a fresh pang. A more acute pain for the silent heartaches of womankind.

We left on the bus for the battlefields one sunny morning. A Mrs. Rogers couldn't come. She was left behind in a hospital, seriously ill, delirious, talking to her boy. My heart went out to her. Poor woman, to come so far, and not have the strength to go through with it. To be so near, and yet beyond the grasp of her dreams.

We stopped in Rheims. I began to realize all that the war meant. The shelled cathedral that the people were trying so bravely to rebuild and restore. The destruction everywhere—even after more than a decade. The stories that were told.

A STRANGE hush fell over the group of perspiring women. They swallowed down their muggy coffee in silence and barely touched the lunch prepared for them. We went on. A pilgrimage of shocking horror. Down the long, barren, stripped roads—trees split to the roots, dead, bare branches standing out nakedly against the sky. Desertion. Silence Desperation. Resignation. The aftermath of men's madness.

Château-Thierry. How many bodies had been picked up here? How many boys had strewn the fields—how many had groaned out their lives, away from the

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I didn't go to watch her climb over the side of the great ship. I couldn't!

Up from the

THE jolly, congenial crowd we run with here in Ellensville, the town where Harry and little Harry and I and my kid sister Mona live, had come to our house to spend the evening. We'd been dancing to our favorite orchestra as the music came in over the radio. Then the dance music stopped, and the voice of a popular singer filled our pretty living room.

Ol' Man River, that ol' Man River,
He must know somethin',
He don't say nuthin',
He just keeps rollin',
He just keeps rollin' a—long.

Some of the others started applauding, and one or two of the men joined in with the radio singer. But I didn't feel like applauding or singing. That song gave me a sick feeling. I felt dazed almost.

I wasn't seeing these good friends we'd made since we came to Ellensville three years before. I wasn't even seeing this room in which I'd had such happy times. I was seeing a river—the muddy, yellow waters of the Mississippi at flood tide.

Then the scene changed and I was seeing another river—a smaller one, this time; not muddy nor yellow, not rushing along, sweeping everything before it.

Jake slunk off into the darkness of the night outside, like the river rat he was

NO, this second river was greenish-gray, greasy looking, sluggish, crawling along between banks thick with undergrowth and bushes and trees whose drooping branches hung down so far they almost touched the water.

I looked at Mona to see if she was remembering the things I was. One glance at her face told me her mind also was back in the past. That she, too, was seeing ghosts. She didn't look like the same happy, laughing, care-free girl she had been a few minutes before. Her big blue eyes had a terrified look. She was deathly pale. One hand was at her throat. The other was held out, as if to ward off a blow. How often I'd seen her look like that when she was a frightened little child!

Just then Harry came into the room. He'd been out in the kitchen for glasses and iced pop, and the sandwiches Mona and I had made early in the evening.

SWAMPS

Her outraged soul demanded the justice which the courts denied

"I'm going to handle you," he said grimly, "as some real man ought to have handled you long ago."

He took one look at Mona's face. Then he looked at me. He didn't say anything; just put down the tray he was carrying, and turned off the radio.

By that time the others were standing silent, looking at us curiously, as if they wondered what it was all about. Harry saved the situation, as he can always be counted on to save any situation which would cause me pain or worry. He walked over to where Mona was standing, put his arm around her shoulder and said, "This little sister of ours, and my wife, don't like 'Ol' Man River,' even over the radio. They don't like anything about rivers. Years ago their three-year-old baby brother was drowned. They lived near a river then, and they've hated all rivers ever since."

DARLING Harry, saying the one thing that could explain matters without making them worse!

What he said was true. Our brother had been drowned. But that wasn't what made me hate the river so. I've hated it ever since I can remember. I think I must have been born hating it. Yet perhaps it was one of the things that made Mona so deadly afraid of it. And she was afraid of it—more afraid than any girl or little child ought to be afraid of anything.

As for me, I wasn't afraid of the river any more than I was afraid of the great lean, hungry, glistening river rats that used to come up on the banks, their hides wet and slimy, their wicked little, bead-eyes glittering, their mouths half open, and their sharp, yellow, fang-like teeth bared. No, I wasn't afraid of the river, and I wasn't afraid of the river rats; though if you've ever seen one of (*Continued on page* 171)

WILD

In the Preceding Installments:

I RAN away from home, because I could no longer endure the constant predictions of my father and all the townspeople that I would come to no good end. They all said I was growing up to be just like my mother, and my mother had provided Cranford with its greatest scandal. When I was just a tiny tot she had deserted me and my father for another man.

On my way to New York, I met and fell in love with Philip Monteith, a young lawyer. He returned my love and, after months of happy courtship, we became engaged. I was deliriously happy when he folded me in his arms.

But my happiness was short-lived. I had never told Philip the truth about my mother. In fact, I had invented a lot of romantic lies about her.

Then I saw her picture staring at me from a newspaper. She was known as Mona Carruthers, a former night club singer, reported in the last stages of tuberculosis. She had reached the front pages because she had shot Burke Lanahan, a notorious gambler. The paper insinuated that she was Lanahan's mistress, and that was why he refused to bring charges against her.

I went to see her. She admitted she was Mona Carton. I told her I was her daughter. After trying vainly to make me go away, saying she did not want my life ruined by association with her, she suddenly collapsed and I remained to take care of her.

I kept on lying to Philip, for I still couldn't bring myself to tell him the truth. I was afraid I would lose him. As mother was without friends or money, it was up to me to take care of her. In addition to my job in the store, I got a job in a cheap night club. It was a dive, and I was supposed to dance with any one who wanted me for a partner. I hated it, but I had to make the money.

PHILIP noticed how tired I always was, and resented the fact that I spent so little time with him. He flared up jealously, but I explained away his doubts. He decided that we should be married right away.

I made up my mind to tell him the truth about my mother. I was sure he would understand. Why had I hesitated so long? I was even certain that since mother had so little time to live, he would consent to her being with us.

It was my last night at the club. Tomorrow I would tell Philip everything. I went out on the floor to do my solo number, happy in the realization that this was my final dance in this low place.

"You're coming with me—now!" he snarled. "No use to fight. I mean business! Get in this cab!"

While I was dancing, imagine my horror to see Philip sitting just to the left of the platform. As our eyes met, he rose to leave. I ran after him, shrieking wildly for him to wait, that I could explain. He jerked away. His steely eyes roved over my half nude body with icy contempt.

"You've made a mistake, young woman," he said, his voice dangerously low. "I've never seen you before, nor do I ever wish to see you again!"

The next instant he had passed down the stairs and out of sight. I had lost him. Oh, what should I do!

BLOOD

Would he still love her if she told him the whole truth—if she revealed that she had been living a horrible lie?

The uniformed figure was coming toward us, nearer—nearer

The Story Continues:

I STOOD at the head of those stairs, my hands clutching the rail for support. Philip had gone—gone forever! Never again would I know the ecstasy of his love, his caresses. Never again hear the sound of his voice. The one and only treasure I had possessed—his devotion—was no longer mine. In its stead was loathing, contempt, for the girl he had found dancing in this low dive. It could be called by no other name.

How had he ever come to this place? Dully I recalled his telling me he was going slumming in search of a witness he needed. Slumming! And in this slum, as he had truthfully called it, he had found me!

Gone was my dream of happiness, of a home. The future spread out ahead like a vast dreary desert on which existed no living thing except myself. And I would have to tread this dark, hopeless stretch for the rest of my life—alone.

Nature, sometimes, is kind. She enfolds us with a sort of dull apathy when life suddenly plunges us into utter blackness of despair. For the next few days I was like a person in a trance—unable to think clearly; certainly incapable of any plans.

AND then I roused myself and wrote Philip a long, explanatory letter, baring my very soul and begging him to come and see me—just once more.

It was not the letter of an eighteen-year-old girl. I no longer felt young. I was a branded, groping woman, making one last, desperate fight to prove myself a victim of fate whom the winds of chance had buffeted around like a helpless, terrified storm bird that seeks any shelter in a tempest.

In that letter to Philip, I did not spare myself. I confessed the lies I had told him, pleading my love for him as an excuse. Told of my unutterable shame at having found my mother to be the notorious Mona Carruthers, whose name still occasionally crept into the daily papers. Reporters just wouldn't let the matter of Lanahan's shooting entirely die out; although the man was now entirely recovered.

I sent that letter off, then waited. My conscience felt lighter now that I had unburdened it of all guilt. I didn't ask Philip to still consider himself bound to me; I only prayed for his forgiveness and just one more sight of his dear face.

"Maybe he'll feel sorry when he reads it," I childishly told myself. "I know *I* would, if the case were different; if it were Philip who had deceived me about himself and his family, *I'd* forgive."

But men are different from women. I soon found this out, for after five agonizing days had passed, bringing no reply to this letter, when I was about to risk calling him at his office, the postman brought me a long, thick envelope, with the name of Philip's firm in the upper left-hand corner.

I was just leaving my lodging house for the store, when

I received it. I rushed back to my room, holding the bulky letter against my wildly beating heart. No matter if I was a little late for work; I must read what he had written where no human eyes could see my face. If it were forgiveness, then the day's work would be a joy. If not—

"Oh, please, dear Lord," I prayed, "let there be a word of hope for me—just a word! Maybe I don't deserve it, but have pity on me and help me."

And then I opened the envelope with shaking fingers.

Something fell out of the envelope. My own letter to Philip! Unopened. Across the surface, just above his name, was written:

"Instructed by Mr. Philip Monteith to return to sender."

HE had done this to me! Had told his stenographer to write that curt, insulting sentence. He hadn't even cared to see what was inside that envelope. I dropped to the floor, buried my shamed head in my arms and lay there, tearless in my agony. The whole world faded away, leaving only myself, writhing in indescribable anguish and desolation.

I relived the scene in Tim Bradley's club. No, I couldn't blame Philip, now that I recalled how I had looked. No man on earth could forgive such seeming deceit in the woman he loved—and trusted. Why had I ever thought that I might explain to Philip? Deep down within me, I knew *now* that if I had gone to him long ago, told him the true story of my mother and how I had found her, I would have received only the tenderest love and sympathy—even help, had I chosen to take it.

Although enabled by birth and profession to mingle with the best people in New York, Philip had no snobbery about him. He was the most democratic man you could ever wish to find.

No, I had lost his love, his respect, his confidence, by my lies, my useless, unforgivable *lies!* The soul of honor, himself, untruthfulness in any one was abhorrent to him. He had once said that even a desperate criminal sometimes told the truth, and won a lawyer's respect by doing so. Or a street girl always had a chance to rise if her sense of honesty in speech was not entirely dead.

And I, the girl he loved, had lost him forever through my lies!

A loud rapping at my door brought me to my feet. Some one was calling. "Are you in, Miss Carton?"

I gave a hasty glance at my white face in the mirror, pinched my pallid cheeks to bring some color into them, then unlocked the door. My landlady's portly figure filled the entrance.

"I thought I heard you come back upstairs, dearie," she began pleasantly. "That's what I told the young man, and said I'd see for him. He's waitin' down in the parlor. Says it's somethin' very important."

A YOUNG man waiting below! Hope sprang into my heavy heart. Philip, of course! He had relented. He was here to see me. I wondered why he hadn't come directly upstairs; then the thought came that perhaps Mrs. Peterson might have told him to wait below, because just recently she had told her women lodgers they must not receive men callers in their rooms.

"I'll be right down. Thank you, Mrs. Peterson," I called gayly, as I ran back and made a hasty attempt at smoothing my disordered hair.

No need to pinch my cheeks now. They were like twin roses, and my eyes shone like stars. Philip had come to me—Philip had come!

I flew down the stairs, my feet light as feathers, and pushed open the half closed door, then stopped short, the blood oozing from my face and lips. For there before me stood—not Philip—but Red Jacobs!

"What—what are you doing here?" I managed to gasp. "How did you—find me, and what do you want?"

"I've come for you, kid," he said soberly. "It's Mona—your mother. She's about to cash in. Sadie sent me. There ain't a minute to lose.

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"I've come to arrest you," he said curtly. "Get your things on quick, and let's be off before a crowd gathers."

Because I Was a Wise Guy

She knew what he didn't—that a man can't think wrong and do right

"It's useless, Lee," she said. "There is something the matter with your way of thinking."

DAD was a politician, and a darned good one at that! But none too honest. I am not saying that as an excuse for my entrance into crime. Had he lived, I would never have been a criminal.

I hold my clearest picture of him when I was but sixteen years of age, in the spring of 1918. Tall, with silvery white, wavy hair, an immaculate dresser, chary of words and smiles, and ever the suave gentleman—I adored him.

It was that spring they brought Eddie, my brother, home from France to die. He died a week later. The following morning I arose from a nervous and sleepless night, and throwing a well-worn bathrobe over my shoulders, I walked into the kitchen. Half-way across the floor I halted. I had heard a voice. A strange voice out in our back yard. I heard that voice cursing in a slow, vitriolic, bitter manner. It cursed all things in and out of the world. It cursed God. In startled surprise and not a little fear, I crossed to a window and pulled back a curtain.

I looked out upon a clear spring morning. Blue of sky, with here and there a roseate cloud, touched by the soothing fire of an ever new sun. My pigeons were cooing upon the roof of their little house, and the chickens were industriously scratching the ground and clucking.

And over near the west fence stood Dad, with his white head flung back to the new day. I heard harsh, unreal, awe-inspiring, curses drip from his almost motionless lips in a deadly monotone.

Slowly, I let the curtain fall. Stepping back from the window, I stood there trembling from the fear of an unnamable something. Not my father! It couldn't be! Not the low-voiced man that I had always known. Not the man who had changed from a house painter at my mother's death, and fought that grim battle to give his two kids a decent chance in life. Oh, it couldn't be! Somehow it did not seem fair to something in life that perhaps I was too young to understand. Slowly I turned and walked back into my bedroom.

THROUGH those horrible days, before and after the funeral, I stuck pretty close to Dad. He wanted a quiet funeral, but at this time the country was in the grip of war hysteria. People forgot that Eddie was Dad's first-born, to them he was a martyred hero. How bitter!

Three months later, Dad was killed in an automobile accident. My aunt came to the high school to get me. It was then that I learned how one may suffer so intensely, so poignantly keenly, that it just doesn't seem that one can go on with it all. But, in honor to the man that I had always adored, I tried to face everybody and

everything like a man. Twice I broke down and gave away to the grief that was eating my heart out. I was but sixteen, and I had lost my idol.

I recall how at the funeral, a little woman, with a work-ravished soul staring from her eyes, remarked:

"How like his father he is!"

With bowed head I heard her, and with clenched hands I silently cried to her, "Fool! You old fool! What do you know about it?"

After the funeral I went to live with my aunt. I couldn't stand her. She was lascivious in mind and body. Her "My, but you are the handsomest boy!" sickened me. I wrote a note one night and left. I told her I was off to see the world.

But I never left town. Instead, I went to work as a bell-boy in one of the larger downtown hotels. I suffered intensely for awhile. The prop appeared to be knocked out from under me. No longer was Dad just in the offing. But after awhile, the pain eased to a dull ache that I could stand.

It was while working at the hotel that I met Paul Wilson. Doctor Paul Wilson, to be exact. He it was who gave me my first taste of the underworld. From him I learned of the lure of easy money, of excitement, narrow escapes from the law, new cities, new faces, and fine living on the cream of the land. At this time, Doctor Paul, as I grew to call him, was one of the slickest "con" men in the country. His specialty was nervous diseases—and women. And the astounding part of it all was that he really knew his profession as a specialist in women's diseases, though he had lost his license.

He was a tall man, slightly inclined to be corpulent, with an easy, quiet air of professional interest and a charming personality. I was later to learn that, by the slightest exertion, he could win any one to him. No wonder women fell for him! And they were not all silly women, either!

WHILE he was at the hotel, whenever he wanted anything he made it a point to see that I was the one to bring it to him. Well, the upshot of it all was that shortly after the Armistice was signed, I left the city as Doctor Paul's valet.

I knew nothing of the duties of a valet, and told the doctor as much. But he waved that aside graciously, and said I would soon learn. Later, I was to learn that he was subject to do things in this fashion quite regularly; and after we became accustomed to each other, I half hinted that he didn't need a valet; that a nurse would be much better. He would agree, and be really solemn about it.

Nothing was too good for any one he liked. Known to be one of the smartest of con men, most any one he knew could give him a hard luck story, and he would empty his pockets for them. Then he would come to me and clean me out. Altogether we had a wonderful time.

If I learned nothing else while with the doctor I certainly learned to be discreet. He was a man with many irons in the fire—feminine ones. And they were not curling irons, either.

OF course, he did lots of things that I certainly did not approve of; but it was his business, not mine. Being with him for quite a while, I became almost as well known as he was. I made the acquaintance of a host of people, including several smart policemen and detectives.

Once I led the police on a wild goose-chase while the doctor slipped out of town. That netted me one of the worst beatings I ever got in my life. I bear a scar today, where I part my hair, from a paperweight wielded by the hand of a hard-boiled dick.

Though I never told the doctor of this, he learned about it. One evening, a couple of weeks after the beating, he came to the apartment and slipped a roll of bills in my pocket. When I looked at him, surprised, he told me to get a manicure with it. He said my finger nails annoyed him. Three days later he borrowed it back. A week later he paid it again. The following week he borrowed it again. Uh-huh! As I said, altogether we had a wonderful time.

Several times he threatened to tour Europe again—

The room was ablaze with flash lights

all except one country. England. He said the heavy fogs of London were detrimental to his health.

But I later learned that the real reason was Whitechapel Prison. He had served eight years there, back in the nineties. And from what I have heard, that was one plenty "malo" place in those days.

So we never went to Europe, but we did go all over the United States, Canada and Mexico. The doctor was a clever linguist, and from him I learned a couple of languages fairly well. Spanish, with its soft intonations, appealed to me greatly.

While with the doctor, I learned his game from A to Z. But I never played it. To be frank, I didn't approve at all of his game. I call it a confidence game, though there are some that have an uglier name for it.

As a matter of fact, I was too busy absorbing new thrills and experiences to bother with any kind of a racket. I most always had money and did pretty nearly as I liked. But I did learn of other rackets. I will tell you of a couple that in all probability may have an effect on you.

If a fellow were real smart, or could be depended on to carry out orders and keep his face shut, he could make a pile of dough. Here's how: He joins a gang that specializes in stickups. All right. We will say that three or four of this gang will drop into a store, preferably a jeweler's, and stick up a *willing* owner. They clean the joint. The owner squawks to the police. He claims that he lost fifty or a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stuff. The insurance company goes over his books. Then they pay up. In reality, though, there was probably only eight or ten thousand dollars worth of stuff, mostly junk, in the place. The rest had been removed by the owners. Some of these men will grin when you crash their place; others are not so tractable. They will demand that you bind them, or perhaps that you deal them a skillful blow from a sap or a black-jack. If it should chance that you are arrested, the victim will not identify you. If he gets cold feet, the gang will take care of you. Pretty soft—that racket!

Here is another one that is more than likely to strike nearer to your door. Do you own an automobile? If not, you perhaps have some one close to you who does. We will say that the car you own is a blue sedan of popular make. All right. Tonight you decide that you will go to the theater downtown. You drive down and park your car. You lock motor and gears. You lock the doors after pulling up the windows. You feel safe. You enter the theater and enjoy yourself, perhaps you thrill to a one hundred and fifty degree combination of stage lovers. You come from the theater. No car. What happened? Listen.

One of three things happened. Your car was stolen, if it was unlocked, by a callow youth who took it for a joy ride with one of those ninety-mile-an-hour flappers. In that case you, in all probability, will get it back. The boy will be arrested and sent to prison.

Perhaps it was taken by some gentleman of the underworld who was in an awful hurry. You may get your car back some time that year, though it will probably be a hundred or a thousand miles away. But if an experienced car thief steals your car, mister, you are out of luck. For perfectly obvious reasons, I cannot tell how a car that has been locked may be stolen. But let us follow your car.

We will say that a well-dressed young man is seen strolling around the neighborhood of the theater. He spots you as you step from your car. He waits about fifteen minutes, then he drives your car away. Several blocks away is a garage that gives every indication of being strictly on the "legit." Into this garage your car is driven. This happens at eight-thirty, we will say.

I reached for the ceiling as my heart sank into my boots

Well, should you be standing near that garage next morning about ten o'clock you would see, perhaps, a blue sedan with several extras drive from the garage. Suppose you still believe that is your car, which is improbable, and you halt the driver. Will he refuse to stop? Of course not. He will be very courteous about it all. You show him your pink slip, owner's license

(*Cont'd on page* 178)

MY STRANGE ROAD

"You too!" I cried. "You too! I don't want to see you ever again!"

In Preceding Installments:

I HAD gone out on a blind date with Mitzi Forester, and met Dale Everett, an aviator. And just because we got into a newspaper scandal, my father insisted that I marry Dale without delay.

There had been absolutely nothing between us except a few kisses, but the newspapers had us trying to elope because we had accompanied Mitzi and her boy friend, Jimmy, who really wanted to get married, on a trip to a justice of the peace in a nearby town.

My father's attitude seemed utterly ridiculous to me, even though he had convinced Dale it was the only way to save the reputations of my parents and myself.

I absolutely refused to marry Dale Everett, just because our names had been linked in a scandal. This meant, of course, I could no longer stay at home, even though my invalid mother needed me. So I ran away to my Aunt Emily, known as the rebel of the family, and who, I was sure, would understand and sympathize.

At every station where my train stopped, the conductor handed me a telegram from Dale. He implored me to come back and marry him, saying he had loved me from the moment of our meeting. I believed he was just being gallant, and wired him not to communicate with me again.

When I arrived at Aunt Emily's, instead of being received with open arms as I had expected, she was cold and distant. She told me that she had already heard my story from my father over the telephone, and that I must return home and marry Dale. In vain I pleaded with her. Finally, she set my suit case outside on the porch and ushered me out of her house.

The Story Continues:

"COLD 's'morning. Leave that heavy suit case out here on the platform till you're getting off," suggested the motorman of the trolley that ran from Aunt Emily's house, down to the station. "I'll watch it."

Then, when I had got off the car, he handed down the suit case to me. Why, I wondered, could strangers afford to be kind to me when my own aunt, my own father, could not. Though it was my aunt and my father I had disgraced; not this man, not the girl of last night. Her and her kind I could not disgrace by my presence. I could not hurt their social standing. They had none. It was among them that I must find a place.

But *not* forever. There would be a time when my mother would so need me that I'd be sent for to come home. I'd keep in touch, by phone, with Aunt Em, no matter how mean she was about it. She simply could not refuse to tell me any news she had from home.

Meanwhile, I'd check my suit case at the station until night, and find work. Then, if I could locate that girl I had met there last night—I didn't know her name—I could bargain with her to let me share her room for the rest of that week. Next week, with my first week's salary, I'd pay the room rent for us both. That was the only possibility I could see, except to ask my father or Aunt Emily for money, and that I wouldn't do—not ever—no matter what happened!

Rid of my suit case, I breakfasted on oatmeal—which

to LOVE—

She was willing to face the worst the world had to offer, rather than marry this man

was cheap—in the all-night restaurant where we had eaten supper the night before. I was the only girl there at that hour. The men at the tables looked rough and not too clean or shaven, and so anxious and harassed and downtrodden that dejection took hold of me, and I could not shake it off.

In this mood I searched the "help wanted" columns of the newspaper I had bought. There was, I found, a practical nurse wanted somewhere. Seventy-five dollars a month and board. Wealth! And I was a practical nurse.

At least, I considered myself that. My prospective patient, when I had found her, did not appear to agree. She was a large, over-heavy woman in a wheel chair. She had had an amputation at the knee. There must be dressings every day. The thought of dressings sickened me a little. I had imagined an appealing patient like my mother, tiny, dainty and delicate in all her ways. But I stood my ground.

"She's had only home experience," the invalid said in a disheartened voice, to a white-haired elderly woman who came in, walking gingerly as if on very tired, perhaps arch-broken, feet. She was, I learned, a neighbor, helping out.

Must I meet, that day, with everything in the world that was pitiful and hopeless; every heartbroken thing in the world? Those men in the restaurant, and now these women.

"I'D *like* to take care of you," I said—and meant it. I wanted terribly to do something about all this pain that went on in the world. Where had it all hidden itself when I passed, until that day?

"Try the girl," urged the white-haired, weary other woman. "She could help, anyway. I'm just about run off my feet."

At half-past nine that night, quite exhausted and utterly heartsick, I was discharged, with half a day's pay, since it would have been, the women argued twenty-four-hour duty. A stronger nurse had been engaged.

I went back to the station, and got my suit case,

"Rightie," she said, "we'll go up to my room now. You've gotta get some rest."

but without the slightest idea where I was going to spend the night. Then I noticed the girl I had met in the station the night before—the girl who was like Mitzi; she was drowsing in one corner of a bench as on the preceding night. Seeing me, she moved over and let me sit down.

"Couldn't find your aunt," she guessed.

I allowed her guess to take the place of explanations.

"I'll have to hunt for work," I said. And she heard my plan and nodded.

"Rightie," she said, with the pathetic generosity of those who have little to give and nothing to lose. "We'll go on up to my room now. You've gotta get some rest."

WHAT a heaven it looked, that attic room! A bed, a dresser, a clothes press, a chair; but it was heaven.

My companion told me her name was Edna. I said mine was Virginia. That was my favorite name.

Edna turned on the light and, like moths fluttering to this sudden new flame, girls in every species of negligée began hovering in the room, and just outside. Three, six, a dozen, Mitzis and Ednas. On the bed or on the floor, they sat or lounged until midnight. And every word of their talk was about the boys they knew. They wanted me to talk, but Edna said:

"Leave 'er alone. She's dead tired."

So I lay across the foot of the bed, which was opposite the window. A huge crêpe paper butterfly shaded the one electric light, and I could see the winter sky and the stars that, two nights ago, in Dale's plane, I had felt I surely could reach out and touch.

And I thought no wonder it was birds that sang, living up there; not animals nor fishes. Any whimsical thought that peeped over the edge of my mind, I dragged in and kept it there as long as I could, because these girls were talking out of a whole solar system of worlds whose languages and codes and colors I didn't know or understand—just as Dale had talked out of a world all differently colored from my world.

It frightened me to know there was so much I didn't know. I felt as lost as a shadow in space. I wasn't anywhere. There wasn't any world in which I fitted. And unless I was somewhere, I wasn't anything, was I?

Had I felt superior to Mitzi? At any rate, there was some world she belonged to. I wrapped my tired arms around the pillow Edna had tossed to me, making it deep so that I could bury my head in its shelter and not hear—at least, not hear—the things some of these girls said.

THE voices around me became a murmur, then softly died away. I had shut out my sight of the winter sky and its cold stars, and I found myself remembering Dale's eyes, instead, and his hair that sunlight had got all tangled in. And I slept.

Still a trifle dazed, I sat up at last, and lifted a hand to shield my eyes from the light.

But it was sunlight—slanting sunlight, weak and snowy. And all the little flock of moths of last night, where were they? I was alone. It was late morning. How had I slept so long? My mother—no, not my mother—but some one—Aunt Em—I should have telephoned Aunt Em hours ago. I should be out now, hunting for work. Heavy with exhausted sleep, I tried to wake my body with cold water, rushed into my clothes and downstairs to telephone.

Aunt Emily was aghast to hear my voice on the wire.

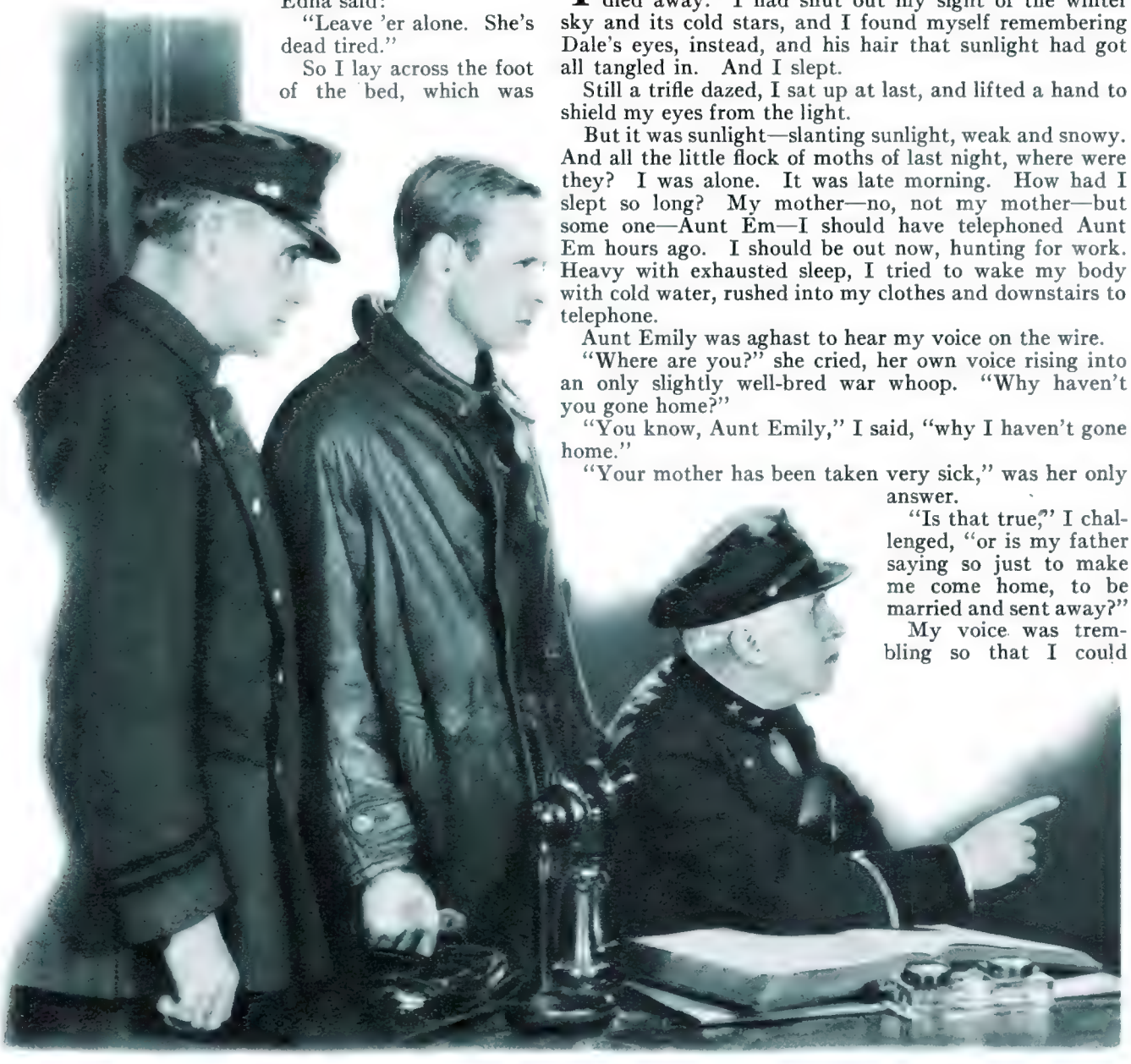
"Where are you?" she cried, her own voice rising into an only slightly well-bred war whoop. "Why haven't you gone home?"

"You know, Aunt Emily," I said, "why I haven't gone home."

"Your mother has been taken very sick," was her only answer.

"Is that true," I challenged, "or is my father saying so just to make me come home, to be married and sent away?"

My voice was trembling so that I could



"What did you mean," he demanded, "by saying he followed you here—that he was persecuting you?"

scarcely speak. Had it come so soon—the call from home that I had known must come some time?

"If your father says a thing, it's true," returned Aunt Emily. "And you know that. He waited for you to come in on the afternoon train and then he waited for the midnight train, and—"

"But did he say I'm to come home and stay?" I interrupted, hysterical with hope and doubt. "Did he *say* so?"

"He said your mother may not live," she answered. "Go right down and take that two-something train."

But Aunt Emily didn't know how frequently mother was very ill. She was more alarmed than I. Had I not brought my mother through safely time and time again? And so I would this time.

All the joy of a pardoned exile was mine for a moment. I asked nothing more of life than that I might go back to my mother. No one could do the things I could do for her—unless—unless it was not true. But that I'd soon know.

I long-distanced Doctor Harding. When he learned who was calling, he had the charges reversed.

THEN he told me that it was true. My mother had had a sudden stroke while asleep. It had not wakened her, nor had she wakened since.

"When she does, I'd like you to be here, Betty," Doctor Harding said. "She'll call for you the moment consciousness comes back. I'd like you to be here to answer her. Until then we can do as much for her as you can. And, Betty, I'll be here. I'll stand by you."

Inside of five minutes, back in Edna's room, I packed and scribbled a note to Edna. I had plenty of time to make my train, but I'd wait at the station. I couldn't just sit here and wait. And I'd stop on the way and have coffee, or something. Something, because I'd have to sit up all night. I'd—I'd—

"Oh, but I can't—I can't—make the train. I—haven't the fare. I haven't—I can't—Aunt Em—I'll have to borrow money from her. I'd rather die than go to her—for anything! I can't die just for preferring to. It will be my mother who will die—if I don't get home tonight. I can—I can—reach Aunt Em—if I'm quick."

I ran downstairs. Edna's landlady stood in the front hall, talking with a neatly dressed, tight-mouthed, official looking woman. The woman was calm. Edna's landlady was excited.

"This is the girl!" exclaimed the landlady as I brought up at the foot of the stairs, and she moved to stand between me and the staircase, apparently to cut off possible retreat.

"How long have you been here, Betty?" the stranger asked.

"Since last night," I said. "Why?"

Then I went cold all over. She had called me Betty. No one in Aunt Em's town knew my true name, except Aunt Em. Had Aunt Em sent some sort of policewoman to take me to her, to the train or to my home?

The woman asked other questions. I answered her. I was not to be frightened, she said. My father had telegraphed to police headquarters at midnight the night before, asking that search be made for me. If I were found, he wanted me sent home. And so I would be. But first I would have to appear before the matron of the nearest police station, to give an account of my thirty-six hours in the city.

I was led into the presence of the police matron as solemnly as if there on a criminal charge. She was rather like the woman who had been sent for me, but looked much older.

I told her about every minute of those thirty-six hours. The restaurant and the woman in the wheel chair were telephoned to for verification of my story.

"Please don't forget about the two o'clock train," I begged.

"You'll have to wait, anyway, for another telegram from your father," the matron answered. "There is a question he hasn't answered."

AN attendant came in, a moment afterward, and murmured to the matron some sort of information.

She rose, announcing, "We can go to the desk now." She said "The Desk" with capital letters. We filed out of the matron's office into a larger room. There were men about, in uniform. All this I sensed without actual visioning because, as I lifted my eyes, the scene began to whirl past them, my feet drew back a step and my hand clutched at the matron's hand. For the man standing by that desk was—Dale Everett!

"You!" I cried. And all the hate I ever had felt was in my voice. "Why have you followed me here? Why do you

"I don't know," I answered trembling. "I was so surprised. I'm—don't you see?—my mother may die while we're here talking."

persecute me? Haven't I had enough to endure without being tormented by you?"

"I only came to take you home, Betty," he said, "in the quickest possible way."

He was dressed as he had dressed to take us up on that wild ride, two nights before, except that he had laid aside his helmet. He—well, he had come by plane, after all.

"To take me home by plane?" I gasped.

"Yes. But you weren't at your aunt's, and I came here because headquarters said you'd be brought here when you were found."

The man at the desk leaned forward, his eyes boring, from beneath bushy gray brows, into my soul.

"So you're not exactly hankering to ride with him?" he said.

"Oh, yes—yes, I am!" I was nearly screaming. "It takes over five hours by train. Yes, yes, let him take me home! Please!"

"Then why," he asked, "did you turn as white as this paper and grab the matron's hand, and stop stock-still when you first saw him here? What did you mean by 'following you here?' What did you mean by 'persecuting'?"

"I DON'T know," I answered. I was trembling, yet I learned in that instant that fighting blood ran in my veins, quite unsuspected. "I was so surprised. And I'm—don't you see?—my mother may die while we're here talking. Let me go home."

"Well, we asked your father whether he was willing for you to fly home with Dale Everett," answered the man at the desk. "That's the wire we were waiting for. Here it is." He handed me a telegram. It read:

UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES WHATSOEVER ALLOW MY DAUGHTER TO TRAVEL WITH EVERETT STOP AM WIRING MONEY STOP PUT HER ON BOARD TRAIN STOP TAKE NO CHANCES STOP YOUNG MAN PERSISTENT AND INGENIOUS STOP MAKE SURE HE DOES NOT BOARD SAME TRAIN STOP SEE TRAIN UNDER WAY BEFORE LOSING SIGHT OF HIM STOP WILL MEET MY DAUGHTER MYSELF AT HOME STATION STOP JOHN R VARLEY

"As soon as your landlady called us, after the description of you we sent out on the radio this morning," continued the man at the desk, "we got word to your father. Not ten minutes later, this man was on the trail and we wired again to get your father's permission. You can't tell *me* there's no reason back of a telegram like that."

"My father is a high school principal," I said, my hands torturing each other, because hurting them seemed to make my heart pound less furiously. "He doesn't trust young people—ever—for a minute. He doesn't let me go out with boys. He won't let boys come to call. Until I'm older, he says. Of course, he wouldn't trust Dale to take me home."

Why—why—did they persist in this inquiry? It was almost train time. And why did Dale look at the clock in that odd way and then at me, at my hands—my purse. What did he mean? This player of games was not wasting a move so deliberate.

"The truth of the matter is," said the man at the desk, "that you'd ride home with the devil himself if he'd get you to your mother quickly. But we'll follow your father's instructions."

"All right," Dale said, "do anything, only don't let her miss that train. Maybe it does look to her like persecution. I'll stay here of my own accord until she's on the train."

He wasn't giving up. I knew he wasn't. It was just a move—like everything else he did. Just a move in a game. And the next move was mine. There was something he wanted me to do; to play into his hands somehow. I'd do anything—anything—to get to my mother as quickly as I could. What did he mean me to do? He had glanced at the clock. I glanced at the clock.

"I almost have missed the train now," I cried excitedly. And flinging out a hand to Dale as if impulsively, I moved toward him swiftly, suddenly, to give him opportunity to whisper.

"Thanks," I said, "for trying to help me." And with my hand still clasped in his, "I've made them think I'm afraid of you. I'm not. I was excited, and used words I didn't mean. I'm sorry. Thanks."

Then to the officer at the desk, "Oh, can't you let me go with him? It was only a—lovers'—quarrel." What an effort it cost me to use that word! Lovers indeed!

But my fight was useless, because there was no plan in it. It had muddled from one explanation to another; from one attitude to another. Slowly I withdrew my hand from Dale's. But Dale had prepared for the possibility that they would not let me go with him. A tiny scroll lay snug in the glove of the hand he had held.

I could see no hope of a chance to read it, but his eyes seemed to say, "It's all right. Go ahead." So I went.

The woman who had come to the house for me escorted me to the train, leaving me at the moment of its starting. Not until then did I have a chance to draw out the scroll in my glove. What it could possibly say was beyond my imagining. What it did say was:

Behind the station in Barrettville, there's a hill. Behind the hill there's a field. I'll land there and wait, in case you care to get off the train and fly home anyway.—DALE.

"In case I cared to get off the train!" Why, the conductor would never let me get off at Barrettville. Conductors notice every passenger's ticket.

Where was Barrettville? Near? Not too near. He'd probably given himself plenty of time to get back to his plane, perhaps to refuel, after the train started. He must have— There was my mind again, thinking his thoughts. It was too foolish!

Barrettville. Barrettville. There it was. One station more. I wanted to scream or cry to end the wild racing of my heart when we drew up. One passenger was getting off, a woman with a child whom she thrust under her left arm and who hung there like a rag doll. I watched from my window.

THE conductor got off, reached for the child, held up a hand to the woman, then swung back with a "go ahead" signal to the engineer. It was in that second I was down the steps and past him like a wind.

"Not here, lady," he shouted. "This is only Barrettville." He grasped the hand-rail and, poised on the steps, stretched down to me a strong, experienced arm. "Take my hand. Quick! I'll swing you up."

"No, this is right," I shouted. The train was starting —Dale, you mad thing! "I live here!" My suit case was checked through. What would happen to it? I missed something the conductor yelled back about my ticket, but I gestured inability to account for my ticket.

Suppose Dale were not— No, he would be there! I plunged up the hill. All snow, of course. I didn't care. I clambered up somehow. Dale couldn't come to help me. Not yet. Not on that side of the hill. His aviator's garb would attract attention. An adventurous girl climbing a hill would attract no notice.

From the top of the hill I saw the plane in the field. Then Dale came to me. Sure-footed as a mountain animal, he guided me safely down.

"You *did* come!" was all he said at meeting me, mingled pleasure and admiration in his voice.

But I said even less. I only said, "Oh, Dale!"

I felt as if we had leaped together over the side of a plane. In flying back into town together we were defying society. And society will not be defied.

All the way down to the plane we scarcely spoke, except an exclamation or a word of guidance. It was not the airport plane that was waiting. It was a small plane—a two-seater—but a beautiful, sturdy thing. To my amazement Dale dug out of it a helmet (*Continued on page* 82)

"I was a careless wife — till a beauty expert warned me"

More than 20,000 experts advise one way to a youthful skin; daily use of Palmolive — only world-known soap made of olive and palm oils.

"CARELESS wives! Neglect and indifference spoil their youthful freshness. They take chances with love, with happiness. . . . Unnecessary chances, since the right beauty care is so simple." So one beauty expert voices what many experts believe.

* * *

Simple! Yes! Over 20,000 beauty experts outline a daily skin treatment . . . and every one has specified Palmolive Soap. Palmolive —because of the generous amount of olive oil put into every cake—because this priceless beauty ingredient makes it more than a soap . . . actually a beauty treatment, in itself! With your hands work a lather of Palmolive and warm water into the skin of face and throat. Rinse . . . first with warm water, then with cool. Feel the fresh radiance of your skin.

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Shave a cake of Palmolive. Add 4 cups of water. Heat till the soap is completely dissolved. Pour this rich liquid into your tub. Massage the body with lather from another cake of Palmolive. Rinse! Then, you'll want to go places, do things.

Careless wives, take heed! Let expert counsel warn you, now, today: keep your skin young, vital, radiant by observing the simple beauty treatments outlined here.

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—Vincent of Paris
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Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

There's more Chicle in it

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It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM

Makes the next smoke taste better

"And this line . . shows that you're going to have a lot more pleasure smoking your next cigarette."
"How do you figure that out?"
"I'm going to give you a stick of Beech-Nut Gum. You should know that Beech-Nut Gum between smokes makes the next smoke taste better."

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Now—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy, delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

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CHOCOLATE *flavored* DROPS

These new Chocolate Drops have the same double-wax wrapping that preserves the flavor and freshness of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops.

How to Avoid Waste in Buying and Monotonous Menus When

COOKING *for* TWO

By MARTHA HOLMES

ANY experienced housekeeper will tell you that it is much harder to cook for two than it is to cook for the average family, because there is no more difficult homemaking problem than to avoid waste in the buying, and monotony in the preparation of very small quantities of food.

The bride and the young business girl who cooks for herself, and perhaps a roommate, constantly have to meet this problem, and often with very little experience. Here are a few hints learned from real practice which I am sure will help them.

The first and most natural impulse when cooking for two is to buy from hand to mouth. You purchase a dab of this and a dab of that. A typical order at the market is, "A small can of peas, the ten-cent size please; and two lamb chops."

This is the most extravagant method of marketing, both in time and money. Given adequate refrigeration, it is always better to buy in larger quantities.

It is especially advantageous to order your staples, such as canned goods, potatoes, onions, flour, cereals, etc., but once every two weeks. That problem is then out of your mind.

If you are a very busy woman, it is wise to plan your menus a week in advance so that you won't have to wonder at five-thirty what on earth to have for dinner that night.

In any case, the last-minute dash to the corner delicatessen is an inexcusable folly if your means are limited.

After the food has been thriftily purchased, economical cooking for two becomes largely a question of utilizing the left-overs. And this is the hard part because it requires imagination.

To say that left-overs are not good is stuff and nonsense! They are frequently better than the original dish; especially if containing seasonings which take a long time to permeate the whole.

THE main point is not to use things twice in the same way. It is unpardonable to have a dinner in exact repetition of its predecessor. Vary the second vegetable, the salad and the dessert, and no one will even be conscious that there was pork for dinner last night. Or, if you like and if you have a good ice-box, you can even skip a day before the second serving of pork.

Wherever possible, it is a big saving of time to prepare a two days' quantity of vegetables at once. If you, like the majority of Americans, consider no dinner complete without potatoes, then by all means cook enough for two meals. Tonight's mashed potatoes can be readily utilized in croquettes tomorrow. Mixed with a little butter and cream and sprinkled with cheese, they can be browned in the oven for a delicious au gratin dish. Plain boiled potatoes may be sautéed, creamed or hash browned for the second meal.

LEFT-OVER peas, beans, asparagus, beets and carrots may either be reheated in a casserole with bits of cold meat, or used to great advantage in a salad. Also, they can be puréed and added to a well seasoned cream sauce to make a most appetizing and nutritious cream soup.

Most housewives believe that in cooking for two they are limited to broiled or fried meats. These, however, are the most expensive cuts and cannot be used advantageously in a second meal. When served continually, even when the type of meat varies constantly, they lead to a sense of monotony in the diet.

Monotony results more from a sameness of preparation than from a sameness of ingredients. It is a mistaken idea, therefore, that two people cannot enjoy a roast or a fowl without becoming tired of it before it is finished. A clever cook who uses her imagination can make a roast taste better the second day than the first. For instance, a small shoulder of lamb, weighing about three pounds, rolled and boned by your butcher, is roasted for the first meal. For a second meal, it can be made into a casserole with the addition of left-over vegetables.

SIMILAR use can be made of small loins of pork, weighing two or two and one-half pounds. These make delicious roasts, and are not at all extravagant. A roasting chicken of about three pounds lends itself to many variations. Roasted and stuffed for your Sunday dinner, it makes delicious patties or croquettes, or creamed chicken on toast, for Monday night. And don't forget that the tail of tonight's succulent porterhouse steak can be ground into tasty meat cakes for tomorrow.

As for desserts, if you are fortunate

enough to have a mechanical refrigerator, your problem is simple. They make the most delicious frozen desserts possible, with very little effort and cost. A little cream, some left-over canned fruit, and there you are.

There are many books of recipes for these frozen desserts, which may be had for the asking from the refrigerator manufacturers. Many women consider this type of dessert far too intricate and expensive for their menus, but it is now really one of the simplest means of providing nutritious and varied sweets.

Canned fruits are extremely useful for desserts, as well as for salads. Combine them with a small sponge cake and whipped cream for a shortcake. Remainders can be put through a fine sieve and folded into a creamy minute tapioca pudding.

In planning your desserts, do not lose sight of the fact that well chilled fresh fruits, and melons in season, followed by a bit of cheese, make a most satisfactory conclusion to most any dinner. Then too, your neighborhood bakeshop can supply you with small quantities of those pastries and cakes which would not be practicable for you to prepare on a small scale.

FINALLY, just a few words on the preservation of your left-overs. All foods should be allowed to cool before being put into the ice-box. Special refrigerator dishes which fit into one another hold fruits and vegetables very neatly, and can now be purchased at a small cost. Meats should be covered with waxed paper, and lettuce placed in a salad bag or wrapped in a damp cloth. Cream desserts should never be refrozen after melting, as there is always the possibility of formation of ptomaines.

Here are some of my favorite recipes for two:

Cream Soup

1 *cup diced vegetables (carrots, potatoes, spinach, peas, etc.)*
1½ *cups boiling water*
1 *tablespoon butter*
1 *tablespoon flour*
1⅓ *cups milk*
1⅓ *cups cream*
Salt and pepper to taste
1 *teaspoon chopped parsley*
1 *slice onion*

Cook prepared vegetables in boiling water, uncovered, about twenty minutes, until tender, press through a ricer or a coarse sieve Heat onion in milk for ten minutes while preparing vegetables

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, stirring until it is well blended and cook for one minute. Add one-third of the milk, stirring slowly; when smooth, add remainder of milk and stir until thoroughly blended and thickened, using low flame. Add the pureed vegetables, season with salt and pepper, heat to boiling and serve with chopped parsley and scalded cream.

Swiss Steak

1 *pound slice of round steak, cut one inch thick*
⅓ *cup flour*
2 *tablespoons fat*
3 *slices onion*
Salt and pepper to taste
½ *cup water*
½ *cup tomato juice*

Add the salt and pepper to flour and pound into the meat with a potato masher or the edge of a heavy saucer. Heat the fat and sear the meat in it. When thoroughly browned on both sides, add onions, water and tomato juice; cover and simmer for an hour, or until tender.

Oven Fried Chicken

Small roasting chicken
Salt and pepper
Flour for dredging
⅓ *cup fat*
1⅓ *cups hot water*

Have chicken cut up for frying. Wash and dry thoroughly; sprinkle with salt and pepper; roll in flour Heat fat in frying pan and cook the floured chicken in the hot fat until it is well browned on all sides. Now add the hot water and cover closely. Remove the pan to the oven and cook at about 360 degrees for about an hour, or until tender. It may be necessary to add more water during the oven cooking.

Chicken Croquettes

1 *cup chopped cold cooked fowl*
¼ *teaspoonful salt*
Few grains pepper
½ *teaspoon lemon juice*
Few drops onion juice
½ *teaspoon chopped parsley*
Sufficient thick white cream sauce to mold into shape

Mix ingredients in order given. Cool, shape, dip in cracker crumbs and egg and fry in hot fat. Drain on soft paper.

Any left-over meat may be used in place of chicken.

Creamed Chicken and Mushrooms

1 *cup diced cold cooked chicken*
1 *cup cream sauce*
¼ *pound sautéed mushrooms*

Combine in order mentioned, and heat thoroughly. Pour over hot toast or into patty shells which may be purchased from your neighborhood bakeshop. Cooked peas may be substituted for the mushrooms.

Meat and Vegetable Casserole

Left-over lamb or beef may be combined with left-over vegetables, such as carrots, peas, green beans, onions or potatoes. They should be well seasoned, and placed in a covered casserole in the oven for an hour with the remnants of a can of tomatoes or tomato juice.

French Dressing

¼ *teaspoon dry mustard*
¾ *teaspoon salt*
⅛ *teaspoon pepper*
¼ *teaspoon paprika*
½ *teaspoon sugar*
¼ *teaspoon Worcestershire sauce*
¾ *cup salad oil*
¼ *cup vinegar*
1 *slice onion or one clove garlic*

Mix seasonings; add the oil and vinegar, place in a jar which has a tight cover; add the slice of onion or garlic, cover and shake vigorously. This dressing will keep in the refrigerator.

Baked Pears or Apples

3 *baking apples or pears*
3 *tablespoons sugar*
1 *tablespoon butter*
Cinnamon to taste
Water to keep from burning

Pare and core the pears or apples and cut into halves. Place in baking dish and fill the center with the sugar, butter and cinnamon; add a few tablespoons of water to bottom of pan to keep from burning, cover and bake in moderate oven for about twenty minutes, or until tender. It may be necessary to add a little more water during cooking. Just before removing from the oven a marshmallow may be added to each half and browned, uncovered, for a few minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

Lemon Sponge Pudding

1 *cup sugar*
1 *tablespoon butter*
1 *lemon, juice and grated rind*
2 *eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately*
1 *cup milk*
2 *rounded tablespoons flour*

Mix flour and sugar and blend with butter; add the lemon juice and grated rind; combine with the well-beaten egg yolks and one cup milk and fold in the well-beaten egg whites. Pour into four well-buttered custard cups and bake, as for custard, setting the cups in water during baking. The cooking time should be about thirty-five minutes.

Baked Maple Custard

2 *cups milk*
2 *eggs*
3 *tablespoons sugar*
⅛ *teaspoon salt*
4 *tablespoons thick maple syrup*

Scald the milk. Beat eggs lightly, add sugar and salt. Pour egg mixture into scalded milk. Pour a tablespoon of maple syrup into each of four buttered custard cups, making sure that the sides are well covered with syrup. Strain the custard mixture into cups. Bake in moderate oven, about 360 degrees. The cups should be placed in a pan of water during the cooking. The cooking time should be about forty minutes.

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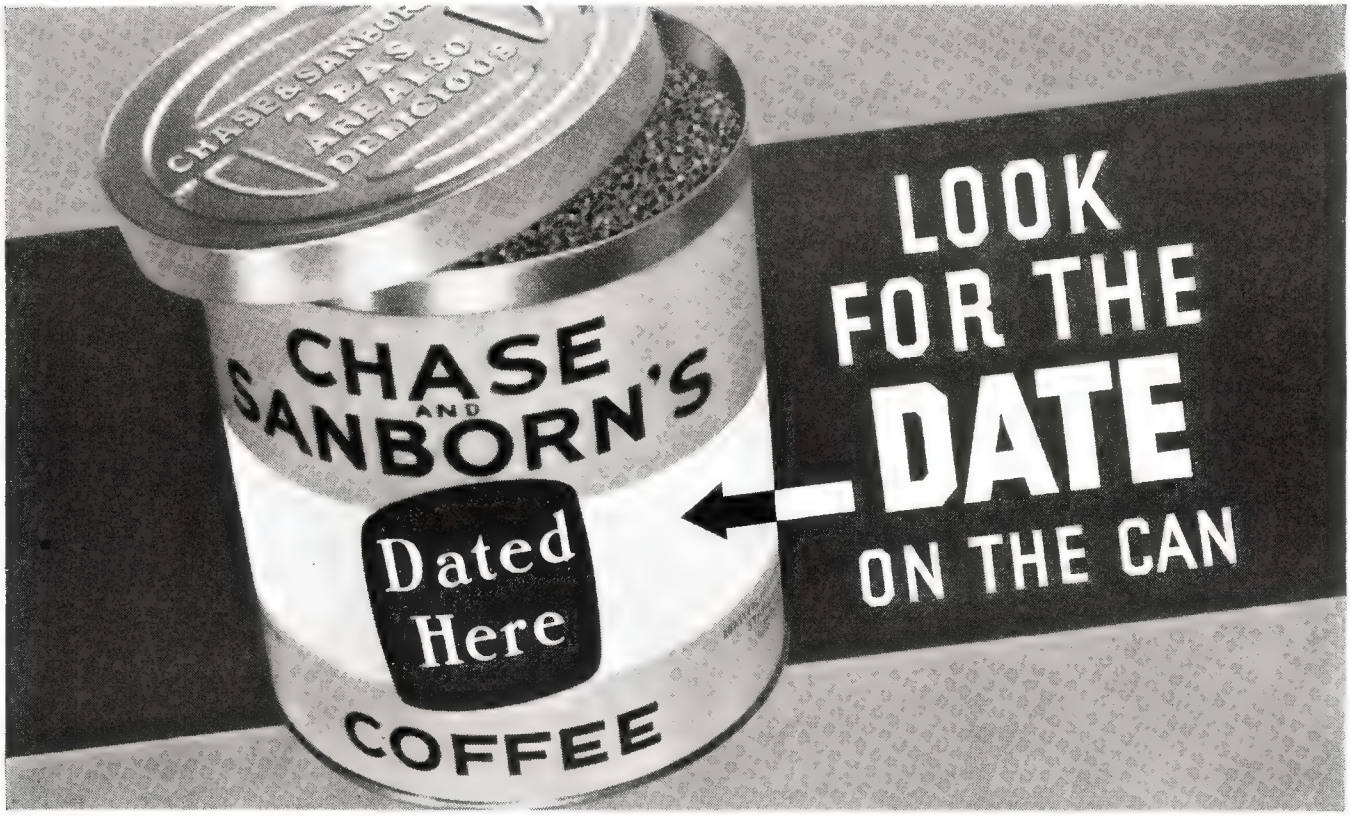

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Orphan of Divorce

(*Continued from page* 56)

my daddy's hand, only to realize my mistake in identity in time.

There seemed to be weeks and weeks of interminable waiting. Staring at every khaki-clad figure with eager eyes, only to relieve my disappointment by tears.

The children in the neighborhood would sing, "My daddy's home, my daddy's home!" I kept consoling myself by saying, "My daddy will come, My daddy will come!" How heartbreaking, how heartrending, was each train load of soldiers! Such misery I went through, as I waited and waited in vain for the one who would recognize me by my crutch and hold me close in a bear-like hug.

Then one morning I waked to find the house in disorder. Mother was packing in hurried confusion. She told me that we were going away, and would not be back for a long time. I remember how my eyes filled with tears when I thought of leaving our little home, my beloved trees, the pretty garden, my neighborhood playmates.

I asked her how Daddy would find us when he came home.

I FELT the very bottom dropping out of my little world, but I hung on, refusing to go till Daddy came.

When she told me we were going to meet Daddy, only then did I waver. I forgot everything in the joyful, glorious anticipation of seeing my father again.

What deception mother must atone for! In truth, we were fleeing from my father.

Mother's friend met us at the station. He attended to our baggage and accompanied us to our coach.

As the train got under way, I could not contain my curiosity any longer. I asked him when he was going to leave the train.

At this, he turned upon me a blank stare. Turning to my mother who, by this time, had burst into tears, he growled, "Haven't you told him yet?"

I stared first at him, then at my mother. It was utterly beyond my inmature reasoning powers. What did this man's presence mean? How to account for my mother's tears? My head was in a whirl. I received a rude awakening.

Seating himself opposite me, this hateful man informed me that he was my new father.

Seeing my puzzlement, which must have expressed itself in my face, he burst out laughing. Then, changing abruptly, he eyed me up and down.

"Your mother got a divorce several months ago," he said, "and we were married yesterday.

"Whether you call me father or not does not interest me, but the one thing I will not stand for is disobedience from you."

With that, he gave my shoulder a painful squeeze. I remember creeping to my mother's knee, hoping to gain relief and explanation there; but she burst into fresh weeping and buried her head in a pillow.

Such weeks of torment as I went through! You cannot realize the effect happenings have upon a child's mind unless your own mind has been indelibly stamped by such things.

My spirit was broken. Night after night I cried myself to sleep, praying the only way I knew for my daddy, my really and truly daddy, to come and take me.

Is it any wonder that I am bitter prejudiced, disillusioned? It is not right! It is unchristian to bring children into the world and rob them of their birthright. It blights their souls; embitters them against mankind.

The train journey which, no doubt, I would have enjoyed under normal circumstances was a dreadful ordeal. As mile after mile clicked by on those snake-like rails, so did my depression dwell with me. Each day carried me farther from my childhood happiness. I shunned my stepfather; I despised my mother. In my simple, childish code she was a traitor to me—to my father.

Our destination proved to be an eastern city, very large and noisy. It frightened me. My stepfather acquired a small bungalow overlooking the river. I started to school.

I am not going to dwell upon the following four years because, to me, it was a term of eternal discord and strife. My stepfather punished me upon the slightest provocation. He was very jealous of my mother's affections. Finally I could bear his tyranny no longer. I determined to leave his roof.

HAVE you ever, as a child, felt that you are not wanted? Have you ever twined your arms about your mother, and asked her if she needed you, wanted you to stay with her, and received a sad shake of the head and encountered tear-brimmed eyes? May God have spared you this cruel ordeal!

I left my mother without a kiss, without a farewell greeting of any description.

What an age to begin to wage the battle of life! What obstacles I had to overcome; the pitfalls and indecencies of the world. I was untutored and ignorant—and innocent! Not strong and husky as most boys are, but a cripple. Isn't it a wonder I have not fallen!

At times, I have said, "There is no God, or if there is, He does not care about a crippled child." But now I know that there must have been some one watching over me through my unblemished innocence, leading me and guiding me from going astray.

Day after day I trudged on; where I did not care, knowing only that each day took me farther from my stepfather. My crippled leg gave me unceasing pain. At night I slept along the roadside, or was sheltered by some kind farmer. I must have been a topic of discussion and interesting surmise to these kind farming people. I confided in none, answering queries with vague truthfulness. I shall never forget these kind people that sheltered me, fed me—sympathetically, pityingly. I was, in truth, a victim of circumstance.

Not once did I waver. I had shaped my own future; there could be no turning back, no faltering on the way. Many nights I shed tears of bitterness; felt the almost overpowering sense of being forsaken, but I grimly bit my lip and carried on. My course lay ahead, in the purple distance.

Then God sent Garth to me; I say God sent him because, to my miserable little being, his companionship seemed the working of a miracle. My darkness was changed to sunshine, my tears to occasional laughter. My soul was crying out for companionship and love. To be loved and to cherish some one dear to me, close to my heart. What more could one ask?

I had left a kindly farmer's home early this spring morning, having helped his wife in a few light tasks about the house, repaying them in some small measure for their generosity and kindly hospitality. As I trudged along, the birds were singing near the banks of a rippling, meandering stream. Trees were budding, flowers were sending out small shoots along the roadside. For the first time since leaving our little western home, I felt again the joy of living. I tried to whistle.

It was nearly noontime as I rounded a bend in the road. I heard music in the distance. I stopped. I listened. It was an old love ballad that I had often heard my mother play. How sweet, how gentle it sounded; harmonizing and blending with the opening of spring! I drew nearer, spellbound, treading lightly lest my very clumsiness disturb the tranquillity of the scene. Then I glimpsed the player. Sitting on a cement pillar, his feet dangling over, almost touching the water, I saw this ragged urchin, his violin poised, his curly black head swaying in time to the music; a rebellious toe protruding from a wornout shoe, crooking and uncrooking as the music commanded.

SO absorbed was the musician in his playing that he did not hear me. I stood over him, studying him in child-like appraisal. He was older than I; tall and strong. His eyes glowed with the rapture of an artist. What a friend he would be, I thought. This reverie, coupled with the sweet, wistful music, had a strange effect upon me. I burst into uncontrollable tears. The boy looked up, startled. He laid down his violin and came toward me with sympathy and consternation written on his face.

"What's the matter, kid? Here now, stop that crying! Stop it, I say!" He drew an old bandanna handkerchief from some obscure pocket in his tattered coat and dabbed futilely at my tears.

How nice it seemed to have some one take an interest in my poor, wretched body! To have some one dry my tears with genuine tenderness and solicitude! My heart went out to him at once.

"My name is Garth," he said abruptly. "Didn't you like my playing?"

"Oh, I loved it," I burst forth hurriedly; afraid that I had offended him. Then we both grinned sheepishly.

So commenced a lasting friendship. Through hunger and sickness, despair

(*Continued on page* 82)

Your Skin needs only 4 things to be lovely

CLEANSING • LUBRICATING • STIMULATING • PROTECTING

You can make your skin more lovely by the same inexpensive care famous society women use

"WHAT needless extravagance to clutter one's dressing table with complicated beauty preparations! Pond's simple, wholesome Method will keep one's skin fresh and clear in much less time, at much less cost."

So Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, and countless other women of wealth and leisure have come to know that the skin needs just four things to make and keep it lovely: Cleansing . . . Lubricating . . . Stimulating . . . Protecting.

The very texture of Pond's Cold Cream tells you why it is the favorite cleansing cream—it is so rich in smooth cleansing oils that penetrate to the depths of the tiny pores and float out dust and grime . . . To remove the cream and all the dirt, Pond's have made Cleansing Tissues which are *softer*, more absorbent . . . Together, Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Cleansing Tissues give your skin the first necessity for loveliness—utter cleanliness.

Mrs. Morgan Belmont

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2. Pat briskly with the stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores and keep the contours fresh and young.

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(*Continued from page* 80)

and joy, it has remained steadfast and dependable.

Urged on by Garth, I confided to him the story of my pitiful childhood, my loneliness and bewilderment at the world.

When I had concluded, I asked hopefully, "Have you got a mother, Garth?"

He shook his head and dismissed the subject, saying, "No, I never had one! I'm a Gypsy."

He had made his living by begging since his father had died. At this disclosure his voice quavered, "Pa was good to me when he was sober, but he used to drink lots; that's what killed him."

And so both Garth and I had had our childhood tragedies; different, yet alike, from different walks of life, yet each bearing mutual appeal.

We became partners in life. What an arm to lean upon! What a rejoicing upheaval of my broken spirit! I had a friend whom I could love and cherish. Garth became my idol.

We turned our faces to the west; toward my childhood home. I yearned to find my father.

Two months later found us, on a particular night, weary and dejected, ragged and hungry, dirty and ill nourished.

Shooting spasms of pain stabbed through my crippled leg. Many times I had broken down. Garth was stronger willed. He comforted me.

We had journeyed all day, seeing no kind face, receiving nothing but rebuffs and curt refusals to our pleas. The night was very stormy. The rain came down in torrents. The wind pierced through our thin, ragged clothing. We trudged on, through mud and boggy water-holes. Finally we came to the outskirts of a town. What an odd spectacle we must have been! Garth carried his scarred and ancient violin. I limped clumsily beside him.

Pitiful? Some gazed at us sympathetically, others laughed, as we trudged through the maze of traffic, wet, weary and discouraged.

We had to eat! We were penniless! We decided to beg. Garth produced his violin from its water-soaked case. People stopped curiously. Garth played the opening bars of an old classic, faltering at first, then gaining strength as his music possessed him. We soon had a small audience.

I PASSED my ragged cap, my face burning with shame, just as a policeman confronted us and gruffly ordered us to move on. Still I received several coins. The women especially, favored me, throwing me coins with pitying, motherly looks, in spite of the policeman's presence. He made no effort to arrest us, but he did bring our begging there abruptly to a close. However, we just moved on and after one more stand, we were happy again. The coins I had received enabled us to eat ravenously and to sleep in a warm bed with white sheets and fuzzy blankets.

Each day brought us nearer to my childhood home. I was living in a fever of hot and cold excitement. Would my father be there? Would he want me, even if he was, or would he cast me off as others had done? These questions, and many more, I would ask myself, staring into the darkness of night, tossing restlessly beside Garth, eager to be on our way, unable to rest until my mind was at peace.

When we finally reached my old home, I once again gazed upon the landmark of my happiness. The iron gate I used to swing on, the flowerbeds, the well clipped lawn and, beloved of all, my guardian pine trees; everything remained as we had left it. Such overwhelming joy rushed over me that, hardly conscious of what might have happened since I had last seen my little home, I clambered up the steps and rushed in, flushed and excited.

Imagine the shock I received when I had plunged unceremoniously in the midst of strangers! A man, a strange man, came toward me and asked me what he could do for me.

I could only mumble, "My father, my father." He treated me very kindly, and asked me to sit down. Finally, I blurted out my pitiful story to this kind stranger. He told me that he had bought the house from my father the year after the war; he said my father was very bitter at the outcome of serving his country; losing his home and family.

He had left no address, saying that he planned to go east; would probably settle there. I remember thanking the kindly stranger, and groping my way toward the door with tear-filled eyes. Garth was waiting for me, swinging on the gate.

Four years have elapsed since I first met Garth. I do not beg. I can hold my head up and say, "I am honest, and I am earning an honest living."

And so, even though I have been cheated in life, God has lighted my darkness.

For, no matter how weary my feet or how bitter the chill winds of winter, I know as I trudge my way homeward after a day of toil, that Garth, my Gypsy brother, will be there to cheer and comfort me.

My Strange Road to Love

(*Continued from page* 74)

and a leather coat for me to wear.

"Belongs to people I know," he explained. "Nice outfit, isn't it?"

And he was ready now, to help me in. But an ache had settled in my throat, a sense of pain and weight, and I had to say something.

I said, "Why have you done this, Dale?"

HE looked abashed. I hadn't supposed he could look so.

"I thought it would please you," he said. And from the direction of his gaze, one would have judged it was the plane, not me, he had spoken to. The hurt in my throat grew worse, not better.

"I wasn't—so especially nice—about—that telegram or anything," I said. And it must have seemed as if it were my gloves that I was talking to.

But Dale's eyes waited for mine to come back and meet them, and he looked rather startlingly as he had looked when we were standing in the shadow of the pillar at the dance hall, two nights ago, with his arm around me, and I thinking it was only because we were going right back to dance that he hadn't taken away his arm. Only then he hadn't smiled; now he did.

"Sorry?" he asked, as he might have asked of a penitent small child, very small, so small there could be just nothing of it at all, except sensitiveness and fear of him, and adorability. "When we get to where we can talk," he said, "I want to tell you about that telegram, and all that—if you'd like me to. I mean if you'll let me."

But there was no talking against the roar of the motor of this plane; nor against the rush of leaving the plane when we had got into port and were stowing away our coats and helmets and crossing over to Dale's car.

It was when we were whirring evenly along the quiet of the snowy road toward home, that I asked, "What were you going to tell me?"

"Well,—a lot more than I can tell you between here and home," he said. "But—I'll have to try. You've got to know. You see, when I left you at your house two nights ago, I was good and mad. You know that. I went home saying, 'A girl that's as sure as she is about what she doesn't want, ought to be a lot more sure than she is about what she does want.' I was horribly hurt. Expiring. I mean it. I'd tried so hard to please you.

"I thought you couldn't care about anything; couldn't want anything; couldn't love me, nor any one. I loved you, and I knew I did. And I knew I wasn't going to stop loving you—ever. I was in a rage at myself for loving a girl who was just a pretty doll.

"AND then, the next day, Jimmie told me some things Mitzi had told him about you, and all of a sudden there you were, all fitted together like a beautiful little picture puzzle, as clear as if I'd known you all my life. Then the newspapers came out with the story—"

I shuddered.

"I know," Dale said. "I showed them to Jimmie and told him to get out and save Mitzi from the sympathy and protection families hand out to girls who get into messes. Jimmie said he would.

(*Continued on page* 84)

If you want full flavor . . . *watch out for Oxygen* when you buy Coffee

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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

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They were married yesterday. I've been trying for three months to get them married.

"But Jimmie said how about me; that he'd seen your father go into the public library. So I went and found your father and told him—tactfully, I flattered myself—the facts of the matter first and said I'd do anything to square up. Then I showed him the newspapers.

"The gist of what he said was that nothing could be of any use, except taking you out of the town and never letting you come back into it. It was that kind of town, he said. I said I could take you away if we were married—"

"I thought it was my father who said that," I interrupted.

"Yes, I imagined you thought that," Dale answered. "It wasn't. But I said you'd think I wanted to marry you just to save your reputation. And I was sure you wouldn't marry for that reason, and you hadn't taken any special liking to me.

"I told him he could promise you for me that it would only be a matter of a legal ceremony for your protection, if you chose. He wouldn't let me tell you myself. He said he knew best how to manage it, and we agreed it would have to be that same evening. He asked me to be at the house at six o'clock. And I was. You weren't."

"MY father only 'managed' to make me misunderstand every single thing."

"That's what I said he must have done," Dale answered. "I said you couldn't have reacted like that. He said, well, you had and it must have been my fault, not his. I told him you'd been terrified at the prospect of doing any decisive thing at all, because he'd never given you a chance to learn what you were, or what you wanted. You'd never been taught anything except what not to do, or be, or think or want. We'd have ended in a fair-sized row if Doctor Harding hadn't been there. I couldn't believe you could hate me enough to run away from me. You didn't, did you?"

"I don't know, Dale. Do you care if you don't just ask me to understand myself now?" I begged. "It's true I didn't know anything about my own self. I never did. But I was beginning to, the other night. And then—these two days—everything has been all different, and I seem to be all new."

"Because I love you," Dale said. "That's why. You can't throw away a man's love. Once it's yours, it's part of you. It may not make you love him, but it will go on, always and always, being part of your life, a power in your life, making things different—everything making you different. You can't just throw a man's love away."

"I didn't know it was love, Dale," I said, "till—now. I—didn't know I loved you, either—until now."

We stopped for one stolen minute, for one burdened kiss, which we both tried to make convey more of promise and forgiveness and penitence and faith renewed and love acknowledged, than any one kiss should be expected to convey. But it did. And the minute wasn't stolen. We made it up in the next block.

It seemed to me then that nothing but love could ever come into my life again.

(*Continued from page* 82)

Yet, when we drew up at the house, two women passed us and neither one answered my greeting. One of them looked through me as if I were not there. One of them glowered at Dale.

"As if she hated you, Dale," I said.

"She probably does," he answered cheerfully. "The papers are making a horned devil of me—a fellow who kidnaps girls at midnight in the airport plane.

"I've lost my job because of it, down at the port. For a minute, I thought I'd lose my license too, but I think I've saved it. I'll know shortly."

The door was opened by a steady, dull girl who sometimes helped me with the housework. In a flash I was past her, up the stairs and into mother's room. I had not been expected so soon.

My mother lay still as a statue, exactly as I last had seen her. But her face was waxen, mask-like. I never had seen any one look like that. My father was standing at the window, his back to the room. He turned, moved toward me as if to intercept me, but anxiously, protectingly.

Already I was kneeling at the bedside; already my arms had reached to draw that motionless little figure into them. But I snatched away my arms. I sprang to my feet. In awe. Almost in horror. Not in grief—not yet.

"She's dead," I scarcely more than whispered. "She's dead," I repeated to my father. And the words brought him to a stop half-way across the room, his head bowed limply, his spirit broken.

Doctor Harding came into the room, and Dale.

I SAID to Dale, "I've—killed her." And, with my eyes still unable to turn away from that waxen face, I groped toward Dale softly, soundlessly, as if not to waken her. I saw Doctor Harding cover over my mother's face.

"It came in the most merciful way it could have come, Betty," he said gently. "While she slept. She wasn't even frightened. She didn't even know you weren't here. She has not wakened since you went away."

And now my eyes were riveted upon his face, but still I groped softly toward Dale, who let me find my way to him as if I were a sleep walker whom he dared not wake. Once my hands had found him, I threw myself into his arms.

"Take me away," I begged. "Take me away from this terrible house. I don't want to ever see it again—not ever—ever—ever! Take me away, Dale—anywhere."

I heard my father's step approaching and flung about to face him.

"You too!" I cried. "You, too! I don't want to see you ever again, father, in all my life. I hate you!"

His hands had been outstretched, as if entreating forgiveness or comfort. They fell now to his sides, like leaden weights His head sank. He dropped into a chair that stood at the foot of the bed, his arms on the arms of the chair, his hands dangling, making no attempt to cover his distorted face or the tears that were burning their way down his cheeks.

Slowly I moved toward him, repelled, forcing myself to go to him. I knelt and touched his hand with my hand, then with my cheek. To caress my father had, all my life, been practically inconceivable to me—even to touch him.

Yet the touch of my same hand had made Dale happy only a little while ago And the touch of my cheek against that limp hand now, was not repulsed. I reached up softly toward the bowed shoulders.

"I didn't mean what I said," I pleaded. "I didn't know what I was saying. I was hating every one for being with me when mother was taken away. I didn't know what I was saying."

Both the dangling hands were lifted to circle my face and push back my hair, while my father's eyes gazed into my eyes, and up and down my face as at a strange and fascinating picture he never before had seen.

"How like her you are," he said. "I never realized how like her you are" And in a voice shaking and old, "You've been a good girl to her, Betty, and—I never meant to be cruel to you."

"I didn't say—cruel," interposed Dale, evidently believing he was being quoted.

"You *should* have said cruel," he answered. "It was the one correct word for what you meant. You were right. And the girl is right. Take her away from all this—from me. What I was yesterday, I shall be tomorrow. Don't let yourself be led into pity for me, Betty, if today—if today I see what I have been."

FOR a moment his arms were as gentle as Dale's. "I don't profess to understand," he acknowledged in a tone almost whimsical, "why you ran away from the boy, in spite of anything I said, and then came back with him, in spite of anything I said. But there's no accounting for anything young people may do today."

Three days later, the road was lined with cars, waiting to follow my mother to her bleak resting place. There was every expression of sympathy for my father. For me, there was none. I found myself looked upon with eyes of loathing.

"Her disgrace killed her mother. But, mark my words, she'll pay!" Gloating over the idea that I'd pay. Their eyes were like a nightmare to me. I didn't go back home. Doctor Harding wouldn't let me. Dale and I were married in the parsonage that same afternoon.

Dale's car stood outside. And Doctor Harding's car. Of all the cars that had come to pay last respects to my mother, not one remained to see me to the borderline of town. We always saw a bridal couple to the edge of town. Just one car drove with us, Doctor Harding's. My father rode with him.

We were more like fugitives than a bridal couple, driving away.

"Do you care a lot, darling," Dale asked, "about the way we're starting out, like abandoned babes in the wood or something?"

"I only care," I answered, "if you care."

"What a game little sport you are," he exclaimed. "I haven't even a job, and you can say you don't care."

"Well, you've saved your pilot's license," I said. And somehow I found heart to laugh. "We'll have leagues and leagues of sky, Dale—and sunbeams to hide in, when rent day comes round."

THE END

EVEN WHEN SHE LOSES SHE WINS WITH HER SMILE

I GUESS WE HAVE TO GIVE HER TOOTHPASTE SOME CREDIT FOR THAT

"Well, then, why don't you try it, too?"

"I like to be original—but do you know why I started using Colgate's? I'll tell you. I was talking to my dentist about toothpastes being good for this and that . . . He said, 'Jean, do you know what a toothpaste is for? A toothpaste is to clean teeth—just that and nothing more.' And he said no toothpaste can do it better than Colgate's. Since I pay my dentist for advice, I'm going to take it. Besides I like its flavor! And maybe you think the price of a quarter doesn't appeal to me nowadays."

The American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics, has placed its Seal of Acceptance on Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Officially Dead

(*Continued from page* 61)

tenderness of ministering love and care?

The burying field. Rows and rows and rows of white crosses. The true democracy of death. The common meeting place.

One woman found her objective, and threw herself down, screaming hysterically—calling—pleading. The rest of us were hustled back into the bus to sit in frozen silence while they tended her; while they attempted to restore her self-control. Not a bird in the air. Not a sound. No growing things, save for the creeping wild flowers and thorn and briar. And the slight, tired breeze that kept the flag straightened out over the rows of white crosses.

Eventually we went on. The bus took us to Belleau Wood, then went back for the other woman—to bring her to us much later. Trembling. Weak.

Belleau Wood. That was my place. I gazed at the tangle of dead trees. Even nature had given up the ghost in the face of war. Here had been hand-to-hand combat. Here were clammy snails creeping along the earth.

WE must not touch anything. Shells still go off—people are still hurt by daring to pick up remains. Look at that canteen. Initials, D. W. Who was he? Here is a piece of broken bayonet, sticking up from the ground. And there the spring from which they drank.

I go off apart and, somehow, my faithful old vision of Paul does not come to me. Paul, where are you? Did you receive my boxes here? My letters? Did you write to me from here—from the bowels of the earth? Were you on that ghastly Hill 108 that we saw on the road? Were you hurt? Did any one care for you—did any one help you? Is it true, after all, that you are lying under a flag that waves over rows of white crosses?

Oh, Paul, you came to me in my dreams at home—even on the boat. I've heard your voice speaking to me. Why won't you speak now? Is it because you don't exist, or because I shouldn't be here disturbing the mysteries of a life blasted? Or because I should be home beside Ralph—who may be all that is left of the Lord men?

I went on farther. Walking blindly. Not really seeing. As if seeking—and not knowing what I sought. I'd stop and look around dazed, and go on, stumbling over broken branches, climbing hillocks and rocks. Living a strange, unreal life in a weird, unreal place that was filled with an unearthly, unreal silence—the silence of devastation. I stopped to rest.

How could I tell that every one else had returned to the bus, and that they had been waiting for me more than an hour? I was beyond reality.

How could I know that they gave orders finally to drive on without me, and that Mr. Hessler stayed behind to search for me? I had gone far beyond the sound of the bus motor. Far beyond the sound of human voice calling me.

It wasn't until darkness fell that I came to with a shock. Night was veiling the trees—hiding the shudder of the scared earth. The wind cracked the dead branches around me. The stars appeared timidly, and shivered as if they were as chilled as I. But I wasn't afraid. I settled on the stump of a fallen tree and sat there, unafraid—waiting.

All through the night I sat there, acutely awake. One night on the field where my boy had spent so many, probably just as much awake as I. The insects, the noise, the chill, did not bother me. They only brought me closer. They were what he had suffered—and more. Only part of his discomfort.

The dawn came whitely up behind the trees. How many times had he watched it? Another day.

The sun came through; the world came alive. Not this strip of world, though. It was still dead, still birdless, leafless—gaunt and silent. And finally I roused myself from the stupor, rose and looked around, wondering how I could find my way back to civilization. Glad, somehow, that I had my gun. Not that I wanted civilization. But it wanted me. There was more for me to do.

I walked on. Rapidly now—purposefully. It was hours before I reached the high road and, even then, I was beyond the point of the place we had stopped yesterday. Only deserted barns—relics of farmlands, broken fences, yawning holes in the walls of what had once been peaceful homes.

I FOUND some berries along the road, and breakfasted sparingly on them.

I realized now what a foolhardy thing I had done. I reached a village presently. Impossible to make inquiries when I knew not a word and understood less. Only gestures—yes—and pictures in my purse. And finally, the address of the graveyard.

I was taken to some one who spoke English. He seemed very disapproving, and hysterically concerned. He was quite loath to let me hire a lumbering wagon and a man to drive me to the American graves. But money talks. I had chocolate and bread and butter. I climbed up on a huge farm wagon and startled off, a smelly peasant by my side. I was sure the semi-official, who spoke English, was immediately bent upon dispatching news of me and my whereabouts.

It seemed hours that we drove. The going was difficult. A back road. I couldn't talk to my escort. I gathered that he, too, had fought. I wished I could understand what he said about *les Americans*. I wondered if he had ever known Paul.

We were the only ones in the graveyard. The official there spoke English, too. Or, rather, he was an American who spoke French. He, too, seemed puzzled and disapproving as the voluble and excitable Frenchman explained I had been in Belleau Wood all night. He insisted upon phoning around to give word of my safety.

They took me to my son's grave—eventually. I hauled out all the papers and handed them to the official. They gave permission to open the grave—to investigate. He nodded and told me he had already received duplicate orders. It could not be done on the spot—in a moment. One had to wait for the proper authorities to be present. We would have to make appointments and set an hour. If I could settle myself to wait a few days, he would suggest the cottage of a townswoman where he stayed.

I agreed. I asked to be left alone. I stood by Paul's grave. Stupefied with wonder and bewilderment and heartache. I had traveled more than four thousand miles to get to these few square feet of earth. I had deserted a family that needed me, to get here. What would it hold for me? Perhaps renewed hope; perhaps only the final sealing of a grave within my heart.

A MAN approached. A tall, stoop-shouldered, rather handsome man in tight-fitting French clothes, wearing French beard and mustache. At sight of me, he seemed to want to turn and hide himself. I spoke as kindly as I could:

"Don't let me chase you away, Monsieur. I am going. I know what it means to be alone."

He stared at me. He flushed, and his hands twitched at his sides. I gathered that he didn't understand me, and tried to reassure him again with gestures.

As I advanced toward him, he stepped backward, as if too timid to meet me. "Poor man!" I thought. Another shell-shocked soldier. How the war had diluted their manhood. Poor frightened souls.

"I am going," I repeated foolishly, again resorting to wide gestures to explain my words. "Do you know which way I get out? I am going to the cottage of Madame Grossard."

"It—it's right down the road."

The stumbling, eager English words startled me. I stared at him, at the flush on his face—the new light burning in his eyes. I caught my breath.

There was a jagged scar down his cheek. A scar half hidden by his beard.

Our eyes were questioning—probing. Then I felt myself sway. "Oh!" My arms went outward. "Paul! My boy! Paul, at last!"

I almost flung myself upon him. And then my heart went cold. For he grasped one arm so brutally that I dropped my purse and all my belongings.

"What is the matter with you?" he demanded furiously. "Are you mad, woman? These crazy Americans! I am not your son! I never knew your son. I never saw you before!"

Is this stranger really Paul, or has this mother's baffled love deluded her? And if it is Paul, why does he vehemently deny the fact? You will find this fascinating story continued in the

July TRUE STORY Magazine—On Sale Everywhere June 3rd

LIPSTICK

Only a marvelously smooth - spreading Lipstick . . . in true Youth-tone tints can supply this delicate, 'teen-age coloring! The flattering color becomes indelible, by the simple trick of moistening your lips before you apply it. Three shades. A stunning, modern case.

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Use Seventeen Rouge with Seventeen Lipstick to create perfect, natural coloring! The color tints of Seventeen Rouge are based on the ACTUAL COLORING OF YOUTHFUL SKIN; *so, if you use your proper shade, the effect will be natural and charming always. Five Youth-Tone shades.*

POWDER

Try Seventeen Two-Tone Powder, and you will say it's the most exciting powder discovery you ever made! The Two-Tone *effect is produced by blending two weights of powder. The heavier clings closely to the skin, seems slightly darker. The lighter weight powder, on the surface, creates a subtle overtone, which lends an appearance of youthful, delicate transparency. What a glorious difference from the masking dullness of ordinary powders!*

BE SEVENTEEN TONIGHT!

Yours . . . in 3 magic moments . . . the tender complexion tints of seventeen!

TONIGHT, let your complexion wear a new, fresh youngness! A new radiance! Let your complexion look like the 'teens again!

Seventeen will show you how—will show you make-up you never dreamed existed! Rouge, Lipstick, in *youth-tone* shades that have no relation to the harsh, artificial coloring you've seen and loathed. Powder that does not coat your skin in mask-like, aging dullness—but which seems to make your complexion *come alive* with elusive, youthful coloring and translucence.

Truly, Seventeen has accomplished something unique in make-up. That's because the whole group of Seventeen toilet preparations is based on a new theory, a new ideal!

Seventeen analyzed youthful skins . . . studied 'teen-age coloring . . . and texture . . .

Then created marvelous toiletries, to keep that dewy freshness . . . to put back fresh, sweet coloring if needed . . .

And even invented a zestful fragrance, designed smart, gay, charming packages . . . to coax even a *mood* of seventeen!

And finally, established prices that will delight you, if you've thought fine toiletries must be expensive. Please don't put off discovering Seventeen—the most exciting beauty discovery of your life!

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I enclose 25c. Please send me "The Seventeen Way to Youthful Charm" with 5 Seventeen toiletries in miniature.

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Exquisite Colors, Beautiful Designs, Enduring Quality, Mystic Romance of the East—All These Are Woven by the Oriental Rug Makers into Their

MAGIC CARPETS

By LUELLA FARMER

THE magic carpets of the East, most prized possessions of the Old World nobility, cherished for the beauty of their design, the warmth of their colors, and their remarkable wearing qualities, are at present being sold within the range of the most modest of American family budgets.

"It's an Oriental rug!" The mere phrase suggests riches, and rightly so, for the rug makers of the East have woven into their carpets their whole rich past—their history, their superstitions, their hopes and fears, even their dreams. In every Oriental rug, there are unending volumes of romance to be read by the imaginative. In moments of relaxation, the owner of an Oriental rug can use it as the crystal gazer uses his crystal, truly turning it into a magic carpet that will take him on fascinating journeys.

Every color, every figure, every irregularity, has its significance! White and green are associated with joy; yellow and the figures of beasts of prey represent victory, glory, or right; the heron is an emblem of long life; the bud signifies birth, while the full-blown flower suggests the fullness of life that comes with the years; and sometimes in the borders of Persian rugs there are verses from the great poets such as Omar Khayyam and even the prophet Mohammed, himself.

IRREGULARITIES, either in drawing or coloring, are seldom accidental. They are usually deliberately woven in by the rug maker to avert the evil eye for themselves, or to insure good luck to the rug's eventual owner.

Sometimes you will find, sewed into the middle of an Oriental rug, a single blue bead. This means that the weaver gave it his personal benediction and hoped it would have good treatment on its journey through the world. The blue bead is in the nature of a petition to the purchaser to use the rug kindly and to pray now and then for its maker.

HERE is a little game which every owner of an Oriental rug can play. When you are alone with it, ask your rug the simple question, "Where were you born?" and listen carefully for the answer.

"In a shepherd hut high up in the pillared mountains of Central Asia with the snow whirling about the door and the sheep and camels huddling together outside"; or, "I was born among the roses of a garden in a Persian village with the birds singing to the weaver as she tied my endless knots."

Then ask, "How did you get here?" You will no doubt hear a tale of heavily laden camels slowly making their way to the sea through the bandit infested hills of Anatolia, of devout Moslems praying on sand swept deserts, and of shrewd merchants bargaining in the bazaars of Smyrna, Teheran, Stamboul, or Saloniki.

MANUFACTURE

In the mountain districts of Persia, Anatolia, Syria and the Caucasus, where the art of rug making originally attained perfection, rugs are woven today by descendants of those first rug makers with implements that have changed little.

The burden of rug weaving falls on the women. As little girls of six or seven years, they begin to work about the looms, getting their first experience in actual weaving on the broad central fields of solid color.

Gradually, as their skill increases, they are permitted to work on the larger patterns, and finally on the elaborately designed borders—the last test of a rug maker's expertness.

EVERY district has a standard design, which all rug makers therein follow. These designs have been the same for centuries, and an experienced eye can tell with a glance just what part of the East any particular rug comes from.

Designs of geometric figures, such as triangles and octagons, are standard in the Caucasus; floral and bird designs predominate in Persia; while the Turks are fond of solid fields of pastel colors.

All Oriental rugs are "knotted" rugs. The pile, that thick, soft, velvety surface of short protruding tufts of yarn, consists of tens of thousands of separate knots on a framework of white cotton threads.

The rug maker catches up a bit of

(*Continued on page* 90)

Why *Throw away* what you Save?

This year's smartest frocks come in washable linens and cottons and silks. Lux keeps them fresh, unfaded, lovely as new all season through.

It's a bargain...but only if you keep it like new...

This charming evening dress is of flowered organdy—delightfully crisp and fresh when it's new! To *keep* your pretty frocks new, give them safe Lux care.

"We find we're dressing on just about *half* what we used to spend," women tell us. "That's partly because we're shopping for 'bargains.'

"But it's also because we're actually keeping everything like *new* so much longer.

"In the old days, a charming sweater blouse or a silk dress spoiled in washing didn't matter so much. But now we can't *afford* washing failures. They would wipe out what we save on low prices!

"So nowadays we're not taking chances with the ordinary soaps.* We wash *everything* nice the *safe* way—with gentle, mild Lux suds."

LUX is the first item on *any* woman's economy budget! Because these tiny diamonds are *made* to preserve colors, to keep silks and woolens soft and lovely. Made to float out the perspiration acids that discolor and weaken fabrics. Remove all odor that might offend!

Thanks to Lux all your bargains can be *real* ones! That enticing sweater, your charming printed silks will last this summer and next winter, too. Even dresses you used to have cleaned, your gloves, your pocketbooks, can be kept fresh and new for ages with *safe* Lux. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

*Such soaps, whether cakes, powders or chips, often contain harmful alkali which fades colors and weakens fibres. Even one washing with such a soap may do damage nothing can repair.

In times like these save nice things with safe LUX

colored yarn, and with lightning movements winds it about two threads of the rug's framework, ties it tightly, and then brings up the ends so that they will protrude. These ends are later clipped to an even surface.

Thus, tuft by tuft, the rug is built. Some of the finer rugs have seven hundred knots to the square inch, or more than ten million knots in a rug nine by twelve feet. Is it any wonder that to complete a single rug takes months of labor by all the women in the household?

OF late, the problem of making knotted rugs by machinery has intrigued American inventive genius, and a mechanical loom has been developed that ties knots so fast that the speediest of Oriental rug weavers would turn green with envy at the mere sight of it.

The rugs turned out by these machines are known as American Orientals, as they copy the Eastern designs and colors.

Marketing

In most small villages of the East, rug making is purely a home industry. The rugs are made by the women in their homes and sold to the head merchant of the town, who is usually the owner of the general store. Often he provides the weavers with the materials for their labor, and pays them for their work in merchandise from his stock.

The rugs of the whole village are marketed at fairs held regularly in the various populous centers of every district. It is here that the merchants controlling the village products meet the traders from the great rug centers, such as Istanbul, the old Constantinople.

In Istanbul, the rug dealers of all the world have their representatives. Here, every year, tens of thousands of Oriental rugs are packed in bales and sent to the far corners of the earth. Since the war, America has been the largest purchaser. In fact, immediately after the Armistice, the great masses of rugs that had accumulated in Istanbul during the years of the conflict were practically all dumped on the American market.

THE great selection of Oriental rugs available in America and their reasonable price was forcibly brought home to me after my trip to the East last summer. Like most visitors to Istanbul, I went to the bazaars and purchased a rug. I thought it was a great bargain because I finally got it, after much haggling, for a third of what the merchant originally asked.

But when I returned to New York I discovered that an Oriental rug of equal quality and size and similar design could be purchased for less than I had paid in Istanbul, even after all my shrewd bargaining, on which I had prided myself.

Uses

We, in the West, employ rugs usually only for floor coverings. But in the East they serve many functions. One of their most popular uses is as chair and divan covers Then, too, you will find them used as window draperies; portières; wall decorations; and as both mattress and quilt. In fact, it is not uncommon to find a room furnished only with rugs.

One of the most valuable uses for Oriental carpets in the modern American home is as scatter rugs. They are easily obtained in all sizes, designs and colors, and, therefore, can be made to fit in with most any decorative scheme, adding just that little touch of the bizarre that many rooms need.

Three or four small rugs often cover the floor of a room more satisfactorily than a large one. Then, too, there are small spaces in alcoves, hallways; and adjoining beds, dressing tables, bureaus, or desks, where a small rug is very desirable. A small Oriental can be used for any of these purposes, even if the entire room is carpeted. I know one housewife who uses small Orientals to protect her fine, all-over solid-color American carpet in the spots subject to the severest wear.

Care

With proper care a good Oriental rug should go down to posterity with color and texture even more beautiful than when it was first purchased.

BEATING and shaking are taboo. A carpet sweeper, or gentle sweeping with the pile, prevents the tufts from becoming loosened and roughened A vacuum cleaner can be employed, once a month, at which time the back of the rug should also be vacuumed to dispose of the grime underneath.

Oriental rugs respond to a careful washing with cold water and a mild soap. This treatment every year or two will prevent the destructive "dust crack," which breaks the roots of the knots and shortens the life of the rug immeasurably.

Felt or one of the other carpet protectors on the market should always be used to relieve the pressure of casters and prevent the making of marks which are difficult to efface.

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This added corrective cellulose gives Heinz Rice Flakes a gentle, *natural* laxative effect. It acts in the same mild way as the corrective cellulose in prunes, apples, lettuce, and other healthful fruits and vegetables! And what is even more amazing—these flakes contain a much *larger* percentage of corrective cellulose than most of Nature's fruits and vegetables!

Heinz—and *only* Heinz, remember—has made this remarkable food, so that people could get the benefits they need, in a cereal they love to eat. Start today, to see how Heinz Rice Flakes can help *you*. See for yourself how good they are. You'll enjoy them. And when you eat them regularly every day, you'll see how much they'll do for your health!

P. S.—For your children, you couldn't find a better cereal than Heinz Rice Flakes. They'll like them, from the very first spoonful—and they won't tire of them, either. So serve these good little flakes often and let the whole family know this pleasant way to daily good health!

Here's what "IT" is

There is cellulose in all fruits and vegetables. This cellulose is one of the things that make them so healthful for you.

Heinz, after four years of work with scientists of the Mellon Institute, found a way to separate pure cereal cellulose and combine it with Heinz Rice Flakes.

This corrective cellulose is extracted from the whole rice grain. It is a soft, fluffy, white powder that is tasteless. It becomes part of the crisp, golden flakes and you never know it is there.

This corrective cellulose increases in bulk and absorbs several times its weight of moisture after eating. It forms one of the gentlest, mildest types of bulk. It gives Heinz Rice Flakes a safe, mildly laxative action that helps you keep healthy and well.

And only *Heinz* Rice Flakes have this added corrective cellulose.

FREE! 2 generous trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes

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Please send me two trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for six generous servings—free of charge.

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Fill in completely—print name and address.

HEINZ RICE FLAKES

"One of the 57 Varieties"

LET'S HAVE IT OUT!

The Divorce Courts Are Filled with Couples Who Began to Fight Too Late. Here Is the Secret of When to Fight

By ELEANOR MORRISON

A FAMOUS divorce lawyer once said that many a marriage has come to an unhappy end because the husband and wife began fighting too late.

There is a great deal of truth in this statement. The couple that has every difference out when it arises is not likely to build up an antagonism that can be settled only in the divorce courts.

I remember my mother's advice when I married. "Never let the day end with a sense of estrangement or resentment," she said. "Have it out and then make up. Otherwise, all your little petty misunderstandings can grow into a hatred or an indifference which even a great crisis may not be able to heal."

It was good advice. I followed it religiously, and it has worked to perfection. Incidentally I, myself, have picked up a few bits of wisdom about this fighting business which I take this opportunity to pass on.

Small faults are readily forgiven by a woman who is absolutely sure that she is the most important element in her husband's happiness. But it takes a long, long time to convince her of this miraculous fact. It seems too good to be true. Therefore, she must constantly test it out in the early days of marriage by making great issues out of trifles. She measures her importance against golf, pinochle, her husband's best friend, his mother—against every element which ever contributed to his happiness before their marriage. And the battle goes on until every foe has been vanquished (whereupon she will immediately let her husband do as he pleases), or she remains an unhappy, nagging woman, unsure of supremacy in her husband's heart.

MEN don't seem to be obsessed with this compulsion to conquer all rivals, no matter how unimportant. Nevertheless, they are afflicted with their own particular sex compulsions to dominate by right of love. And as a sign of their supremacy, they want to have their whims catered to and their pride shielded.

Now, with all the love and the best intentions in the world, even a sensitive person is bound occasionally to violate some unconscious symbol of sex pride which is dear to the heart of the other. There are thousands of them. Every well regulated family has a whole army of taboos which have been agreed upon after a good out in the open fight.

WHEN I was first married, my husband gave me a cash allowance—a very generous one, to be sure. But I felt that this measuring out of an allowance indicated a lack of complete confidence in me, and so it made me very unhappy.

For a long time I said nothing about it. But one day, after having been humiliated by not being able to sign a check, I blew up. When my husband understood what being on an allowance symbolized to me, he immediately had my signature authorized at his bank. Then, to prove that his confidence was justified, I was careful to spend less than my allowance had been. If I hadn't blown up, I would still feel that my husband didn't trust me completely.

Many are the compromises which can be made in regard to in-laws and old friends who are heartily disliked by one or the other. The husband and wife can arrange to see them alone, or together at not too frequent intervals which can be courteously endured.

It is amazing the number of points of dissension which crop up, one after the other as the years wear on, but as long as people are alive to each other, the old sex antagonism will be at work.

BUT after a few years of healthy fighting and making up, the need for explosion will come much less frequently. You will understand then that the real reason why your husband objects to back seat driving is not because he is a hopeless grouch, but because his masculinity resents your lack of faith in his ability. If he didn't love you, he wouldn't care whether you had any faith or not.

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HELPS TO HAPPIER AND HEALTHIER HOMES

HANDY HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Everybody Benefits

I have three daughters. Two are of high-school age, while the third is still in the grades. The two elder ones are very much interested in home economics. So one day each week, I let them plan entirely and prepare the meals for our whole family—never going near to assist. Of course, the younger one wants to participate too, and she is given the job of setting the table. I just play the rôle of guest.

This idea not only lifts the burden of a whole day's cooking every week from a busy mother's shoulders, but gives the girls a real thrill. They are proud of the responsibility placed in their hands in planning, buying, cooking, and serving the meals for the day without being "bossed." To them this task is a great privilege.

I advise all busy and tired mothers of grown daughters to adopt my little plan.—MRS. W. K.

Motor Efficiency

It had always fallen to my lot to gather up the packages from the car after a shopping or week-end tour. So I hit upon a plan that has really been a time saver to the entire family.

I made a hammock similar to the ones you find swinging in the berth of a sleeping car and hung it on the back of the front seat.

One yard of heavy cretonne, thirty-six inches wide, was the material needed. To make it, stitch a one-inch hem on each side; then stitch a zipper fastener on the hemmed edges and fasten together; gather up each end and fasten securely to a two-inch metal ring, and to hold the rings insert two short, stout hooks in the back of the front seat.

This simple contrivance will put an end to pulling up the seats to find lost articles. All you have to do when you get home is unhook the hammock and take everything in at one time. I also made one of oil cloth to use for bathing suits in summer. —MRS. A. G. W.

Cooking Economy

After testing and approving a new recipe, I make a copy of it for my card file; but before filing it, I figure out the cost, and add that to the card. You will be surprised to find how this will help you keep within your food budget, because you will find that many recipes you thought cheap are relatively expensive, and vice versa.—MRS. C. O. C.

Have you some time-saving tricks that your experience in the kitchen has taught you? Have you invented any little conveniences that lighten the homemaker's burden in kitchen and dining room? If you have, be sure to describe them, and mail your items to HANDY HOUSEHOLD HINTS, TRUE STORY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

We promptly pay $2.00 for every hint chosen for publication. Material found unavailable will not be returned.

Keeping Picnic Lunches Fresh

Before packing a picnic lunch on a hot day, I take a two-quart fruit jar, fill it with frozen cubes made of tea, and seal the jar. I then lay the jar in the bottom of the lunch basket, pack the lunch all around it, and cover everything with a table cloth or heavy towel. This keeps your lunch nice and fresh for hours. Also the melted tea cubes provide a fine, refreshing drink. If you prefer, the same thing can be done using plain ice.

—MRS. O. C. H.

Smart Dress Trimming

Recently, when making my little daughter a school dress, I found that I had no buttons to trim it as I had planned, but had several different colors and shades of beads from broken strings. So, instead of using buttons, I trimmed the dress with beads that matched the dress material, and it looked lovely.

—MRS. J. H.

For Candy Makers

When making candy to send through the mail, I find that by lining the box with oiled paper, I can pour the mixture directly into the box, instead of first pouring it into a pan. You may or may not, as you prefer, cut the candy into squares before mailing. I do not, as the solid mass presents a very attractive appearance, fits the box perfectly, and is much more likely to reach its destination unbroken. When two or more layers are desired, the extra layers may be molded by using the inside of the candy box as a mold.

—M. U.

Simple and Effective

In boiling spaghetti or macaroni, I place it in a colander and then set the colander in the pot of boiling, salted water. The spaghetti or macaroni never sticks to the bottom of the colander, even if I don't stir it at all. You don't know what a convenience this is. —MRS. E. G.

Solid food time isn't dangerous

YOU HEAR OF "UPSETS" BECAUSE SOME MOTHERS DON'T UNDERSTAND THEIR COMMON CAUSES

YOUR baby is such a little fellow, you feel, to tackle solid food! Will it agree with him? Will he gain?

Child specialists give a comforting answer. Solid food time is *not* dangerous, they say. Millions of babies make the change from milk with never an "upset" . . . when the first solid food is wisely chosen.

You *do* want a cereal specially suited to the needs of delicate little stomachs. And that's exactly what Cream of Wheat is. It is simple in form and free from harsh parts of the grain. Its purity is assured by a special package—triple-sealed! Thus Cream of Wheat guards against common *causes* of digestive troubles.

Because it does agree with babies so perfectly, all its rich energy gets into use. None of it is lost. So babies gain weight on it—steadily and naturally.

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So set your mind at rest. Give your baby Cream of Wheat for his first solid food. Keep it up all through his childhood. And watch him thrive!

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I Hated My Husband

(*Continued from page* 23)

had to do duty as a barricade to keep the baby from falling off the bed, I had to resort to the box. The memory of those first days, soon after the baby was born, before I got my strength back, when an easy chair would have been heaven to me, caused the first words between us that even approached a quarrel. I was desperately tired that morning. The baby had been restless all night, and this was my morning for cleaning the church. To top it off, Mrs. Seaton, the wife of one of the trustees and our neighbor, came running in with her three-year-old.

"I wonder if you would mind watching Billy, Mrs. Rand, while I run down to do some shopping? Just let him play on the floor—he won't be any trouble."

Being the minister's wife I couldn't very well refuse, but I felt that I was being imposed upon. Why is it that people think a minister's wife is entitled to no privacy, that she must be at the beck and call of every one who needs her, at any hour of the day? They seem to to think that the salary they pay the preacher entitles them to the services of his wife as well! I guess things have changed now, but that's the way it used to be.

I HAD brought Billy Seaton and my own little Margaret, now two years old, over to the church where I could keep my eye on them while I cleaned. I had finished the auditorium, and was pretty well tired out when I got to John's study. When I entered, he was reading and did not look up.

"I've come to pretty you up," I began, and then stopped as I saw the chair for the first time. It was large and roomy, thickly upholstered, and had wide arms. John was comfortably ensconced in the soft cushions, giving a perfect picture of complete relaxation.

"Oh, hello, dear! Why, what's the matter?" he questioned, evidently puzzled by my expression.

"Why that—that chair," I stammered. "Where—when did you get it?"

"Oh, this? That's right—you haven't seen it. I intended to tell you about it, but I've been so busy it slipped my mind." He raised himself with an effort, and continued enthusiastically, "Nice, isn't it? I just had to have something comfortable to stretch out in—got it at a bargain at that old second-hand store down near the depot—only paid five dollars for it—come here and try it." Before I could say anything he had pulled me down into the chair.

"Comfortable, isn't it?"

I was so tired that the feel of the soft cushions brought the angry tears to my eyes, and before I could control myself I had voiced my resentment.

"Oh yes, very comfortable!" I said sarcastically. "I don't see how you have done without it so long. You ought to get a cushion for your feet too!"

With that, I rose from the chair and flounced out of the room. I nursed my hurt the rest of the day and sat down to the supper table with a raging headache.

The incident of the chair was never mentioned again between us, but I felt certain that John thought my resentment was due to the fact that I was jealous, when anything was bought for the church, instead of for the house.

The third year my second baby came, a little boy, but he lived only a few hours, and the little life was gone as suddenly as it came. I was so weak that I couldn't realize what had happened at first, but when I grew stronger and was told by the doctor that my own physical condition was the cause of my little son's having no chance to live, I couldn't help feeling that it wasn't fair.

Proper food, rest and care for me would have saved my baby. I knew before he was born that I was working too hard, but the demands of the church seemed never-ending, and there was no money to hire things done.

THE church was considerably in arrears with John's salary, and he simply would not demand what was rightfully his. I don't know just how we would have managed to meet the added expense of my last confinement, had it not been for a stroke of good fortune that came to us at this time. John was made chaplain of the prison at a salary of one hundred dollars a month.

Oh, the vision I had of what the exrta money would do for us! New furniture and carpet for the house—dishes and some linen—a new dress and maybe a little trip some place; above all, money laid by for Margaret's education!

All the ambition of my early youth flamed up now for my daughter. Already she began to show promise. She was an exceedingly bright child, and very winsome and pretty. My only fear was for her health, which was delicate. There was nothing definitely wrong with her, but she was just frail like a flower, and oh, so sensitive and timid! I never punished her but once, and then I knew that, no matter what she did, I could not do it again. She had disobeyed me, and I took her across my knee and spanked her. There was no outcry—no tears. She just looked up at me with her big blue eyes and made no sound. As she grew older, she showed a great love for beauty. She would go into raptures over every new flower that she found, and the desert sunset would send her into a dreamy, silent mood.

I had always longed to get her pretty clothes. I could make them myself, and it seemed to me it would be the height of earthly bliss to dress a daughter.

But there was no money for such things. I am almost ashamed to say it, but our only clothes, Margaret's and mine, were the cast-off garments that were given us by the members of the congregation. In those days, it was the custom to look upon the minister's family as objects of charity. Cast-off clothing, a bushel of potatoes, fruit, butter and eggs, or anything that any one had to give, found its way to our door. Anything but money.

I got used to it myself. But as my little girl began to grow up, it seemed as if I just couldn't stand it to have her go to school wearing some other child's cast-off dress. I spoke to John about it, but he saw nothing wrong in the custom.

"Now, Grace, remember that Margaret is a minister's daughter. I don't want her to get a lot of silly notions into her head about dress. She should be thankful that people are so kind."

Margaret was ten years old when John was made prison chaplain. Now, with this fortune—one hundred dollars a month seemed a veritable fortune to me—there would be money for some pretty dresses. Perhaps I could even give her a party with ice cream, like the other little girls had.

John was completely wrapped up in his work. Here, at last, was a real chance to help his fellow man. He took a personal interest in each prisoner, learned his history and set about to reform him. Out of the first month's salary, we had to pay up some doctor bills and buy John a new suit. He was a public man and had to keep well dressed. I washed his shirts and collars, so that he was always neat and tidy. The second month he gave me a little extra, and I bought some dimity for a dress for Margaret: also shoes, stockings and underwear. The dress was white with tiny pink rosebuds, and oh, how she loved it! The fun I had making it, and the joy it gave me to watch my little girl's happiness at having a new dress of her very own!

SHE was doing well in school, and her marks were all high. She loved to study and brought her books home every night, and I found great pleasure in helping her with her lessons. Her teacher discovered that she had a very decided talent for drawing and talked to me about it.

"I believe Margaret will be an artist when she grows up," she told me one day, when we chanced to meet at church. "Some day, when I go up to the city, I am going to take some of her sketches with me, and ask the teacher of drawing at the college for an opinion." I was thrilled to death and could hardly wait to tell John.

But John wasn't interested. He had his heart set on Margaret's being a missionary, and he couldn't see that her drawing could be of any use in that field.

"But, John," I pleaded, "Margaret hasn't the temperament for a missionary. Can't you see that she hasn't? She is too emotional, too sensitive! Why, she would be frightened to death off in some strange, heathen country!"

John looked at me curiously, searchingly, for a moment, before he replied, "Grace, sometimes I think you are not very earnest in God's work. Sometimes I feel that you are deliberately encouraging Margaret to be worldly."

"Why, John, I want her to be a nice, sweet girl and I want her to be happy; but I don't think she need do something for which she isn't fitted. Surely developing the talent God has given her is His work."

John didn't make any comment on

(*Continued on page* 100)

Over 30

BETTY COMPSON

"I'm over 30," says this fascinating screen star. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

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LUX Toilet Soap 10¢

(*Continued from page* 98)

this, and our discussion was closed. I felt vaguely annoyed and a little bit apprehensive as to Margaret's future.

From the next month's salary, John gave me a few dollars, with which I bought some kitchen things and some much needed linen. I had intended getting another little dress for Margaret and, perhaps, something for myself, but there wasn't enough. I was a bit puzzled as to what John was doing with his salary. There was so little spent for living that there should have been quite a bit left. Our little disagreements over Margaret had raised a slight barrier between us which prevented the frank talks we used to have. John became more and more interested in his work among "the boys," as he called the prisoners; and his work at the prison together with the church duties kept him so busy that I didn't see much of him.

One evening he came home in a talkative and excitable mood. I asked him what had happened.

"Bailey left today," he said, as he tipped his chair back against the wall. Bailey had been serving a five-year sentence for robbery. "And I believe he is going to make good. I have been working with him ever since I became chaplain and he is starting out on the right track."

"Where is he going?" I inquired. "Where is his home?"

"HE lives in New York, and he's going back there to begin again."

"Does the state pay his fare?" I asked.

"No. I gave him the money to get home, and a little for a fresh start.

"You should have seen him, Grace. He was so grateful for a little help and encouragement that there were tears in his eyes. I tell you, it is great work helping these poor fellows begin again."

His face was aglow with zeal, and my memory went back to the night he had asked me to be his wife. He had the same look in his face, the same flashing eyes alight with eagerness that had made me love him so many years ago.

I now realized what he was doing with his money. It was going to help the prisoners. He talked on and on about his work, telling me stories of the different men and what he hoped to do for them.

"I've sent for some song books, and am going to start a song service for Sunday evenings. A lot of the boys can sing, and it will help to cheer them up. The poor devils have so little in their lives!"

It was impossible not to enter into the spirit of his planning, but I couldn't help feeling dismayed at the thought of all my own plans going to wreck while he spent his money on the boys.

About this time America was drawn into the World War, and our town was plunged into mad excitement. Every one was talking about "making the world safe for democracy"; "doing your bit"; "buying Liberty Bonds," and "giving till it hurts."

Organizations for war relief were formed overnight, bands began to play almost continuously, and our young men, one by one, appeared in khaki.

John was completely carried away in a fervor of patriotism. He made rousing speeches from his pulpit; downtown on the street corners; any place where he could get an audience.

In a few weeks he was sent for to come up to the city to help with a big meeting, and the next day's paper carried his picture and excerpts from his speech. I had expected him home on the afternoon train but, instead, I got a telegram saying he had to stay over a couple of days on important business. The upshot of it all was that he volunteered as a chaplain for overseas service.

"But, John," I protested, "what will become of Margaret and me? We have no money—what will we do?" He assured me that the church would pay up the arrears on his salary, and with what he could send me from his army salary, we would get along all right.

I shall never forget when he came home from his last trip to the city to bid us good-by. It was the first time I had seen him in his uniform, and he looked so handsome that a wave of pride swept over me. He was so tall and straight, and his uniform fitted him like a glove.

All our congregation turned out to hear his farewell sermon and bid him Godspeed. The boys' band escorted him to the station playing "Over There," while Margaret and I almost burst with pride.

"Good-by, honey," he said as he kissed me, "Keep the home fires burning, and pray for me." As the train pulled out, the choir sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and he stood on the back platform waving his hat, as long as we could see.

I had only a few dollars in my pocketbook which I made last as long as possible; but the war had boosted prices and it was soon used up for food. John had assured me that he would speak to the trustees about the back pay, and I hoped he had done it; but knowing how careless he was about money matters, I feared he had neglected it. As the days passed and I heard nothing from them, I was sure this was the case.

WE still had some potatoes and rice, a few onions and some staples, so I got along the best I could until they began to run low. Then I became genuinely worried. Of course, I knew the congregation wouldn't let us starve, but I didn't want charity. I wanted the money that was due us. So, when I had cooked the last potato for Margaret's lunch, I took matters in my own hands and went to call on Mr. Seaton.

The result was a promise that the back salary would be paid. But the interview was a painful one for me for, try as I would to assure myself that it was an honest debt, that both John and I had worked faithfully for the money, and that it was due us, I felt like a beggar.

Perhaps Mr. Seaton didn't mean to make me feel that way, but there is something about a minister's salary that suggests a "donation" rather than honest wages. However, Mr. Seaton promised to see that I got the money, so for the time being, at least, my worry subsided.

The church owed us nearly six hundred dollars, and I had visions of depositing that amount in the bank and budgeting it so that, to use a slang expression, I would know "where I was at." But my feeling of security and relief was short-lived. The following week, Mr. Seaton called and handed me ten dollars, with the promise that he would try to raise some more as soon as he could. Then the old worry began again; worry from the awful uncertainty of not knowing what I could depend upon.

John went to France. I heard from him as he went aboard the ship. His letter was full of enthusiasm about his work for "the boys" and "his country." It fairly burned with patriotism and his great mission of carrying the gospel to the trenches. But somehow I couldn't enthuse. My home problems—the necessity for food—seemed much more real. I looked in vain for a check, but none came. However, he informed me that he had made arrangements so that the Government would send the money direct to me. That gave me some assurance. Surely the Government wouldn't fail me! But I may as well say right here that it did. I don't know whose fault it was—but I never got a cent during the years John was away. Oh yes, I wrote and wrote, but it did no good as far as any actual results were concerned. After the war was over—years after—it came to us in a lump sum.

SHORTLY after John landed in France, I discovered that I was to have another baby. The knowledge filled me with apprehension. Unless the church came to the rescue with the money they owed, how could I possibly weather the storm? I had little faith that they would, or could, do so. About this time the Seatons moved up to the city. One of the other trustees died and, later on, the church was closed. There was no minister to carry on and no money to pay one. Gradually the congregation became absorbed by the other church.

I was determined to keep Margaret in school and, if possible, keep her unaware of our desperate situation. The story of my struggle during those years would make a book in itself. I managed to get a little sewing to do, also washing and cleaning. A big washing brought about the premature birth of my baby and, for the second time, I had to see a little life ebb away before it had a chance to begin. Kind neighbors helped me through it somehow, and I managed to carry on until the war was over.

John's letters were full of his work at the front. I had written him about not getting any money, and he assured me that it would be "ironed out soon"; that there was so much "detail to look after in the big business of war"; and that I must "trust in God," and "do my bit"; that we "must all make sacrifices to help win the war." After one of his letters, I felt mean and low to complain when he was over there, facing death, so I tried to make my letter as cheerful as possible. I didn't tell him about the baby, because I knew it would distress him.

I shall never forget the day he came home. We had received word that our home town boys would arrive on the afternoon train. The paper gave a glowing account of each one, telling of those that had been wounded, of their courage and heroism of the decorations they had

(*Continued on page* 102)

NUMBER THREE IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

The Ideal Marriage

MUST ITS "HEALTH FACTS" BE KEPT A MYSTERY?

Photographed by Man Ray in Vienna

Dr. Margarete Huppert, Graduated in Vienna; formerly connected with the gynecological department and the maternal ward of the Hospital of the City of Vienna. At present associated with the Mariahilf Ambulatorium and Hospital.

"With the swift demands and arduous cares of running a modern home, no woman of today can expect to retain her bridal vivacity and charm, if she neglects her physical self.

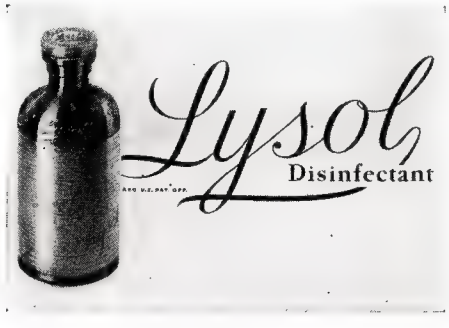
"That delicate mechanism which is wholly feminine . . . demands a *special* care all its own. And the penalty of ignoring its needs is often very costly. Costly to youth . . . looks . . . peace of mind and, often, marital happiness itself.

"I have often wondered why the average woman will cleanse her throat daily with an antiseptic mouth wash; will see her dentist regularly, to protect her teeth . . . yet will totally neglect that much more important and imperative hygiene . . . marriage hygiene . . . the hygiene of feminine antisepsis. The hygiene of protection against virile, health-threatening bacteria.

"It would be a good idea for every woman to see a gynecologist (or family doctor) as often as she sees her dentist. But at least, she can, and she should, use a good feminine antiseptic like "Lysol" . . . regularly. "Lysol" disinfectant has been advocated by the physicians of Austria for nearly half a century. In fact, it is so safe and healing that it is quite generally used by our obstetricians during childbirth. And, so far as I know, nothing else is quite so gentle, or quite so thorough for effective and germ-destroying feminine hygiene."

(Signed)

DR. MARGARETE HUPPERT



Have you a young married daughter or friend who should know these facts?

For your own guidance, as well as for the enlightenment of any girl or woman who is near and dear to you . . . may we send you a copy of our interesting brochure—"The Facts About Feminine Hygiene"? Written by a woman physician, it handles the vital subject of marriage hygiene with rare delicacy and charm. Merely mail the coupon, and your copy will be sent, postpaid, in plain wrapper.

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Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene".

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received, and of how proud the home town would be to welcome them back. Much space was devoted to "the Reverend John Rand, chaplain of the regiment, who had watched over their spiritual welfare in France, and would be on the same train with them."

A tremendous feeling of pride came over me as I read the article and saw John's picture in the paper. The town went wild with preparations to receive our heroes. The station was draped with bunting, and flags flew from the roof. The Masons, the Boy Scouts, the school children, the firemen's band—all were there. The band was lined up near the edge of the platform, ready to play the minute the train came in view. The Mayor was on hand to give the address of welcome, and with him were all the prominent citizens. All the available cars and trucks were decorated and standing by to form a parade up the main street.

I don't think I ever wanted a pretty dress so badly in my life as I did that day. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror as I was getting ready to go to the station, and I almost wished I could make some excuse and stay at home, because I looked so worn and faded.

THE only dress I had was an old black silk that had done duty for years for best. Women's dresses were quite short at this time, and mine trailed on the ground, so out of style that I felt eighty years old in it. But I had been so busy trying to earn enough to keep Margaret and myself in food that I had no time to make it over. I felt that I must look like a death's head at the feast in the midst of that gay crowd. Margaret felt it too, though she didn't say anything.

As the train came into view, and the band began to play, we forgot our clothes in the excitement and joy of the moment. It seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose when the train finally stopped at the station, and it was some time before order was restored and the ceremonies could get under way.

I think I was a little disappointed that John didn't rush madly through the crowd and take me in his arms. But then, of course, he was the chaplain, and had to respond to the Mayor's address of welcome.

He looked so handsome as he spoke; far handsomer than when he went away. Many of the boys looked worn and tired, and sort of serious and bored with it all. I heard one boy say to his mother, "Oh, Mom, I wish we could chuck all this and get home."

But John didn't look that way at all. He was the picture of health, and his tanned face was lighted with a broad smile as if he had had the time of his life and had enjoyed every minute of it. He made a rousing speech and the people literally carried him on their shoulders to the waiting automobile. We tried to get to him, but were shoved back by the crowd. Then I heard the Mayor say, "Well, John, I suppose you want to see your wife and daughter before the parade starts."

And John said, "Of course. They must be here some place."

Mr. Fox, the mayor, found us and

(*Continued from page* 100)

made way through the crowd and soon we were in John's arms. Margaret was strangely silent. She kissed him, but coldly I thought, and I saw her later, standing apart, regarding him with a puzzled look on her sensitive face. The minute I felt his strong arms about me, all that I had suffered seemed to come to the surface and I broke down and cried as I have not cried many times in my life. I think John was a little embarrassed at this public display. "There, there, Grace! Everybody is looking at you," he whispered.

John got his old position as prison chaplain back again, and resumed his work with more enthusiasm than ever.

He was full of ideas, new ideas, for reform and began at once to put them into effect.

He started baseball teams among the prisoners, organized a band and a dramatic club. He got weekly motion pictures for the prisoners, and was instrumental in getting the recreation hours lengthened. Every month a part of his salary went into some of the recreational activities, or to help the prisoners when their sentences were up.

Margaret was growing up, and needed many things that go to make up the life and happiness of a young girl. She was a member of several little school societies that gave parties at the different homes.

"Mother," she said to me one day when she came in from school, "it is my turn to entertain the basket-ball team. All the girls have given parties except me."

"Why, of course, dear," I replied pleasantly. But in the back of my mind, I was wondering how on earth I could manage it. Our house was still in need of almost everything that goes to make a home comfortable. We had but three chairs, only a few old cracked dishes, and no linen to speak of.

A PARTY meant flowers and supper, and a new dress for Margaret, besides a decent home to entertain in. The people in our town were not rich; many of them not even well-to-do. But most of them, even the poor ones, had chairs and dishes and the common necessities.

I put it up to John. "You see, dear, Margaret must join in the life of her schoolmates. She can't go on accepting invitations without returning them. Let's give her a good time—just this once."

"But, Grace, we can't afford it. Anyway Margaret is a minister's daughter, and she should be thinking about more serious things than parties and clothes and good times. The next thing you know she'll be wanting to go to dances."

"But, John, she's young. She must have some pleasure!"

"Well, she has the church work—choir rehearsals and the Friday night socials. I don't like that set she is in at school. Some day I'm going to take her up to the prison, and show her the serious side of life; show her some of the serious work there is to be done in the world."

My heart ached for Margaret's embarrassment in having to tell her classmates that she couldn't give the party, but she was saved that unpleasantness through sickness. The doctor said she had studied too hard, and was run down; that she needed a change. He said he thought her trouble was more mental than physical, and if we could take her up to the city for a little trip, it would do her good. He had brought her into the world and seemed to understand her. That was one of the splendid things about old Doctor Grimm. He seemd to understand so many things about human nature besides physical ailments.

"If I were you, Grace," he said after attending Margaret, "I'd tell John to devote less time to the interests of his prisoners, and pay a little attention to his family."

I felt the doctor was right. Oh, how many times I had thought this in my own mind! But there was no use in talking to John about it. He would only accuse me of interfering with God's work.

After a few weeks Margaret was well enough to go back to school, but she was still far from strong. Her silence bothered me. If she would only laugh more, or even fly into a temper and storm and rage! But this quiet acceptance of things worried me. There was a far-away look in her eyes that seemed unutterably sad to me. One evening she was sitting on the back steps, gazing at the sunset. It was particularly beautiful that night, flooding the whole sky with crimson and purple and gold.

"WHAT are you thinking about, dear?" I asked her as I slipped my arm over her shoulders.

"I was thinking how God must love beauty and color—it seems as if He meant for us to have it."

I couldn't answer her. I hurried into the house to keep her from seeing the tears in my eyes.

Graduation day drew near, and Margaret was valedictorian. I think that was the happiest time in my life. My daughter at the head of her class! Again that determination to send her to college or art school, or some place where she could have the chance to develop, that had been denied me, took possession of me. *She must have her chance!*

As soon as commencement was over, I determined to have a talk with John and make him see. Why, we could give up fifty dollars a month out of his salary, and every day we expected to receive the money from the Government that was due him. That would see her through!

Activities in connection with graduation began in earnest. It was a class of twelve, and they were busy making their arrangements. The commencement exercises were to take place in the high school assembly hall. A speaker was engaged for the occasion—a professor of English—from Graham College.

There were parties and dances given in honor of the graduates, and the question of clothes became very acute. Of course, her father wouldn't allow Margaret to attend anything so sinful as a dance, and she had nothing to wear to the other parties. However, she didn't complain. She said she was working on her valedictory address.

Again I wished she would storm and rage about not having clothes. If she would only turn on us, her parents, and upbraid us for not giving her the things

(*Continued on page* 104)

The measure of YOUR BEAUTY is the COLOR IN YOUR CHEEKS

Then, For You, The Beauty of Mystical, Glowing Princess Pat Duo-Tone Rouge

By Patricia Gordon

A new thought . . . to give *color* first place over features . . . as the "measure of your beauty?" Yet how *true* it is. And how *comforting*. For while your *features* may not be alterable, glorious color always is yours for the taking . . . through rouge!

Ah, yes; but not the *usual* rouge. For, remember, this new color that measures beauty must be radiant, glowing. It must not appear to be rouge at all. *It must seem color coming from within the skin.* It must have all the fidelity of a natural blush, the same soft, thrilling modulation; the same exquisite blending that leaves no outline. It must be vivid, sparkling, daring, as much so as you elect, but *absolutely natural.*

Can there Possibly be such Marvelous Rouge? Can there be such rouge? You've never used one? All have been at least somewhat obvious . . . many actually "painty," dull, flat, to be detected instantly. Yes, but these have been simply the usual *one tone* rouges. But Princess Pat is *DUO-TONE*. The *only Duo-Tone* rouge . . . and therefore absolutely different from *any other rouge you ever knew.*

Duo-Tone, then. What is this magical secret? It means that Princess Pat rouge (every shade) is composed of *two* distinct tones, perfectly blended into one. There is a mysterious undertone. It matches your skin tone . . . perfectly. There is a fascinating overtone. It gives forth the wondrous, vibrant, glowing color that seems not rouge at all but actually color that is your very own!

Duo-Tone Ends "One Shade" Choice. The Duo-Tone secret makes an entirely new art of *choosing* rouge. Any one of the eight Princess Pat shades will perfectly harmonize with your type, *no matter what that type is.* Do you realize what this means . . . that you may perfectly follow the fashion of using the correct rouge shade to harmonize with your costume. Or you may *look* as you desire to *feel*. If for *any reason* you desire to possess brilliant, sparkling beauty, use one of the more *intense* Princess Pat shades. If you wish subtle, demure effects, choose the quieter colors. It is so simple to choose. Beginning with VIVID, Princess Pat shades are named as follows: Vivid, New Vivid, Squaw, Theatre, English Tint, Gold, Medium, Tan. The special, perfect shade for evening is NITE.

Measure Your Beauty by the Color in Your Cheeks. A new thought . . . and true. That the glowing, vibrant color in your cheeks shall set at naught features *less* than perfect . . . enhance with utterly new beauty when features *are* perfect. Then . . . with Princess Pat rouge . . . be beautiful today *as you never were before.*

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The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25c (coin). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, Powder and three creams in liberal attractive sizes. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

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LONDON . . . . . CHICAGO

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible. You'll love it!

that other girls had, it would have seemed more natural and would have been a relief.

The question of a graduation dress confronted me. John had opened up the church again, and was winning back his congregation with his fiery sermons. The church needed repairs; and again small sums from his salary—a dollar here and a dollar there—went for these things.

He took to denouncing some of the activities of the young people, particularly their dances. I think he was chagrined that he was not asked to deliver the baccalaureate sermon. Doctor Andrews, a dear old man, pastor of the other church, had been invited instead. To tell the truth, I thought John's popularity was on the wane. There had been some criticism throughout the state about his work in the prison, and one of the city papers had come out with an editorial on "Coddling the Prisoners at the State Penitentiary."

THE girls were all busy with their dresses. They were to wear white, with white slippers and white stockings. John kept putting me off about the dress, until I had barely time to make it. He was very busy and absorbed at the prison. A particularly notorious convict had just been sentenced to die; and John was using every bit of persuasion he possessed to convert him. He finally gave me a little money, however, and I bought a few yards of dotted swiss, and set out to make the dress. If ever I was thankful for my years of experience with a needle, I was thankful then.

A few days before the exercises, the gown was finished and Margaret tried it on. John and I were sitting in the living room after supper when Margaret appeared in the doorway of the bedroom. Of course she hadn't the slippers and stockings yet, but it didn't take much imagination to see how perfect she would look when the costume was complete.

I thought this would be a good time to speak to John about the slippers, and determined to do so, but changed my mind when I realized that the dress didn't please him at all. It was too low in the neck, and the shortness of the skirt shocked him! I tried to explain that it was the latest style; that all the new dresses were short, but it didn't do any good. He only made it the subject for a sermon to Margaret and me about modesty in dress.

To make matters worse, one of the girls had given Margaret a bit of rouge. She had been very pale since her illness, and had dabbed a little on her cheeks when she dressed. John was horrified that a daughter of his should be guilty of such worldly desires. The next Sunday he preached a sermon on "The New Short Skirts and the Paint Bucket."

As graduation day drew near, I knew I couldn't put off the matter of Margaret's slippers another minute, so I went to his study to talk to him about it

He refused flatly to allow her to have them. I pointed out that all the rest of the girls would wear white, and Margaret would look so out of place in a white dress and black shoes, but it made no difference. He was adamant.

"No, Grace, it is nothing but vanity.

(*Continued from page* 102)

If you had made her dress a proper length, her shoes wouldn't be noticed. If she must expose her legs, the less attention called to them the better. I won't have a daughter of mine painting her cheeks and exposing her body in an immodest fashion."

"But, John, she is only a little girl—a child! What does she know about such things? Haven't you any heart? Don't you care anything about her happiness? This is one of the most important occasions in her whole life. She has studied hard and made us proud of her. In a class of twelve, she is first—is valedictorian. Don't we owe her something for that? Please don't break her heart."

"NO, Grace, it's no use! I was willing for her to have a new dress, but this slipper business is nonsense. She has a perfectly good pair of shoes, bought only last month. Anything more would be catering to her vanity, and a sinful waste into the bargain."

There was no use trying to move him, so I left his study in despair. I was at my wits' end to know what to do. The white slippers would cost at least seven dollars, the very cheapest, and silk stockings two or three dollars more. I needed nine or ten dollars, at least.

I scarcely knew how to tell Margaret. The shoes she had were really shoes—black, with flat heels and laced up above the ankles. Her stockings, all she had, were coarse black cotton. All the rest of the girls in white, and Margaret wearing those horrible black shoes and stockings! The thought chilled me. It just couldn't be! There must be some way. There must be!

The day before graduation I spoke to John again—pleaded with him. But I might as well have talked to a stone. That night I lay awake all night trying to think of some way; and I did a thing I never believed I could be guilty of doing. I got up and stealthily went through my husband's pockets. But, like most amateur burglars, I stumbled over a chair and was caught. John woke up and, with the moonlight full upon me, could see what I was doing.

I don't want to dwell on that scene. It is too painful. I realize how terribly John felt at discovering his wife in such an act. Of course, being utterly incapable of appreciating my desperate need—that I was only trying to save Margaret from a terrible embarrassment—he could see nothing beyond the fact that his wife was a cheap thief; a woman who would rifle her husband's pockets to buy finery.

The next morning John left for the prison without speaking to me but, at the moment, I was not concerned with what he thought of me. I was concerned over Margaret and a pair of white slippers. Before noon I had a plan and went to see Doctor Grimm, determined to tell him the whole story. I knew he would understand, and I felt sure he would help me. But he was out of town. I tried to think of some one else, but could not think of any one who would understand. I dreaded telling Margaret.

When I got home, she met me at the door and asked me if we weren't going down to get her slippers. I had to tell her. As usual, she said nothing. But that peculiar, hurt look came into her eyes as she turned and went into her bedroom, and closed the door. How my heart ached! At that moment I began to hate her father. Later in the afternoon Margaret came out with her hat on. I asked her where she was going.

"I am going up to the prison to see Daddy," she said simply. It was the only time in her whole life when she hadn't quietly accepted things. That she was willing to go to her father showed me how desperate she was. After she had gone, I knelt down and prayed that John would understand her need.

I saw her coming back slowly toward the house, and I knew before I saw her face that she had not succeeded in her mission. Her footsteps dragged and, as she came into the room, there were tears in her eyes—almost the first tears I had ever seen there.

"Margaret," I began.

"Please, mother, let's not say any more about it." And she went into her bedroom again and closed the door. She wouldn't eat any supper, and I didn't see her again until she started for the high school. She had her dress on, and her essay under her arm. Her face was very pale, but there was no trace of tears. She had fought her little battle out alone, and went forth bravely to her Gethsemane.

How my heart ached! I wished I could tear it out of my body and crush it into the ground. To us older people, with all our big problems of life, a matter of black shoes and black cotton stockings with a white dress may seem a trivial thing; but in a young girl's life it is the essence of tragedy. Why, oh, why can't we remember and understand the sorrows of childhood? John would give his last ounce of strength and his last dollar to save the soul of a murderer, and crush the soul of his little daughter for the want of ten dollars.

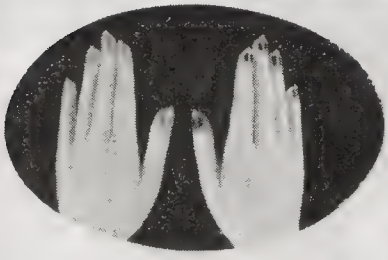
The stage was beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns. The hall was festooned with streamers of crêpe paper in the class colors—crimson and gold—and the ushers, the junior girls, had ribbons of those colors for sashes on their white dresses.

IT was a gay and lovely scene. We had seats close up to the front, reserved for the parents. By eight o'clock the hall was crowded and many were standing in the rear. The high school orchestra took its place down in front, and the members of the faculty came out on the stage, and sat at one side in the places reserved for them. In the center of the stage were twelve chairs, each with a big bow of the colors tied at one corner, arranged in a semicircle for the graduates. I can describe it all now; but then I was only dimly aware of the scene. My mind was on a pair of horrible black shoes, so grotesquely out of place amidst all this charm of color. I dreaded the time when the class would enter. There was a great lump in my throat, and I had to choke back my tears. My heart ached for Margaret, and I blamed myself for not being able, somehow, to have avoided this awful humiliation.

(*Continued on page* 106)

does the smart **business** *Woman wear* **tinted** *nails or* **natural ?**

Both!... Like other smart women today, she varies her nail tint with her gown... } *says world authority on the manicure*



Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues" . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. Contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—be sure your lipstick matches!

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

MISS JERRY MAXWELL • FASHION PUBLICIST • SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

You ABSOLUTELY can't tell the Girl with a Career from the social butterfly these days. She wears the same elegant clothes, lunches at the same smart restaurants and goes in for the same alluring Variety in nail tints.

The truth is they both know they can't afford *not to be smart.* And to be smart—in or out of business today—you simply can't stick to one lone shade of nail polish.

Besides, VARIETY in nail tints actually PAYS. Rose nails can make the simplest little dark blue frock look like a Paris original! And Coral finger tips with the new beiges make your arguments twice as convincing either in the office or at home!

Don't worry about choosing just the right shade for the right gown. You can always refer to the panel above.

But remember there's the necessity for quality as well as color. Cutex is famous for both. You can depend on Cutex Liquid Polish to have a grand lustre, go on smoothly, dry almost instantly, and never crack, peel, streak or fade. It even has a new bakelite cap with brush attached that can't touch the table top. That's efficiency for you!

Go right out and get your favorite Cutex shades today. You can start with a couple—but if you have any executive ability, you'll find time to use all five.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, London, Paris

Follow this easy Cutex Manicure . . . First scrub nails. Remove old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover and brush on your favorite shade of Cutex Liquid Polish. End with Cutex Nail White, Pencil or Cream, for accent . . . and a touch of the new Cutex Hand Cream. Smooths and whitens hands like magic . . . disappears instantly. Before retiring, use Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 5 other Manicure Essentials for 12¢

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I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked... ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal

_____

_____

Cutex *Liquid Polish..* **only 35¢**

(*Continued from page* 104)

The orchestra struck up the class song, and I knew the time had come. I couldn't have felt worse had I been going to my execution. I glanced at John, but he was nodding and smiling at Judge and Mrs. Scott, wholly oblivious to the heartbreak he had caused.

Down the aisle they came in single file, singing their class song, something about "Happy Hearts." First a boy in white trousers, white shoes and a blue coat, then a girl, all in white, carrying her flowers.

Margaret walked in the center of the line. Her face was pale, and there was an expression in her eyes that I had never seen there before. The nearest I can come to describing it is to say that she looked like pictures I have seen of persons who were facing death, and had become resigned. Her lips were going through the motions of singing, but I am sure she made no sound. The few steps she had to take after passing us until she began to ascend the steps on to the stage, seemed an age to me. The moment when those awful black shoes came into view I knew would be my death knell. I turned my head away. I couldn't stand it, but instinctively I knew by the whisperings and nudgings just when the audience spied them. The class took its place in the semicircle of chairs, Margaret in the center.

LOVELY, slender, silk-clad legs, noticeable because of the short skirts, stretched out in graceful lines beneath fluffy white chiffons, laces and mulls. Dainty white slippers, some with ribbon bows and others with glittering buckles, gave a fairy-like touch to the picture. A semicircle of white slippers marred by a pair of ugly, high-topped black shoes in the center. It made me think of a clean white sheet of paper with a big splotch of ink in the middle. Margaret, deathly white now, sat awkwardly trying to draw her shoes back under her chair. With nervous hands she kept pulling down her skirts in a vain effort to hide them. But her dress reached only a few inches below her knees, so her efforts were useless.

I have only a vague memory of the exercises. I recall when the principal introduced Margaret and the smile that flitted across the faces of the girls, as she got up to speak, but I heard but little what she said, because something seemed to be pounding in my head like a phonograph record that had stuck, and kept saying over and over, "Black shoes—black shoes — black shoes — black — shoes—"

Her subject was "Beauty", and I caught the last sentence—a plea for beauty.

"Don't let the black clouds mar the beauty of God's perfect sunset," she said in closing, and I kept repeating it all the way home and far into the dawn. "Don't let the black shoes mar the beauty—don't let the black shoes mar the beauty—don't let the black shoes mar the beauty—" I knew she had said "clouds," but it registered "shoes" in my weary brain.

But John slept peacefully and untroubled through the night.

Shortly after the graduation exercises, Margaret began to droop. Doctor Grimm recommended a change; but that was impossible, owing to John's opposition; so the doctor did the best he could for her. She rallied for a time under his care, but did not regain her strength, and went gradually into a decline until she was the shadow of her former self.

Her father was busy at the prison, working night and day to get a parole for one of his boys, so I was left much alone with Margaret. He didn't take her illness very seriously, especially since Doctor Grimm couldn't call it by name.

By the end of summer she was so white and frail that it seemed as if the faintest breath of air would waft her away. In talking to the doctor about her one day, he said, "Mrs. Rand, your daughter is one of the supersentitive souls that is affected by things that, to us ordinary beings, would seem of no consequence. She is as delicate and sensitive as a violin string, and you must be careful to see that her sensibilities aren't shocked. I think a change of environment would do her good—the mountains or the sea."

AGAIN I spoke to John about it, but he was not convinced. "There's no better place for her than right here at home," he said. "Give her plenty of fresh eggs and milk and keep her outdoors, and she'll snap out of it!"

One evening late in August, she asked to be moved out so she could see the sunset. Doctor Grimm picked her up in his arms—she was so frail—and carried her out to the back steps where he sat down and held her on his lap. The heavens were particularly glorious that night—all red and orange and purple, shot through with gold. Margaret lifted her eyes to the sky and they lighted up with a strange, unearthly light as she beheld the picture.

"God's beauty," she murmured softly. Her eyes closed slowly; there was a faint, tired little sigh—and she was gone.

The boys and girls of her class, dressed in their graduation costumes, acted as her pallbearers, and sang their class song over her grave.

* * *

That was the beginning of my hatred for my husband. The picture of that semicircle of white slippers with those ugly black shoes in the center, was indelibly etched on my mind and always connected with my husband as the cause. I saw him in my mind's eye as a cruel monster who had crushed out the life of my little girl just as surely as if he had deliberately murdered her. I was sure that the shock the doctor spoke of was the shock to her sensitive beauty-loving soul of having to face the audience in those black shoes and cotton stockings.

I kept brooding on it, night and day, until it seemed as if I would go mad, if I could not erase the picture from my mind. I began to hate the church, and everything that had to do with my husband's work. I resented everything he did for the prisoners or the parishioners. I refused to teach my Sunday school class, or take care of a single church duty.

Five years passed. I was known all over the village as "queer."

One evening my husband came home from the prison, and told me about one of the boys who had finished his sentence and had left that day. "Poor fellow," he said, "I took him downtown and bought him a suit of clothes and a new pair of shoes—"

He got no further. Screaming at the top of my voice, I picked up the bread knife with which I was cutting bread for supper, and rushed at him! "Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!" I screamed in a wild frenzy of madness. "Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!" He grabbed my wrist and wrenched the knife from me in time to save himself.

They took me to the city and out to the asylum where my husband told the authorities about my five years of queerness. He told them that I hadn't been right since my daughter's death.

I tried to tell them about the shoes, but no one would listen. They put me in a cell, padded all around. "So she won't hurt herself," I heard them say.

One day the doctor at the head of the institution brought a kind-faced man to see me. "Mrs. Rand," he said, "this is Doctor Steinblough. He wants to talk to you."

I have never seen so kind a man in my life as this famous doctor. He talked to me for a little while just as if I were any ordinary person and said he wanted me to come to his home and meet his wife. He didn't act as if he thought I was different from any other woman he might have met. I gladly consented, and Doctor Greyson said I might go.

We drove through lovely, shaded streets to a fine house, set back in the trees with flowerbeds and a fountain in the front yard. His wife, a sweet-faced, gray-haired lady, greeted us at the front door and made me feel right at home.

OH what a lovely home it was! The flowered curtains at the windows, gay cushions and rich, colorful rugs, made me feel kind of happy inside. Doctor Steinblough ushered me into the library, and Mrs. Steinblough came in and sat down to talk for a few minutes. She talked so pleasantly about so many interesting things, her flowers and the new book she was reading. Then she showed me the loveliest new embroidery stitch. Presently the maid came in with a big pitcher of lemonade on a bright red tray, with glasses and dainty napkins, and we all had a cool drink. I adored the pretty blue glasses. I had never seen anything like them before.

After our lemonade, Mrs. Steinblough arose to go. "I am going to leave you now, I think the doctor wants to talk to you," she said as she shook hands with me, and invited me to come again. It was all so pleasant that I could hardly believe it was happening to me.

After she had gone, the doctor leaned back in an easy chair, facing me, and began talking in a low, sweet voice about his wife.

"She is a dear," he said. "We have been married thirty years and have been happy most of the time, although we almost did come to blows once. That's usually the trouble with married couples; they start out all right, and then they run off the track and get to a place where

(*Continued on page* 108)

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(*Continued from page* 106)

they don't understand each other at all. That's the greatest thing in the world—understanding. Now I believe you have had a misunderstanding with your husband, haven't you, Mrs. Rand?"

"I hate him!" I blurted out, beginning to cry.

"Well—well—is that so? No doubt he deserves hating. Is it on account of the shoes you have been talking about?"

"He—he—" I couldn't go any further. It was the first time any one had talked so kindly to me, and I burst out crying.

Doctor Steinblough patted my shoulder kindly, and told me he didn't blame me; that a good cry always did a person good. Then he said, "Mrs. Rand, I want you to tell me all about these shoes, won't you?"

We talked, for hours it seemed, and I told him everything from the day I was married; all the things that had been troubling me. And finally about Margaret's black shoes, and how I could always see them and they wouldn't go out of my mind, and about how she died looking at the sunset; how John bought new shoes for the convicts, and wouldn't buy slippers for Margaret, and how I began hating him and hating him until I wanted to kill him. The doctor asked me a lot of questions and called me "poor little woman" in a sympathetic way.

I stayed there at Doctor Steinblough's house for a long time. Then one day John came to see me. He was so changed he didn't seem like my husband at all.

We sat out in the garden and had a long talk. He told me he had lost his position at the prison—that the state had taken it away from him after an investigating committee had reported that he was "coddling" the prisoners.

His whole attitude toward me was changed. He told me that the bishop of the district had sent for him, and they had had a long talk. It seems that Doctor Steinblough and the bishop were old friends, and Doctor Steinblough had told him about my case. John said the bishop had showed him how wrong he had been, and made him realize that charity begins at home.

The bishop had transferred him to another church in the northern part of the state where there were trees and water, and we were to go there and begin all over again.

After my talk with John, the pain seemed to go right out of my head and the hate melted out of my heart. I felt happier than I had felt in years.

There isn't much more to tell. At last, the money came from the Government, and John insisted that I take a good share of it and go shopping.

Doctor Steinblough's kind wife went with me and helped me select a new dress and the things to go with it. Then I bought some things for my new home and had them shipped. The doctor's wife insisted that I have two dresses. Oh, how dressed up I felt, in a bright flowered crêpe with a new hat, gloves and slippers—and they were white slippers!

"No more black," she said. Then she took me to a beauty parlor where a sweet-faced girl washed my hair and made it all wavy with a hot iron—marcel—she called it—and they put some sweet-smelling powder on my face, and fixed my nails, all nice and shiny. Oh, I felt so happy inside! When John saw me he took me in his arms and kissed me, and there were tears in his eyes. He seemed just like a little boy that had been whipped and needed to be petted and taken care of.

That all happened several years ago. We are growing old now, John and I, but our last years are the happiest. We have a nice little home next to the church. I have bright, flowered curtains at my windows, pictures on the walls, and rugs, and we each have an easy chair.

The Man I Can Never Forget

(*Continued from page* 41)

mother and the boys. My father very reluctantly seconded the invitation. In this manner I met Kenneth Carlisle.

Ken came out to the house frequently, and the folks all seemed to like him. His manners were perfect. He was friendly with the young people, and deferential to his elders. The girls were crazy over him.

After I met Ken, poor Alyn faded out of the picture. He did not seem to care, but went on his own serene way. Alyn was building up quite a good practice, and had fallen heir to Doctor Brandon's patients as well; for the older man had retired and gone to New York to reside with his only daughter who had married well, and was quite content to have her father take life easy in his declining years.

I HAVE often wondered just what Alyn's thoughts were. He must have thought that Ken was just another of my mental vagaries. I met Ken whenever I could get away from my home duties, and our favorite meeting place was the bridge that spanned the creek near home. There was nothing clandestine in our actions. I just met him.

"Nancy," said mother one day, as we were churning in the spring-house, "I wish you would not see that young man so often. He seems very nice, and I have no fault to find with him personally, but don't you think you are treating Alyn rather cavalierly? We know who Alyn is, but that young Mr. Carlisle is a stranger to us. So, my dear, do be careful."

"Why, mother, he is just my hero," I answered, "and I am sure he is head over heels in love with me."

"For shame, Nancy! You engaged to marry another man."

"'There's many a slip—'" I replied saucily.

"I'll hear no more of this nonsense," replied mother sternly. I let the matter drop. There was no use antagonizing her.

In spite of mother's caution, I still continued to meet Ken almost daily. One day as I was standing on the bridge, idly watching a school of minnows at play, Ken came quietly along and stood beside me. He picked up some small stones and thoughtfully skimmed them over the water.

"What's on your mind, sir?" I queried.

"You, Nancy," he answered gravely.

"Rather a heavy load, isn't it?" I asked lightly.

"Yes," he said, and smiled.

FOR the space of several minutes we were silent.

"Nancy darling," he asked suddenly, "will you marry me?" My heart gave an exultant leap. They had come at last, the glorious words I had unconsciously been waiting for. Some remnant of caution, however, bade me answer as I did.

"But, Ken dear, I hardly know you," I stammered.

"Time will overcome that obstacle," he answered smiling.

"You do love me, don't you, sweetheart? I know I am a poor man, and it takes considerable grit to ask a glorious girl like you to share my humble lot. I haven't much to offer you of this world's goods, except Uncle's legacy, my homestead in this Western state and two good hands to work for you. I'll be awfully good to you, Nancy girl."

"Ken, I do love you," I confessed. "I have loved you since the day I first saw you at the depot, and our glances crossed."

"DEAR heart!" he breathed, and stepped forward eagerly. I held up my hand protestingly.

"Wait! I will give you my answer tomorrow." I turned and left him abruptly. I was radiant with happiness. My Ken!

In the short time I had known Ken, I felt as if we had been friends for years. I loved him with an intensity that I did not, at the time, understand. Gone was my prosaic future with Alyn Grant; for on the morrow I fully intended to accept Ken's offer. Alyn had ceased to exist, he had passed out of my life forever! How little we know the future that Fate has in store for us.

What would my parents say? I was not yet twenty. The thought brought me back to earth and I walked on with my mind in a chaotic whirl. Kansas did seem a frightfully long way from home and mother. Yet had Kenneth Carlisle suggested the moon as an abiding place, it would have been acceptable to me. It would be hard, though, to face the unknown with a strange young man. Then the remembrance of Ken's dear face drove such disloyal thoughts from my mind.

We met next day at our trysting place.

He was there before me and when he heard my approaching steps, he turned and held outstretched arms toward me. I walked blindly into them, and thus my fate was sealed.

"Your answer is 'yes,' Nancy darling?"

I nodded mutely, for I could not speak.

How long we stood there in a close embrace, I do not know; but presently I stirred within his arms.

"I must be getting back, Ken," I told him. "We are busy at the house today, and this is stolen time."

He released me reluctantly.

"Nancy, I am calling on your parents tonight to get their consent to give to me one of their dearest possessions," he said whimsically. "I wonder—"

He walked with me to the end of our lane, where I shyly said good-by to him.

He, true to his word, called that evening at seven, as he had said he would. Mother met him and ushered him into the library while I, in a panic of fear and trembling, fled to my own room, fearful of the outcome.

I never knew what happened within those four walls that night. Mother and father were closeted with the only man I ever loved for over an hour, while I paced the floor, back and forth, almost frantic with nervous apprehension. An hour later, he left the house. I threw myself on my bed in an agony of doubt.

MOTHER came to my room shortly after Ken left, and gave me to understand in pretty plain language what she thought of my underhand conduct toward the man to whom I was supposed to be engaged, Alyn Grant.

She accused me of playing with the hearts of two good men. Her ultimatum was to the effect that I stay about the house until such time as she saw fit to release me from punishment for my folly. Woe betide me if I ever as much as attempted to meet Kenneth Carlisle again! For the first time in my healthy young life, I fainted.

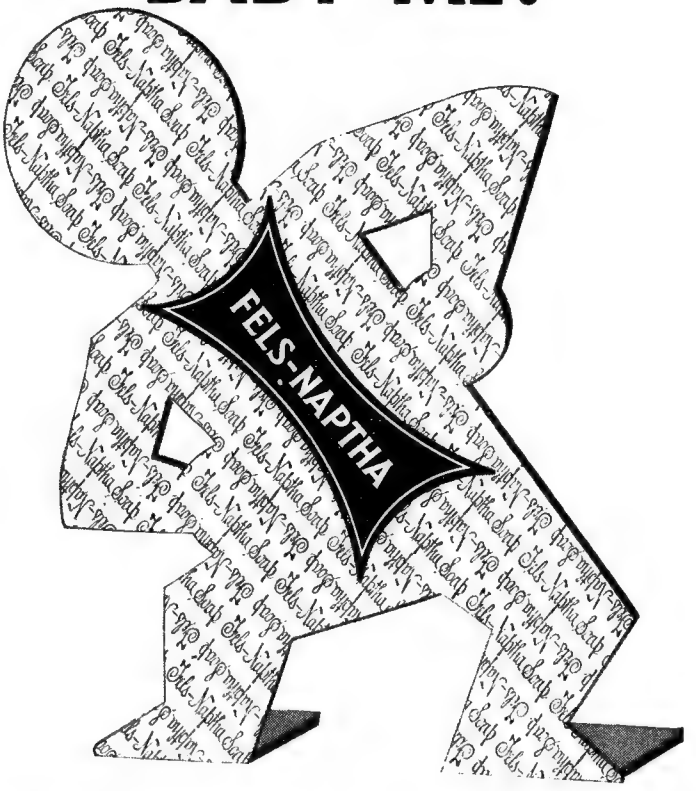
I almost fretted myself into an illness when my youngest brother casually mentioned that young Carlisle had left town.

After Ken's disappearance, the embargo was lifted, and I was free to roam around once more. A few days later I went to the post office as of yore. Among some other mail was a letter to me, addressed in an unknown handwriting. Sensing that it concerned Ken in some manner, I hastily secreted it in my dress and hurried to a secluded spot to read it.

It was from Ken. Strange that I had never seen his writing before! He had not left town as was reported, but was staying at his uncle's place—his now! He was in retirement, waiting for an opportunity to communicate with me. Hearing or seeing me not at all, and knowing that I would eventually go to the post office for mail, he took a chance and wrote to me.

He asked me to meet him, two days later. If I did not come, he would give me another day's grace. Then if I did not meet him, he would leave for the West, knowing that I had abided by my parents' wishes, and was through with him for all time. He would respect those wishes.

LADY— YOU DON'T HAVE TO BABY ME!



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Meet him! By that time, I think I would have waded through molten lava to go to him! He still loved me, and had not left me to grieve my heart out.

I did meet him, and he told me that both father and mother absolutely refused to let me marry him. They did not give any reason, except that I was engaged to marry a most desirable young man of good family, and whose antecedents were well known to the family, while he, Ken, was a perfect stranger and a nephew of queer old Mr. Dingle. Also, mother objected strenuously to the idea of my going so far from home.

"I hate to ask you to do this, dear, but it is the only way out, and I am not going to give you up. Come here tomorrow at this time. I'll have a rig ready, and we will go to Weston and be married. When the knot is tied irrevocably, they will have to relent and we will live on my place. If they do not, we will go to Kansas. I prefer the open spaces, myself."

We argued about it for a time for, up to the present time, I had been an obedient daughter. But I simply could not give up Ken, and I was willing just then to make any sacrifice to please him. Finally he won my promise to marry him the next day. We would be married and I would go home immediately after the ceremony to say nothing about it until such time as we saw fit to announce our new relationship.

I MET him the next day at the appointed place as I had promised. We drove to the town of Weston and were married. That night, instead of going home as I had planned, I was on my way to Kansas with my husband. All I possessed in the wide world was a brand-new wedding ring, less than four dollars in my pocket and the clothes I stood in. I wrote to Mother from Pittsburgh, asking to be forgiven and for her please to send my dower chest. For years I never heard from my home or people. I was an outcast!

For days and nights we traveled; I thought we would never reach our destination. I was homesick and frightened, but Ken was wonderfully patient with me and so thoughtful. But oh, how I missed my mother. I had never been so far away from her before.

We finally reached the city nearest to my new home. Ken had left a pair of perfectly matched coal-black horses and a buckboard at a livery stable, to be cared for while he was in the East. As his land was about twenty miles further west, and it was afternoon when we arrived in the city, he decided to stay there all night and start for his ranch early next day.

As I had some necessary purchases to make, Ken very kindly gave me a generous amount of money which more than covered my needs, and I spent the afternoon in an orgy of shopping. I did not see my husband until late in the day as he had been occupied with business affairs of his own.

Next morning we started out for home and, as the horses were fresh, we skimmed along at a great rate and finally reached the ranch about dusk. Too tired from my ride to pay much attention to my surroundings, I got a pick-up supper and retired early. How I slept that night away out on that lonely prairie, scared to death at every sound.

At break of day I arose and dressed swiftly and noiselessly. Then I left the house to see my new surroundings. Never will I forget the sight that met my eyes that morning. As far as I could see, there was nothing but unbroken prairie. Not a house nor an outbuilding, except those in the midst of which I stood. I cannot describe the magnificent sight when the sun arose upon the far horizon. It seemed to pop right out of the earth, a big ball of fire. That vast and limitless prairie—my only home for a decade of years! My prairie, where I reached the highest pinnacle of happiness and plumbed the depth of despair!

Our place, as I learned later, was back from the main road—a mere wagon track across the prairie—about a mile. Unless we went to town, it was sometimes months that I did not see a human being except my own family. Although I missed my people and friends sadly, I made the best of it, and set to work bravely to help bring order out of chaos.

I worked hard and, under my supervision, Ken made some furniture and put up shelves in a little room I used as a pantry. He even added a lean-to kitchen from some lumber he brought from the city. I was as happy as a lark and sang all day long as I worked.

Two years to the day that I was married, my first child was born—a beautiful blue-eyed, black-haired boy, Ken's replica to a dot. My happiness was complete.

We had a nurse come out from the city, who stayed with me for a full month, when she had a call to another case, and had to leave me.

I had, of course, never been used to babies, and little John Kenneth looked so small and breakable to be left in my inexperienced hands. I always put blankets on the table and laid him on that for his daily bath, as he seemed so slippery he always slid off my lap.

However, I got used to him in time, and life flowed on smoothly as before.

KEN worshiped our child. He built a little box sled on wooden runners in which we could pull him over the slippery buffalo grass which grew on the prairie. Once each month Ken took us to the city. It was always a two-day trip and broke the monotony of the prairie. We always bought our supplies at that time and he always saw to it that I had plenty of reading matter for my leisure moments. Scarce now, since the advent of little John (named for my father and Ken).

At the end of eighteen months, John's little sister arrived, and Mrs. Kyle was again with me. Little Marcia was another blue-eyed baby with reddish brown hair. I named her for my mother.

My past life was gradually fading; for now I had a new and interesting world of my own, that completely filled my time. By now I was a typical prairie wife, inured to winds and heat and storms. We had prospered and, by degrees, we added more and more to the comforts of our house.

Thus time ran on until I had been a wife for six years. My boy was four, and his sister two and a half. Such beautiful children, it seemed a shame to waste their beauty on just us two.

Ken and I had been talking lately of the time when it would be necessary to send Brother to school.

Ken came in from the barn one night and sat for a long time before the fire, thinking. I wondered what was on his mind.

"Nan," he said suddenly, "two years from now we are going to leave this place and go to some city. How would you like to go back east? We could fix up Uncle's place, and the little tots can get an education. I am becoming tired of this grind."

Go home! What a wonderful thought! I could have shouted with joy. I got up from my seat, threw my arms around Ken's neck and broke into a paroxysm of weeping. I would see my people once more, and when they saw my beautiful children, surely they would relent and take me to their hearts again.

"Nancy dear, I never knew you felt that way about it! You are always so cheerful, I never realized how lonely you must feel."

"Ken, anywhere with you will always be heaven to me," I answered. "But I would like to see my folks again. All these years, and no word from them. They may be dead."

"Oh, no, I do not think so," he said. "They were hardly in their prime of life six years ago. I think they are all right."

I was looking eagerly forward to our journey east, and thinking what a sensation it would cause in our town when I arrived with my husband and two beautiful children, when Fate dealt me a blow.

SOMETIMES my heart would feel heavy, for Ken and I had built this happy home together, and I had grown to like the prairie.

Suppose, after we were in the more populated town, my Ken should meet some other woman he would take a fancy to and break my heart? Then I would think how ridiculous I was becoming, and would scold myself in a vigorous manner. Ken had been to the city the day before, to list our place for sale. On his return he brought some boxes to ship our household goods in.

I was packing some blankets in the bottom of a box, when I became dizzy and pitched headlong into the box. I remember nothing else until I came to and found myself in bed, and Ken nearly frantic with fear. I was camphor from head to foot. I found that for the third time I was approaching motherhood. We postponed our trip until I should be safely through my ordeal.

From that day, things started to go wrong. I could not lay my hand on the trouble, but it was there, nevertheless. Ken was becoming irritable. If one of the dogs barked in the night he flew into a rage and threatened to shoot it. He whipped our little boy one day for some trivial, childish misdemeanor, and stalked out of the house in a sulky rage at the least provocation.

Ken! The best natured of men! I was becoming worried, I lost my appetite and could not sleep at night as I should, and feared, I knew not what.

It could not be money matters, for we had a comfortable balance at the bank

in town, and I knew that Ken had never transferred his uncle's legacy from the bank at Weston. I think he always had the intention of eventually going back east, to make our permanent home.

Ken recovered from his grouchy spell after awhile, and life was worth living once more.

However, I was not as well as I should have been. And one day when I fainted again, Ken was frightened, and suggested that I take the children and go to stay with Mrs. Kyle in town where I would be near the doctor, in case I should be seriously ill and need him in a hurry.

I arranged everything so Ken would be comfortable during my absence, and the next day Ken trundled the children and me off to town. It was well he did; for four days later, my third child was born prematurely, a delicate, puny little boy who died two hours after his birth, and in passing from this world, nearly took his mother with him. I was desperately ill for three weeks. I stayed in town for five weeks, and when I was at last strong enough to go back, Ken came and took us home and I was glad to be there.

Once again my thoughts turned to packing when little John became fretful; had a high fever and cried continually for water.

As neither of the children had ever been ill, I thought it was a cold, and doctored him with all my home remedies that were available. When his sister came down with the same symptoms, I became thoroughly alarmed and sent Ken pell-mell for the doctor.

I WAS nearly frantic with fear. Miles from human habitation, with two desperately sick children on my hands! Ken came back, bringing both the doctor and Mrs. Kyle. The doctor pronounced it diphtheria and left some medicine, but was obliged to hurry back to town. The nurse and I battled heroically to stave off the grim reaper, but to no avail. For in a few more days, I was left childless. Both my beautiful children had gone to that bourne from which no traveler returns.

I collapsed utterly. The mental strain, my recent illness, and the long hours of nursing were too much for me, and once more I was ill unto death. Ken and the doctor took the children to town and buried them in the rural cemetery. I was spared that ordeal, for I was unconscious during that time.

I finally recovered. I had to! I was a farmer's wife, and there was work to do. I put the packing boxes out in the barn. I had to stay near my babies! Two more years passed over our heads. Ken had been wonderful to me in my great need. I was thankful I had him left. He seemed to have recovered.

One evening when I called him to come to supper, he did not answer. And a few minutes later, he rode furiously past the kitchen window. Ken was off on another wild spell. Once again I was alone on that vast prairie, facing—what?

The next afternoon he came back, passed by me without a word, and threw himself on the bed fully clothed. He was so haggard and tired looking that my heart went out to him in pity.

He became morose and sulky. He

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"But three years ago I read in a magazine that steam, delicious smelling though it might be, was wasteful . . . because it was really the precious fruit juice itself escaping from the jelly kettle.

"So, just out of curiosity, I decided to try the Certo short-boil method . . . a method which, so the magazine said, required only one minute's hard boiling time for most fruits, and for some fruits even less!

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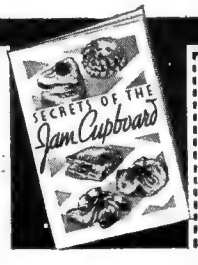

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never spoke to me, nor I to him. I was numb with despair. My Ken!

He became abusive. One day he tripped over one of the dogs who was sunning himself on the door sill. He beat that poor, unfortunate animal until I, in sheer desperation, intervened. He let go of the dog and hit me a glancing blow that caught me in the side and sent me reeling across the kitchen table. It was at that moment I realized that I had a madman to contend with. I knew if I were to live much longer, I would have to find means to have Ken taken care of until he was cured or—I dared not think the rest. While I was still sane, I must attend to our future.

I laid my plans accordingly. I would wait until such time as Ken rode away; then I would take the other horse and, under the cover of merciful night, I would ride to the city and to the doctor. I knew he would tell me what was best to do. In some uncanny manner Ken seemed to divine my intention, for the next time he left the place he took *both* horses, riding Blackbird and leading Coalie.

Well, if I could not ride, I would walk! It might take me some time but, if my strength held out and I had luck, I would get there eventually. I waited until feeding time, when I fed and watered every dependent animal on the place, then turned them loose to get along as best they could until I returned. If anything were to happen to me, and I failed to return, they would have a fighting chance anyway.

I PACKED a few essentials and some food. Then sweeping the prairie for some signs of Ken or the horses, and the way seeming clear, at dusk I set out on my long journey. I could get necessary funds in town, as I had an account in the bank.

But the best made plans often go wrong. I had walked, I imagine, about two or three miles in Stygian blackness, when there loomed directly ahead of me a dark shape. At the same time I saw the horse, Coalie whinnied, and Ken stepped out of the night and caught me to him in a fierce embrace. I wanted to scream, for I was wild with fright and my heart beat to suffocation.

Surely Ken must have felt it! He spoke no word, but lifting me bodily set me on Coalie's back and vaulting into his own saddle, we turned toward home.

Arriving there, he turned the horses loose and, still holding me with an iron clasp on my arm, he led me into the house. We sat on chairs on opposite sides of the kitchen, and if Ken took his eyes off me that night, I did not know it.

In the morning, at daybreak, I got breakfast as usual. He did not say one word to me. When he had finished his meal he arose from the table and taking a loaf of bread and a jug of water, went toward the barn. He fed the horses and later came into the house where I was washing the dishes. I remember his hitting me on the side of the head with his fist, and that was the last I did know, until sometime later when I came to and found myself lying on the ground out by the corn-crib, and tied with a rope and a cow chain. A loaf of bread and a jug of water had been set within reach of my hand. When I tried to get up, I discovered the cow chain had been attached to the corn crib. There I was, tied like an animal, and Ken off on another wild orgy!

I supposed, years later, some lonely traveler would find my bones, and wonder what had happened. Then I thanked God for removing my babies from this world. There was no use crying over my plight, so I tried to get loose, but could not.

The agony I endured was frightful. I was not sure that Ken would come back. Suppose a cyclone should come while I was tied—what would I do?

Two days later, I saw my husband peeping around the corner of the barn. I feigned indifference and, in an hour or so, he came and took the chain off my ankle. All this time he never uttered a word but the look in his eyes was indescribable. I was nearly crazy myself, but I did not dare to show my fear. It would have meant death, I am sure.

I was at his mercy, and he knew it! My Ken, whom I still loved better than anything on earth, to treat me so! For I know I was all in all to him. But he could not help it. I must get help! I would watch my chance, and escape somehow. He would have to sleep sometime. If only I had something to put in his coffee that would keep him in a stupor long enough for me to make my get-away. I would take both horses and the buckboard, and he could not catch me on foot!

He never seemed to need sleep, and the next day he took another turn. Instead of being taciturn he grew loquacious, and accused me of all the vile things his disordered brain could conceive. I tried to pacify him, but he became infuriated and struck me again and again.

I was praying and hoping that in some way help would come. I must have relief, I cared not how! This could not go on indefinitely. He became furiously angry at his horse Blackbird, and struck him. Blackbird reared and brought his front feet down within an inch of Ken's head. I was terrified, and losing the grip on my nerves, I screamed.

THEN Ken was a raging demon! He left the horse and ran over to me. On his way, he picked up an old tug chain and beat me into insensibility, then tied me to the corn-crib again. Leaving me for dead, he rode away on a horse that was little short of a killer. How long I lay there I do not know, but I was aroused by the hoof-beats of a horse close by.

I saw a strange man on horseback. I managed to attract his attention, and he approached me warily. I suppose he thought I was some mad creature tied and chained for safety and I know I must have looked the part. My eyes were bloodshot, and my hair was streaming down my back. My clothes were sticking to my body where the chain had drawn blood. I must have looked repulsive. The man loosened my fetters, but when I attempted to stand, the exertion was too great, and I fainted dead away.

My rescuer carried me into the house and laid me on the bed, and when I came out of my faint he was bathing my face and wrists with cold water.

I told him my dreadful plight, and asked him to telegraph my brother in Pennsylvania.

When I was able to move he hitched Coalie and his own horse to our buckboard, and took me to town. We went to Mrs. Kyle's and she called the doctor. For awhile I was ill from the fright and beating. Then one day my brother Van walked in, accompanied by Doctor Alyn Grant. Alyn took charge of my case and I soon recovered.

Van, with two deputy sheriffs, scoured the country, looking for Ken. It seemed that Ken had gone to town and acted in a peculiar manner, and the man who found me had been sent out to see what was wrong. Mr. Trimble saved my life, for if he had not arrived when he did, I might have died and no one would have been any the wiser.

I never saw Ken again. They told me he had been taken to an asylum for the insane, but when I asked to see him they put me off with an evasive answer. When Alyn thought I could stand the shock, he and Van told me the truth.

My poor, dear Ken had been found lying face turned to the sky, back from the highway, dead. His face and chest were battered beyond recognition. He and Blackbird must have had a terrific struggle and Blackbird rearing, had struck Ken with his hoofs, rendering him unconscious. With Ken still holding the rein, Blackbird had reared and struggled to free himself, at last succeeding. My brother disposed of the stock, put the ranch up for sale, and he and Alyn took me home.

MY family received me with open arms. It was heaven to be in quiet waters once more, a peaceful haven.

Once I told them the story, and they never asked me to repeat it. It was not mentioned; they wanted me to forget. My father knew that Ken's mother had died in a madhouse and that was why they had objected to our marriage.

A year had passed. Quiet, gentle Alyn asked me to marry him, and forget and forgive the past. I begged for time. When again he asked me, a year later, I married him in my father's house.

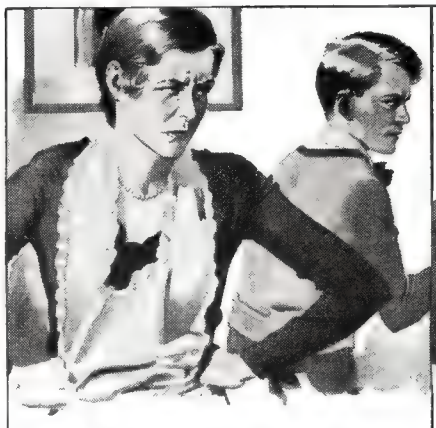
We have prospered. Alyn is a specialist in children's diseases, and I am turning Ken's ten acres, along with the ten thousand dollars, over to Alyn to start a children's hospital as a monument to Ken and my children.

When the hospital is built, we shall build a house in one corner of the grounds and reside there; and I shall devote most of my time to trying to make the little inmates of the hospital comfortable and happy.

Alyn is a wonderful husband to me, and I am trying to be a happy and affectionate wife, as I esteem him highly. I could do no less, for he saved my life and reason when I was on the borderland of the great divide!

He travels far abroad at times, for he is fast arriving at the top of his profession, and attends conventions in many states. I travel with him sometimes, but never, in all my journeys, do I go near the state of Kansas. I can not! I have lived! I have tasted the joys of heaven, and drunk of the waters of hades! I am content to settle down in peace.

Is she to be a failure as a mother?



"CROSS PATCH!" SHE'D HEARD HIM SAY BEHIND HER BACK . . . AND SHE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

WHY HAD SHE BEEN SO IRRITABLE? WHY HAD SHE SO COMPLETELY LOST HER TEMPER?

WHAT WAS THE MATTER? WHAT WAS MAKING HER LOSE THE LOVE AND CONFIDENCE OF HER CHILDREN?

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A Woman's Greatest Temptation

(*Continued from page* 53)

attractive tea shop, I felt all thrilled, keyed up, expectant, although I only had been asked to do some overtime work. This just shows how dismal my home was—how far apart my husband and I had grown.

If I had wanted to, I could not have flattered myself into thinking that Mr. Staunton had kept me for my society, because, he really had a lot of work for me to do. Still, he had asked me, not one of the other stenographers. And no doubt because we were alone, he was more formal than usual, not quite so breezy and jolly.

It was nine o'clock when we finished.

"May I give you a lift, Miss Medford?" he asked. "My car is right over here in a parking station."

"Thanks. You may put me on the E car," I replied.

"Right-o!" he agreed pleasantly. "Mighty nice of you to stick around and slave all evening."

I knew I'd get overtime pay. The firm was nice about this, I had been told. "Oh, I didn't mind at all," I said. "In fact I like to stay downtown in the evening."

He looked at me in surprise. "You do?"

"YES. It seems rather festive."

Again he regarded me in what I thought was surprise.

"Well, I wouldn't call it very festive—working all evening."

We were now in his long, low, high-powered roadster. I leaned back luxuriously and half closed my eyes, feeling the breeze fan my face which was hot with excitement—an excitement I did not at that time analyze. The ride was only too short.

"Turn here," I directed. "That's where I get my car."

"Why not let me run you home?" he suggested.

"Oh, no! But thanks just the same."

"Really, I'd enjoy a little spin—get some fresh air in my lungs," he persisted.

How much I wanted to be driven home—by *him!* But I did not yield to the temptation. I could not have invited him into my home and he would have thought that strange. There was finality in my tone as I replied:

"I'd rather you put me on my car."

"O. K.," he consented cheerfully.

I knew what he was thinking—that my home was so humble that I was ashamed of it. This hurt my pride a bit, but I preferred having him think that to knowing the truth—that I was married. Even with this admission, I did not fully realize the extent of his attraction for me.

Again thanking me for the evening's work, he put me on the E car and said good-night.

It was less than a week later that he again asked me if I could stay in the evening. With my heart beating high, I said that I could.

Toward seven o'clock, I began to get a bit hungry. My part of the work had lulled a bit, and there wasn't much I could do until he finished with some papers he was working on. So I got up and put on my hat, telling him that I was going out for a bite to eat.

"Why not let me join you?" he asked. "There's a good place up the street, but it is a restaurant. Perhaps you prefer a tea room?"

"Yes, I do," I answered truthfully.

"Fair enough! And you don't mind if I tag along?"

"Not at all. In fact, I enjoy a dinner companion. Hasn't some one said that intelligent conversation aids digestion?"

"Intelligent conversation! Lady, lady! Don't expect too much of a poor working man," he laughed. "But I'll do my humble best."

It was a very gay meal; he was most entertaining. And he seemed in no hurry at all. When he paid the check I did not remonstrate. I thought it would be in poor taste not to accept his hospitality. Wasn't I giving the evening to accommodate him? Some firms provide what is called "supper money", I had been told. Thus I argued with myself that it was all right to let him pay for my dinner.

Again at the office, he was more formal, and attended strictly to business. And again he drove me to my car and put me on it. He suggested taking me home, but he did not insist. I was grateful for this.

The next time I stayed to work in the evening, we finished up in less than an hour after dinner. A dinner we had together again.

"Do you have to hurry right home?" he asked, with a charming hesitancy. "Couldn't we take in a show or something?"

A SHOW! To see a show *with him* would be perfect! I was a bit breathless as I answered, "That'd be fun."

His blue eyes glowed warmly as they rested on me. I could read his admiration, his liking for me, in his approving glance, the tone of his voice, the protecting way he had of ushering me through a crowd. But he had never, thus far, put his feeling into words. Of course I did not want him to do this. I must not let him. Still—

I called mother up, and told her that as we had finished early, we were going to a show. I had not told her that the other girls worked nights when I did, but she thought they did, and I did not correct this impression. Mr. Staunton was right there when I phoned mother and heard what I said. Naturally, he thought I was a single girl living at home. I did not correct this impression, either.

I thoroughly enjoyed the show. Enjoyed it more than I had enjoyed anything in a long while. In the darkness of the theater, Mr. Staunton reached over and took my hand in his. I withdrew it, but not before it had lingered one exquisite second.

I tried to take myself to task. I told myself that I was married—married to a blind man. But resentment, instead of pity, toward my husband welled up in my heart. It was terrible to lose one's sight, I granted. But Jack was a young man. He had good health and an excellent education. As a newspaper man he had had the promise of a brilliant future. He had a wife and a baby—duties. Why shouldn't he put up a fight, make some effort? Other men handicapped by blindness had achieved things; some of them great things. Here my attention was attracted to the stage.

"You're going to let me take you home tonight?" Mr. Staunton queried after the show.

"Yes," I acquiesced, realizing it would be too late to invite him in. Mother and Jack and the baby would all be in bed and asleep.

That drive home was memorable. Slowly we wound our way along palm-bordered streets, again under feathery pepper trees while the moon sailed high overhead. I was intoxicated with the beauty of the night in this most beautiful of all semi-tropical cities. Intoxicated with the joy of being young and pretty, and admired by a perfectly wonderful young man, who could have his choice of girl friends. I slid down in the seat close beside him, as I had seen other girls do.

He glanced down at me and smiled. "Do you know you're the sweetest little girl I ever knew?" he said earnestly. Then he added with a laugh, "And I've known quite a few."

"I can easily believe that!" I answered gayly.

"But you're so remote, so—unapproachable. There seems to be a barrier between us."

Now was the time to tell him that I was married. But if I did, all this would be changed. There would be no more delightful evenings together. He was not the sort of man to trifle with a married woman, I felt sure. I wasn't strong enough to put him and this new-found pleasure out of my life.

"I—remote?" I laughed. "Remote implies distant, doesn't it? And I'm not an inch distant from you." I glanced at my shoulder, which rubbed against his.

"ALL right! You've convinced me you're not remote. Now try to convince me you're not sweet."

With that he slipped his arm about me, drew me close to him and kissed me. Oh, the bliss of that kiss! I was powerless to resist it. Powerless to arouse myself—to do and say the right things. In an ecstatic trance, we went on.

That was the beginning of the end. Oftener and oftener I stayed downtown in the evening, ostensibly to work; in reality to dine and dance, to attend a show or go for a glorious drive, sometimes down to the beach, sometimes up in the hills—with Phil. Now we were Gerry and Phil to each other when not in the office.

If, at any time, Jack had shown an interest in me and what I was doing, concern because I worked so many evenings, things might have been different.

Mother was afraid I would overdo it, but she was careful not to say so before Jack, lest she hurt his feelings. While

mother sympathized with me, she also sympathized with and understood Jack.

"You must be patient, daughter," she often said. "Poor Jack is still dazed by the sheer awfulness of the calamity that has befallen him. But if we who love him are patient, he'll come out of it all right. Then you can be happy together again."

At such times I felt dreadfully guilty, and resolved to tell Phil everything and give him up. But Jack was so unresponsive to my friendly advances that I felt repulsed and defiant. If he wanted to be let alone, I'd let him alone. There was some one who did enjoy my society. Jack had the baby, his sole consolation; all that he seemed to need and want.

Mother talked with Doctor Blake about Jack's absorption in the baby, asking if it weren't unusual, abnormal. But the good old doctor assured her it was quite normal for a person suffering as Jack was suffering to shun adults, sometimes all human beings, and accept the devotion of a pet, a dog or cat, a bird or monkey, a creature that would love him without question or criticism. To Baby Felice, Jack was whole and well, and without fault. In his present condition this was what he needed.

It was Doctor Blake, too, who brought us news of the remarkable success an eye specialist in San Francisco was having. Jack's face kindled with hope as he listened.

"Isn't that splendid!" I cried. "I told you, Jack, that some day we'd find a doctor who could restore your sight. You must go up there right away."

"Yes, it's worth trying," urged mother.

"IT'S worth trying," agreed Doctor Blake. "I have business up there myself next week, and I'll be glad to take you along."

The flame of hope in Jack's face faded. "A renowned specialist like that would be expensive. I can't afford it."

"Can't afford it!" mother and I cried in unison. Then mother went on, "Why, Jack, if it costs every cent we all have, it will be worth it—a hundred times. Don't count the cost. Just go along with Doctor Blake."

Thus it was arranged.

The following week Doctor Blake and Jack took a train for San Francisco.

When the doctor returned to Los Angeles he told us the specialist had examined Jack's eyes and would operate, but he did not promise anything. The chances of success and failure were about even. But Jack was all buoyed up; he seemed quite his old self.

We noticed this in the letters Jack dictated to a nurse. They were hopeful, optimistic. Now that he was away from us, with the prospect of again being able to see, he seemed to appreciate us, mother and me. He had always appreciated his baby. His letters were full of her, his dreams of seeing her and of instructions to mother for her care. We smiled at this. To think he knew more about the care of a child than mother did!

It was while Jack was in the hospital in San Francisco that Phil Staunton brought our affair to a crisis by asking me to marry him. Inevitable as this was, I truly was unprepared for it. Just at that time, I was preoccupied with

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"Chic" Sale—The Specialist tells about the Too critical Critic

JUNIPER QUINCEBERRY, theater critic fer The Durham Star, took a delight in findin' fault with shows. He'd even walk in a theater in the mornin' and shake his fist at the empty stage.

Well sir, things went from bad to worse. As far as he could see, there wasn't *any* thing any good. He got so mean he received several offers to work fer newspapers in big cities, but he turned them down because he said the newspapers was no good. Finally he got meaner and meaner till he decided he wasn't any good hisself.

Walkin' to the medicine cabinet to git some poison and end it all, he looked at some carbolic acid and decided it wasn't any good. Then he picked up a little tin box of chocolate tablets and read the printed slip inside. He ate a couple of the tablets. Well sir, his disposition improved so much that he got fired off his job as theater critic.

You might say this is an argument against bein' happy, but it ain't. Juniper's a successful playwright now.

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Jack and the outcome of his operation, and was not giving much thought to Phil; just enjoying his attentions and the entertainment he furnished.

Whenever he had grown serious I had put him off, forestalling any declaration of affection. But this time he caught me off my guard and the words were out before I could stop them.

"Marry you, Phil!" I gasped. "Oh, you mustn't ask me to marry you!"

He reddened under his tan. "Is the thought so terrifying, Gerry? Surely you expected me to ask you to marry me."

"It's not that, Phil! I'd love to marry you—but I *can't!*"

"You can't! What do you mean—you *can't?*"

"I can't, Phil, because—because I *am married!*"

The red receded, leaving him pale. He ran his fingers through his light curls with a gesture I had grown to watch for.

"Let's get this straight," he said in a strange tone. "You are married? When were you married? And to whom? And where is he now?"

Then I told him the whole story, exactly as it was; or rather exactly as it appeared to me. I did not spare myself, nor try to excuse myself.

HE listened without interrupting, emotion playing over his mobile face. I ended by saying, "But it is you, Phil dear, whom I love. And if I were free, I would come to you gladly, proudly."

For a long while he was silent. We were sitting in his car, looking into the dark waters of the Pacific. Although it was February, the night was mild. After a bit I grew nervous. I wished he'd speak—upbraid me, denounce me. Anything would be better than this condemning silence. At last he started his engine.

"I'll take you home, Gerry. No use in talking now. I've got to get used to the idea of your being married. I'll admit—it's quite a jolt."

We drove home in almost absolute silence. I couldn't think of a thing to say. And Phil evidently was too busy with his thoughts—thoughts best not put into words.

He looked long and searchingly into my eyes as he said good-night. But he did not take me in his arms, did not kiss me.

I did not sleep for hours. I could see no way out of our dilemma. I couldn't leave Jack — unless — unless — he — regained his sight. Then—

The next evening, when again we were in his car, driving along slowly, Phil said, "Well, Gerry, I've thought things over carefully, and this is the conclusion I've come to: the past is done with; we can't change it. But we have the future. If you stay with your husband, three persons will be unhappy, you and he and I. If you leave him, get a divorce and marry me, only one person will be unhappy. And from what you say, even he may not be inconsolable. What about it?"

"Phil, I've thought things over, too. And I've come to a conclusion. Whether or not he'd mind giving me up, I cannot leave Jack unless he regains his sight. I could not leave him in blindness."

Phil reached over and took my hand, gripping it until it hurt. His voice was husky with feeling when he spoke. "No, I presume not. Our fate is in the hands of that physician. God grant he may be successful!"

A chilling rain beat down on the top of Phil's roadster. I shivered.

"Better take you right home?" he suggested.

"Yes."

When we reached my home he said, "Gerry, sometime I'd like to meet your mother."

"All right. I want you to meet my mother and my baby. Will you come in now?"

"Not tonight. Another time. About the baby?"

"Phil, you may not understand, but the baby is Jack's. She means more to him than she does to me, although I love her dearly. I would not take her from him."

"You would leave your husband and your child for me?" he asked seriously.

"Yes," I answered with equal seriousness.

"Then you must love me, Gerry?"

"I do love you, Phil. I love you with all my heart."

At that he kissed me tenderly. "God grant you'll never regret loving me, Gerry."

Mother handed me a letter from Jack, when I went inside the house. It was a happy, buoyant letter, full of hope. And full of news. He had become acquainted with a Mr. Wells, a newspaper man who owned a whole string of papers. Mr. Wells, too, had had an operation on his eyes—a successful one. This inspired Jack with confidence in the surgeon.

He was sure that he too, would again see. See his baby. I was glad, of course, but I could not help a slight feeling of bitterness. He wanted to see his baby but not one word about wanting to see his wife. Of course, he had seen me many times, and he had never seen the baby. Still—well, that was all right. It made what I was planning to do easier. If he no longer cared for me, he would not mind giving me up.

BEFORE I slept, all feeling of hurt and resentment had fled, leaving only blissful plans—for Phil and myself. Jack, with his renewed interest in newspaper work, with his sight restored, and his baby, would be content.

It was still damp, cold and rainy the next day—and the next. Days I lived through in a trance of loving Phil; of visioning my life as his wife. We would be rich, and have a place in society. We would have a beautiful home, such as the pretentious residences of the movie stars, which I had seen only from the outside. We'd have gorgeous grounds surrounding our home. I'd have my own car; imported gowns; servants; and we'd travel.

But—most important of all—I'd have Phil, laughing, care-free, happy Phil, who loved me.

Automatically I went about my work those two days, simply dazed with happiness. On the evening of the first day Phil had a business conference. So I did not see him. But the second evening we had dinner together; then drove to my home. I was glad to be taking him into my prettily furnished bungalow, to

meet my charming mother and my darling baby.

Mother received him graciously, showing no surprise that the junior member of the firm should bring me home. We had always been accepted in the best society in our Michigan city and, to mother, there was nothing incongruous nor improper about this call.

"I want Mr. Staunton to see Felice," I explained, as I led the way to the baby's room.

She was asleep in her little bed. Ordinarily she did not awaken when I entered her room at night. But this time she opened her eyes, gazed up at the strange man, and cried as if in fright. I took her up and carried her into the living room. Mother followed with her little robe.

"Better put this on her," she advised. "She seems to have taken cold. Doctor Blake was here this afternoon and said she had a little fever, and that we must keep her warm and dry."

Phil had a queer expression on his face, as he observed me holding my child. Presently he remarked, "She doesn't look at all like you."

"No, she doesn't," I admitted, running my hand over her soft, light hair. "She's her father's baby."

"She looks very much like her father," agreed mother, "but I can see my daughter in many of her actions and characteristics; the same graceful way of using her hands; her fastidiousness, her neatness. She hates a mess of any kind. She won't walk in a pool of water, and she comes to me to wash her hands. She's a very neat baby."

"THAT'S the opinion of a fond grandmother," I teased. "It's nonsense to think a child of her age could show traits of character."

"I don't know, I'm sure," remarked Phil. "My contact with small children has been very limited."

The conversation turned to other subjects; California as compared with Michigan, the practicability of airplane travel, its dangers, and so forth. Felice snuggled down in my arms and went to sleep.

"I'll put her in bed," mother volunteered. "And if you'll excuse me, Mr. Staunton, I'll say good-night. I hope you'll call again."

After she had tucked the baby in for the night, mother returned to the living room and said, "Gerry dear, perhaps you had better light the gas and warm the baby's room before you go to bed. Doctor Blake said we should keep her warm."

"I'll do that," I promised.

Phil remained an hour—an intoxicating hour. I told him of Jack's high hopes for the success of the operation; of his meeting with Mr. Wells, the newspaper man who owned a whole string of papers; of his expressed wish to see the baby.

Then we talked of our own glorious plans for the future.

"We can tour the world on our honeymoon, if you wish," Phil suggested.

"Go around the world! Phil, you can't mean that?"

"Why not?" he asked, his eyes dancing with the happiness he was giving me. It was the first time he had ever alluded to his money, and what it could do for

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us. I think he did not want money or position to influence me. He wanted to be loved for himself.

"To travel around the world—with *you!* It would be perfect! Could we go on one of the big, fine ships?"

"On any ship you want."

"O—oh! And after we come back?"

"After we come back, what do you want to do—keep house? That is, have a home? Or would you rather live in a hotel?"

"A home! I'd adore a home. One of those Spanish castles that cling perilously to the hillside."

"Righto! A hillside home for ours." He held me close. "And I'll tell you, little sweetheart, we're going to be mighty happy in that Spanish castle."

After he had gone, I was still in a trance—in fancy sailing the high seas; visiting foreign countries; seeing strange people; being the mistress of a hillside mansion; receiving Phil's friends. How well I would fill my position! Never should it be said that he had married beneath him, an ignorant little stenographer. I would read and study and observe. I would make him proud of me.

I tiptoed into the baby's room, turned on the light and lighted the gas heater.

THEN I went into the bathroom, took a hot bath, as was my habit—there was not time in the morning to bathe—brushed out my smooth, dark bob, washed my face carefully and rubbed on cold cream. All the while my thoughts were far away.

The baby's room was nice and warm, when I went in to shut off the heat. She'd be all right in the morning.

While Jack was away, mother was sleeping in our room, in the other twin bed. As I quietly slipped between the sheets, she aroused herself enough to ask me if I had turned off the heat in Felice's room.

"Yes, I turned it off," I told her.

I snuggled down among the soft blankets, in fancy feeling Phil's arms about me, his kisses on my lips. I was commencing to get drowsy when the baby sneezed. Instantly, mother was sitting up in bed.

"Gerry, are you sure you turned off the heat?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, mother, I am sure. She's all right. I looked at her just before I came to bed."

Reassured, mother lay down again. "I was sorry not to appear more gracious to Mr. Staunton, but I had a dreadful headache. I hope he didn't mind my leaving you."

"Not at all, mother. Does your head still ache?"

"Yes, somewhat. But I took a headache powder and it will be all right after a night's sleep."

That night I dreamed that Phil and I were on a ship. Strangely enough water dashed up over us, we walked in water, water was all about us on the deck and in our stateroom. But we were not afraid. We splashed it on each other, and laughed and were very gay.

Mother, as was her custom, got up earlier than I. I heard her leave the room. In a moment she was back.

"Gerry!" she cried in a tone so fraught with agony that I leaped out of bed. There she stood, just inside the door, pale as death.

"Mother! Mother, what's wrong?"

"The baby is dead," she stated, with a terrible calmness.

"Dead! Not *dead!*" I screamed, rushing from the room.

The hall was oppressively warm. As I entered the baby's room, a blast of hot air and a sickening odor assailed me. It was a small room. The windows were closed and the gas fire was burning brightly. And in her little bed my baby lay—*dead!*

Mother, strangely composed, pushed past me, shut off the gas and opened both windows. There was a rush of hot air against my face. Sick with horror I grasped the foot of the little bed. It was hot to my touch.

"She *can't* be dead!" I cried, snatching the little form in my arms and running to the side door. "She must have air!"

I heard mother calling Doctor Blake on the phone, telling him to come at once. I looked at the baby face. It was livid, a blue white. The swollen lips. The eyes—I averted my own. Then I carried her to my own room where the windows were all open, and fresh, clean air was sweeping through. But I knew it was too late.

"Mother, she is dead! I killed her! I was so sure I had turned off the gas, but I know now it was the light I turned off. But I was so sure."

Something of the agony of my grief must have shown in my face, for mother said, "No, dear, you didn't kill her. It was I. I closed the windows." Usually we had the windows lowered from the top in the baby's room. "But it was so damp and chilly, and the doctor said to keep her warm! And then when the little darling called to me, I did not go to her." Mother covered her face with her shaking hands and wept uncontrollably.

"Don't, mother, don't. She didn't call. She just sneezed. I left the gas on. My mind was far away. I killed my baby!" Bitterly I, too, wept.

It was thus Doctor Blake found us. Between sobs, we told him what had happened.

"Gerry, you *did not* kill your baby," he said firmly. "She died of influenza. She was ill when I was here yesterday. You have nothing for which to blame yourself."

The terrible, crushing sense of guilt lifted from my conscience.

"Oh, Doctor, is that true?" I turned to him hopefully. Then I knew—he was just trying to save me from the tortures of remorse.

"If—if we had gone to her—if you had been here—could we have saved her?" mother asked.

"No. We could have done nothing. Influenza claims many victims, snatches them right from under the eyes of doctors and nurses."

Grief-stricken as I was, I noted that his words comforted mother; that she believed him. Therefore I resolved never to contradict him; never to insist upon what I knew to be true—that my carelessness, my preoccupation with my love affair, had not only taken from me my baby, but had made me her murderer. I had robbed Jack of his one comfort and consolation.

Doctor Blake called up the Hern-Howard Company, and told them that there had been a death in my family, and I would not be down for a few days. Then he set about making the sad arrangements.

I WAS alone in the house when Phil came. The baby form had been taken away. Mother had gone with Doctor Blake. I begged them to go without me. I was utterly crushed—ill in mind and body. The kind old doctor had given me a sedative and told me to lie down. I was in the living room on the davenport, the very davenport upon which Phil and I had sat the night before, when he arrived.

Without sparing myself, I told him what had happened. What I knew to be true. When I had finished he said, "This is awful!" He paced the floor nervously. Finally he came to a stop before me.

"Gerry, I didn't realize your baby meant so much to you."

"Nor I. But she did. She was my little darling. And I killed her. This is my punishment, my terrible punishment! God has punished me for my sin," I wailed despairingly.

Phil tried to comfort me, but it was no use. It was because of my love for him, my treachery to my husband and baby, that this terrible thing had happened. I never wanted to see Phil again.

He must have read my thoughts, for he said, "If you want me, Gerry, send for me. Unless you do, I shall not try to see you again." I think he realized he had lost me.

Poor Phil, he had done no wrong! He had learned to love me honorably, innocently, with no knowledge of my marriage. But I was too engrossed with my own sorrow to feel much pity for him.

Plagiarism Is Literary or Artistic Theft

So widespread has this evil become, that the publishers of TRUE STORY *Magazine take this means of announcing that it will prosecute to the limit of the law any person or persons found guilty of this offense.*

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Despite these safeguards, there are some people bold enough deliberately to copy stories from other publications, and submit them as their own.

Those who have been or shall be guilty of such practice will be prosecuted to the hilt. *Any co-operation from our readers is invited.*

The publishers of TRUE STORY *Magazine will not permit you to be cheated.*

For the first time I knew what it was to be in darkness, knew something of what Jack had suffered, for the light of our home had gone out. There was no glow of a little yellow head, no laughing baby voice, no patter of little feet. Oh, it was unendurable! But it had to be endured.

By common consent, without even discussing it, we did not notify Jack of what had happened. There'd be time enough to tell him.

When we returned from the funeral, there was a letter from him. Written by his nurse, of course. Mother read it aloud to Doctor Blake and me. It said that Jack had accepted an invitation from Mr. Wells, his newspaper man friend, to visit him on his ranch in southern Oregon. He might stay a couple of months.

He was to have a column syndicated in all of Mr. Wells' papers. It was a splendid opportunity. He was to be a columnist. The ambition of his life was about to be realized; brought about by the very accident which had sent him to the hospital. Otherwise, he might never have met Mr. Wells.

"Gerry, you might as well resign your position with the steel company," he wrote, "for when I return you're to be private secretary to America's most promising columnist. How'll you like that?"

THIS was the tone of his letter—optimistic, cheerful, eager for the future. We were totally unprepared for the postscript which read:

The bandages came off day before yesterday. Operation unsuccessful. I shall never again see. But I am reconciled. I have found my work. I have my wife and baby and my good mother. (He referred to my mother.) Many men have less.

Before either mother or I could speak, Doctor Blake said:

"I have a neighbor who lost his pet dog. He is an old bachelor who lives alone, except for his servant, a man as old and gray as he. The dog, a collie, was his companion. When it died, a cousin who had a brother of this collie, brought it over to the old gentleman and gave it to him. The cousin was a married man with children. He would not miss the dog so much.

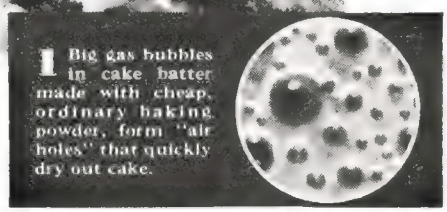
"I watched the experiment with interest. And I noted that the substitute collie gradually took the place of the one that had died. Fortunately, they both were named Rags. I was talking with the old gentleman recently, and he told me that he now thinks of them as one dog."

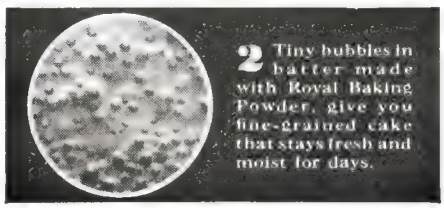
Doctor Blake paused. Mother and I gazed at him stupidly. We had gone through with so much that we could not grasp the significance of his account. Thus he explained.

"I am the attending physician of an orphanage. I have been attracted to a little girl there because she so much resembles Baby Felice. She's just about the age and size, and complexion. And she is yours for the asking. I can arrange everything so you can adopt her immediately."

"Oh," I cried, grasping his meaning, "mother, let's do it! Let's go right over there now and bring her back. Think of having a live baby with us tonight!

Don't let AIR HOLES dry out your Cake





Amazing photos show how Royal Baking Powder gives a fine, even texture that keeps cake fresh for days . . .

"AIR HOLES" in your cake? What a pity—after you'd taken such pains! For in just a few hours the moisture escapes through the "air holes," leaving your cake dry and tasteless.

An amazing experiment recently proved that the way to get fine-textured cake—cake that will keep fresh—is to use Royal Baking Powder.

Two cakes were made. Both exactly alike—except that cake No. 1 was made with cheap, ordinary baking powder—cake No. 2 with Royal.

But just look at the difference!

See those big, irregular gas bubbles in the batter of cake No. 1 Every one of those big gas bubbles leaves a large "air hole" in your finished cake. Gives it a coarse-grained, uneven texture.

Now with Royal—only *tiny* bubbles form in your cake batter. In the heat of the baking, those small, uniform bubbles build up a fine, even texture . . . that holds in the moisture . . . keeps your cake fresh for days.

Isn't all this pretty good evidence that it pays to buy the best? Especially when it costs so little. Why, enough Royal for a gorgeous big cake costs less than your daily paper!

It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal that gives you fine-textured cake.

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EVEN a long drive right down the fairway can't give you as big a thrill as shaving with this new, rich, extra-moist lather. It soothes the skin—gives the smoothest, zippiest, best-feeling shave in the world.

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You can't get a smooth, easy shave with a light, quick-drying lather. But laboratory tests show that Lifebuoy will hold 52% more moisture than ordinary lather. And it holds the moisture till the last whisker is off. That's what softens up the toughest beards—so the razor whisks through them just as a well-swung niblick cuts through the long grass. And what a clean, close shave you get—with no pull, no slice, no painful razor-digs!

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Tough whiskers? Don't let that faze you. Just try this new lather. See what a perfect job it does—how quickly and comfortably you can shave—how cooling, soothing, refreshing Lifebuoy is to your skin.

Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Or write for a free trial tube to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A6, Cambridge, Mass.

Jack has never seen Baby Felice. He need never know of—of the substitution. Need he, Doctor Blake?"

"He need never know," agreed the kind old doctor. "That was my idea. You could move into the city, or out to Hollywood or to Beverly Hills. Your new friends and neighbors would know nothing of what had happened."

Mother was quietly weeping, but I was dry-eyed with excitement and a new hope.

"It is a God-inspired plan," mother said when she got control of her voice. "Jack must not come home to an empty house. Let us go and get her."

One who has not had a similar experience cannot know what that baby, so much like our little Felice, meant to mother and me that night, and the nights and days which followed. It was almost as though our own baby had come to life again. A little yellow head bobbed up and down the hall. A baby voice sounded through the house. But not in the pretty bungalow in Eagle Rock. All things seemed to conspire for the success of our plan. We did not have a lease, and our month was up on the day we brought the new Felice home. Of course we called her Felice. The very next day we found another bungalow, this time in Los Angeles proper.

IN another way, Fate was cruel to me. I had not known the danger of burning gas. But when it was too late, this was called to my attention repeatedly, over the radio and in the papers. Inside of three days I read the following warnings in the paper:

IF YOU BURN GAS OBSERVE THESE DONT'S.

(There was half a column of dont's.)

MONOXIDE FUMES KILL MOTHER AND SON.

(Followed by the account.)

WARNING!

Users of gas are cautioned to keep fresh air in rooms with heaters. Rooms heated by gas appliances must have some fresh air. Open a window, either at top or bottom. These precautions are recommended by Deputy Chief F. C. McDowell of the Los Angeles Fire Department.

I destroyed the parts of the papers which carried these accounts. Mother did not see them. Thus she was spared the tortures of doubt which assailed me. More than doubt—conviction!

I never returned to the office of the Hern-Howard Steel Company, not even for my few personal belongings. These Phil brought out to me one evening, a couple of weeks later, when I sent for him. We took a drive in his car.

I told him all that had happened. That Jack would never again see, but that he was reconciled and interested and enthusiastic over the prospect of his new job. I told him of the substitution in our home. And I thanked him for the blanket of flowers he had sent to cover the little casket. I thanked him for all he had ever done for me, for his love and kindness. Then I said a final good-by.

Jack remained at the ranch in Oregon for two months. During this time mother and I devoted ourselves to training the new Felice in the ways of the other Felice.

While she was so much like our baby, she was so different. The tone quality of her voice was lower, deeper. She cried louder and more lustily. She talked much more, said whole sentences. She was not fastidious, not neat. She thoroughly enjoyed paddling in a pool of water. If her little hands were soiled and smeary, it made no difference to her. She did not run to her grandmother and hold them out to be washed.

Then, too, she was destructive. She tore up her books, broke her little dishes, and took her dolls to pieces. Noting these things, I realized she was not my baby and that I could never love her as my own. Strangely enough, mother did not feel as I did.

"She is different, of course. But she is dear and sweet," she often said. "Such a comfort. And she's smart, Gerry. I never heard a baby of her age talk so distinctly, and say so many words as she does. And she is so strong and healthy and happy. It is a wonderful thing to have a happy disposition. It will help her all through life."

In our letters to Jack we mentioned these changes, one by one. "Felice says a new word"; "Felice does this and that"; "Felice is growing." Thus we prepared him for the changes he would observe.

But wouldn't he know that this was not his child? It was the question uppermost in our minds. We hoped with all our hearts he wouldn't. But we feared he would. We renewed our efforts in training her.

But there was one thing we could not train her in—her love and knowledge of Jack. His baby had always run to him; had put her arms about his neck and pressed her cheek against his. This baby would not know him. He would be a stranger to her.

AT last the day came when I met Jack at the station and took him to our new home, where Mother and Felice awaited our coming. He was in high spirits, eager to be at home again and at work. Quite his old self.

"I certainly got a break at that hospital," he said. "Meeting Mr. Wells."

Then, evidently reading my thoughts he added, "You will be my eyes, Gerry dear. Together we'll do big things. It took me a long while to get adjusted to my condition, and I guess I wasn't very agreeable about it. Must have been pretty hard on my little wife."

"Hard enough," I laughed. "But I'll tell you one thing, she's mighty glad to have her big, handsome husband back again." This was true. I felt drawn to him. Felt his charm, and was glad to have him at home again.

"Well, he's glad to be back. Wonder if the baby will be glad to see her daddy? You don't suppose she's forgotten me?"

"I don't know, Jack. She may have. A few months is a long time in her young life. You'll find her changed. She has grown, and she talks quite a bit."

His face lit up with pleasure. "Smart child! Takes after the old man. Am I right?"

"She certainly doesn't take after me, in appearance, anyway."

When we entered the house, baby feet

came running. Running to greet me, I knew. She didn't see Jack until she was close to him. Then for the first time, I was grateful for his blindness. Grateful that he could not see the baby shrink from him.

Quickly mother picked her up and put her in Jack's arms. It was a tense moment. I was fairly sick with the fear that he would know this was not his child. The strain told on mother, too. Little lines sprang out about her mouth and eyes, and she suddenly looked old.

But except for a startled expression, the baby made no protest against his caress. Breathless we waited for him to speak. After snuggling her up against him for a minute, he set her down and took off his top coat.

"She certainly has grown. Weighs more than she did. Soon be as big as her mother."

The crisis was past. He had not detected the change. Mother and I breathed again.

"Come, Jack," I said, "I'll show you the new house, so that you can find your way about."

In the busy days which followed his arrival at home, my heart was often wrung by the sadness of Jack's expression when the baby would wriggle out of his arms, cry when he tried to hold her, or run from him.

"She has forgotten me," he would say in heartbroken tones. "My baby has forgotten her daddy."

THEN, although he did not mention it, mother and I saw that he was trying to win back her affections, trying so hard and so patiently.

At such times I wanted to cry out, "She hasn't forgotten you, Jack! Baby Felice would never have forgotten her daddy. This is a strange child!" But, of course, I remained silent.

* * *

All this happened over two years ago. I have never again seen Philip Staunton. Even though he is blameless, I never want to see him again. He is too closely associated in my mind with the terrible tragedy. In my heart, I know that if I had not been so engrossed, so insanely in love—if it were love—if my wits had not been so befuddled, my own baby would not have been sacrificed.

Jack is getting along splendidly with his work. His column is tremendously popular. And I feel I have a share in the glory as I am not only his secretary but his collaborator.

Jack noted all the changes in the baby, but he never suspected there was anything amiss. It did not take him long to win her heart. Apparently she loves him even more than his own little Felice did. At least, she is more demonstrative. She prefers him to any of us. Strangers, looking from the baby to Jack, and then to me, remark, "She's her father's child."

"Yes, she's Daddy's girl, all right!" Jack replies proudly.

And she is mother's and grandmother's child, too, now. The little darling that came to brighten our home when it was darkest is so closely identified in our hearts with the other child, that we think of her as our own Baby Felice come to life again.

Nowadays no one needs to be told that irregularity—faulty elimination, to speak frankly, commonly caused by lack of proper bulk foods—can make one feel, *and look*, out of kilter. Oftentimes this widespread trouble may even lead to serious and expensive ailments.

That is why so many people are eating Post's Bran Flakes every day. It keeps them *regular* because it provides the needed bulk lacking in so many modern diets. In these flakes you get the helpful elements of whole wheat: iron, phosphorus, vitamin B, and the stimulating outer coat of the grain—an easy, natural regulator.

Crisp-toasted and nut-brown, Post's Bran Flakes is a delicious breakfast treat with cream or milk. Try it for two weeks, every morning—and see if you don't notice a marked improvement.

Cases of constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes if eaten regularly each day. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

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POST'S BRAN FLAKES

A Product of General Foods Corporation **WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT**

Night Call

(*Continued from page 33*)

of satisfaction from keeping him in a fearful state of mind until I was ready. That would be punishment for him—before paying the penalty!

Then, perhaps fortunately, I received a call from a town in the northern part of the state, more than a hundred miles away. A very old lady needed an attendant, night and day. Her physician, knowing of my work, had recommended me to her people. It would be a constant, trying task, but I would be well paid for it. So I accepted the call, and temporarily left Glendale.

My aged patient, who lived in a large home with her son and his family, was quite feeble. It was only a question of time when she would fall into her last sleep. Naturally, under such circumstances, there was no leisure for me and I was glad of it. Being on duty all my waking hours gave me little opportunity to think—and I did not want to think. I had made up my mind what I was going to do and, when the opportunity came, I would do it.

SIX months elapsed before I returned to Glendale. Shortly after my return I caught a glimpse of Morton Conklin through an office window. He was talking to some one whose face I couldn't see; but over his face, as he talked, flashed that same knowing smile that I remembered so vividly. How I despised it now! How revealing it was of the man's real self. I thought, "Smile now—while you can. The time is almost here when you'll never flash that professional smile on anybody again!"

Yet, somehow, I did not hate him quite as intensely as I had. Hate is a peculiar emotion and, it seems to me now, the most terrible in human nature. It cannot maintain the same hold on a human soul for long. Its grip either tightens or relaxes, with the passing of time. In my case it had relaxed—a great deal.

"After all, what is the use?" I thought. "Killing Morton Conklin can't bring back love and faith—they are gone! It can only bring sorrow to others, and endless remorse to me."

Then something within me replied, "Don't weaken. Don't you know that whenever he thinks of how cleverly he played with you he smiles to himself—that damnable smile of selfish satisfaction? That's his way. He prides himself on his cleverness in deceiving people."

I was in this period of indecision when the governor of the state called a special session of the legislature. Morton Conklin, being a representative from our section, went to the state capital.

I was relieved at this turn of events, because it gave me more time.

"I'll wait until he returns," I thought. "Then I'll decide one way or the other."

How little, sometimes, does our decision, or failure to decide, have to do with our actions! A turn of the wheel and Fate takes the game out of our hands.

One night a hard rainstorm swept down the valley and continued until after midnight. I had gone to bed. As I listened to the downpour and the crash of thunder, I was thankful that I wasn't going out on a case.

Then—my telephone rang. It was Doctor Thornton, the town's leading surgeon.

"It's such a bad night that I didn't like to call you, but I had to," he said. "This is an urgent case. My patient had intended going to the Bradford Hospital, but I'm afraid of a trip there tonight; the risk is too great. We must do the best we can at home. I'll come by for you in ten minutes. Please be ready."

I was waiting when Doctor Thornton's limousine rolled up in front of my place. The surgeon was on the rear seat, and I got in with him. The rain had increased in violence. Doctor Thornton, as I knew was his custom, mentioned nothing of the nature of the case.

"Don't lose any time, but drive carefully," he told his chauffeur.

Within a few minutes we stepped out of the car—at the home of Morton Conklin! I instinctively shrank from going in. Then a jagged streak of lightning split the darkness, followed by a deafening crash.

"Quick—inside!" Doctor Thornton exclaimed. Grasping my arm, he almost pushed me up the steps and through the doorway that had been opened by a stout, competent looking woman who greeted us. She introduced herself to me as Mrs. Bolton, the Conklin housekeeper.

ONCE inside the house, I threw off the attack of nervousness that had seized me when I had realized that I was going into Morton Conklin's home. Professional experience caused me to begin making preparations for Doctor Thornton to handle the case. It was urgent, as he had said. We were handicapped, of course, by not having the patient in a hospital. However, the doctor and I with the assistance of Mrs. Bolton, made out surprisingly well.

Shortly after midnight, a daughter was born to the beautiful wife of Morton Conklin. I placed the baby in a deep walnut crib that probably had been bought weeks before. As I looked down at the infant, crying in its helplessness, I felt that circumstance had dealt me a cruel blow. What an ironical twist that I should be caring for the child of a father who had so carelessly put me out of his life!

Fortunately or not, Morton was still at the capital, more than a hundred miles away.

After awhile I took the baby in to Mrs. Conklin.

"My baby, my own dear baby!" she said weakly, but with all the emotion these words convey when a mother first holds her own child to her heart.

Then I took the child back into the other room, placed it in its crib, and carefully covered it for the night.

"I'll go now," Doctor Thornton said. "You stay until about nine, Miss Bowman; then I'll send a relief nurse. If I should be needed, phone me at once. I'll hurry home and call up Mr. Conklin on long distance—I promised him I would. This will be great news for him!"

As soon as the doctor left, I quietly made arrangements for the rest of the night. The room in which the baby slept adjoined that of Mrs. Conklin, and I left the door between them slightly ajar. The housekeeper's room also adjoined that of the baby—but on the opposite side.

"I'll leave my door open, too," said Mrs. Bolton, "in case you need me."

Then I sat down in a large, comfortable chair. The storm had almost passed, and I could relax and think. Just a few feet from me lay, sleeping, the beautiful girl whom Morton Conklin had married, tossing me aside like a worn garment. In this girl's heart was immeasurable love, while my heart was empty, except for hate of the man who had sought only the thrill of possessing me. Life certainly had stacked the cards against me!

Yet my awaited opportunity for vengeance was almost at hand. Maybe within a few hours, it would come. If Morton had received Doctor Thornton's telephone call he might take the early morning train from the capital. I might have to wait only a little while.

Then, after a time, I began to wonder if I were helpless to avenge myself, with opportunity so near. What of the beautiful young mother so close by, asleep in utter happiness? What of the child, so appealingly innocent and helpless? Could I do it—now? The turn of events seemed to have paralyzed my will.

At last I was beaten—completely whipped. With this realization, I wanted to leave the Conklin home as quickly as possible. To remain and witness such happiness as I would see, would be unbearable. I would go and never come back.

I decided then that I would try to put Morton Conklin out of my mind. That would be the sensible thing to do. I would smile and laugh again. I would go to parties and dances, and once more enjoy myself.

IN time, a man I could respect might fall in love with me. Then, possibly, love and trust might be revived in me. The age-old miracle of birth, that I had just witnessed, might be scarcely less miraculous than the rebirth of spirit, brought about by love, sympathy and understanding.

With these comforting thoughts running through my mind, I was hardly conscious of a decided change in temperature. Then I realized that it had become quite chilly; the storm of the night had cooled the air to a marked degree.

I thought of the child in the adjoining room; it would need more covering. Anticipating this, Mrs. Bolton had laid out special covering on the arm of a chair, in case it should be needed. This consisted of a soft cotton-filled comfort and a light wool blanket. The blanket had been placed on top of the comfort to prevent the prickly wool from coming in contact with the baby's tender skin. I took blanket and comfort and tiptoed

over to the baby's crib. The child was still asleep, and I would have to place the covering over it carefully so as not to awaken it.

At that moment Mrs. Conklin, having waked up, called me. "Nurse, oh, nurse, come here please."

I hung the comfort and blanket over the edge of the crib for the moment, and hurried quietly into Mrs. Conklin's room.

"My baby? How is my baby?" she asked eagerly. "I want to see her again. Is she awake? Can't you bring her to me?"

"She's asleep now," I replied. "But just as soon as she wakes I'll bring her in."

Then, in a moment, I went back to put the additional covering on the child. As I entered the room, Mrs. Bolton was standing over the crib, looking down into it. She turned instantly and her face was pale. There was a startled look in her eyes.

"The blankets were piled over her head!" she gasped.

I rushed over to the crib and examined the child. Then I became limp with dread. "Close Mrs. Conklin's door," I whispered, "and call Doctor Thornton—quick!"

The baby seemed not to be breathing. In an instant I tore open her gown and began rubbing her vigorously. These efforts were of no avail. Then I placed a thin cloth over the baby's mouth, and with my lips pressed close against her lips, I began to breathe deeply and regularly. The minutes went by, but not for a second did I relax in my steady breathing into the infant's lungs.

I THOUGHT, if I only had an oxygen tank. But there was none closer than the Bradford Hospital, ten miles away. I realized that my efforts might be the only chance of restoring respiration and heart action.

Doctor Thornton arrived in a surprisingly short time. After a quick examination he injected a respiratory stimulant. Tense with hope, I watched with him for results. There were none. Then the doctor injected a powerful stimulant into the heart muscle. There was no reaction.

"It's too late," said Doctor Thornton. "Too late!"

I turned quickly, slipped out of the room, and left the house.

I went as fast as I could to my own place and my own room, fleeing from I hardly knew what. However, I realized that whatever the aftermath of my terrible mistake might be, it would come soon.

I waited, yet everything seemed unusually quiet—for a long time. I wondered, as a person sometimes does after a tragedy, if it really could have happened; if it were not just a nightmare that could be shaken off. Surely the baby still breathed! Surely that young mother had not been plunged into heart-crushing grief! I could not hold that pitiful picture in my mind; it was too agonizing.

Then it flashed over me that Morton Conklin might connect the death of his child with my threatening letter to him. I trembled in terror at this possibility.

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With the sample of La France, we'll also send you a gift package of Satina. Mrs. Smith says, "Satina in the starch gives a sweet, clean odor and keeps things fresh and crisp unusually long." Satina, in the starch, gives clothes a finish like new; keeps the iron from sticking and makes it glide over the clothes. Just dissolve Satina in boiling starch, and starch as usual.

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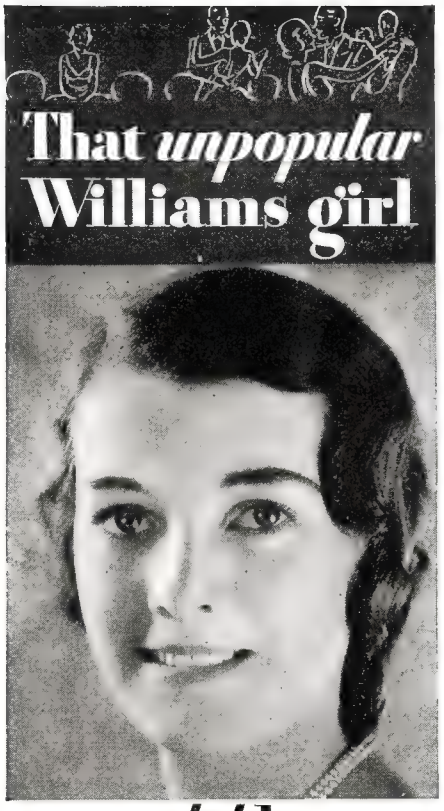

surrounded by stags

It was too bad really, but who wanted to dance with a girl who never said anything. And looked so heavy-eyed and dull. Bad complexion, too. And then she found a way to end her indigestion.

Sometimes the difference is slight between radiant good health and annoying digestive troubles that spoil your good times. Many people have found that Beeman's is a great help in aiding digestion. Dr. Beeman was a real benefactor to make a delicious gum that would provide so much happiness. Chew Beeman's every day.

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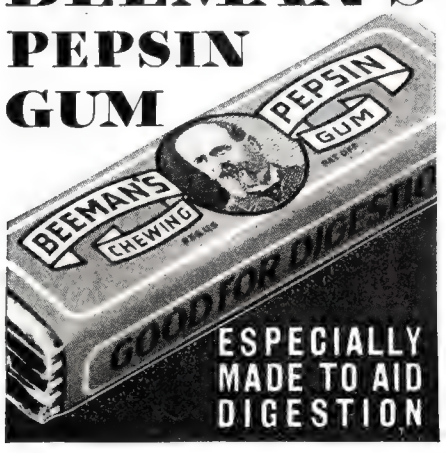

Instinctively I rushed across the room and locked my door.

After awhile I heard voices downstairs. The landlady called me. I did not answer. She called again. A moment later I heard people coming up the stairway. A fist pounded on my door. Still I remained silent.

"Get a key, or we'll break the door in," I heard a man's voice say.

In another moment the door was unlocked, and three men burst into the room. One of them was Morton Conklin! He was slightly behind the other two men, as if for protection.

"You devil!" he shouted. "So that is your revenge on me, is it? You murdered my child—in cold blood—and I'll send you to the gallows for it! See if I don't!"

The two men with him grasped me, one by each arm, and I went with them to the county jail.

Friends came to my rescue, offering to try to have me released under bond.

"I want to be tried now!" I exclaimed. "Please have me put on trial right away. I'm innocent, but I can't endure waiting to find out what they'll do with me."

My request was granted because the grand jury was in session at the time. I was promptly indicted—for murder!

A WEEK later I went to trial in a packed court room that was tense with suppressed excitement. The people, I felt, believed that I was innocent, and this unconsciously might have its effect on the jury.

Although I had earned a good salary for several years, I had saved none of it, and so I had no money to employ an attorney. Therefore the court appointed counsel for me. He was a vigorous, ambitious young man who was beginning to build up a reputation as a criminal lawyer.

He asked me to tell him frankly everything that had happened. This I did, not sparing myself. With burning face I went over the whole shameful story, event by event, including the threatening letter I had written to Morton Conklin.

"If Morton Conklin has kept that letter it will be introduced as evidence of malice," he said. "But it will give me a chance to show him up. This is one case in which he'll be a witness—not an attorney. I'm going to put him on the stand, and give him a dose of his own medicine. He'll look pretty sick before we get through with him.

"But—it may be a tough fight, and you must steel yourself for it. It'll be hard—sitting there listening to them fasten a crime on you. But you must be prepared for it. You'll want to tell the truth to the jury. However, I don't want to put you on the witness stand if I can help it. A defendant always makes a poor witness for himself. Innocent or guilty, it makes no difference. I've never seen it fail.

"I believe you're innocent and I'm going to fight hard to clear you."

My attorney was true to his word in one respect. He did fight hard.

Eight witnesses were examined, the leading ones, of course, being Morton Conklin, Doctor Thornton and Mrs. Bolton, the Conklin housekeeper.

Although he was the Conklins' physician, Doctor Thornton tried to be a fair witness for me. He stated that, while I was known as a competent nurse, what had happened might occur with almost any one in charge of a child. Even the most conscientious nurse might not have foreseen the consequences of placing covering over the edge of a new-born infant's crib. He had noticed nothing in my speech or manner to indicate that I had harbored any grudge against the Conklin family. He was astonished, he told the court, at my being accused of any crime, much less than that of murder.

Then Morton Conklin took the stand. What a man he was—how cruel and clever! He showed not the slightest trace of malice toward me. Evidently he had schooled himself and had planned, with the prosecuting attorney, to give the most damaging evidence possible. He answered all questions easily and with seeming frankness.

He admitted his affair with me, and said that he had intended marrying me. He had changed his mind, so he testified, when he had begun to be afraid of me. He had felt—for what reason he hardly knew—that I might be a vindictive, even a dangerous woman, as subsequent events had proved. It was then that he had regretfully decided to have nothing more to do with me.

I listened to him in amazement. I could hardly believe my ears! Was I to be convicted on such testimony as this? Utterly false, yet ringing true to the jury? Was I to sit there dumbly and thereby admit the truth of such falsehood? No—I would not!

"It's a lie! I cried. "It's all lies—nothing but lies!"

A court attendant grabbed me roughly by the arm. The court room buzzed with excitement. Then, realizing the gravity of what I had done, I slumped down in my chair and buried my head in my arms. A gavel sounded sharply, silencing the gasp that had gone up from the packed court room.

I LIFTED my head to look at the judge. He addressed me in the third person. "The defendant will have full opportunity to testify if she wishes to," he said not unkindly. "But she must not interrupt the procedure of the court."

My attorney apologized for me, and the examination of the witness continued.

Then—the letter I had written to Morton Conklin was produced, and my handwriting was easily identified from other letters I had written to friends.

The prosecuting attorney read the letter aloud and slowly. How that fateful threat rose up to condemn me. Every inflection, given by the attorney as he read, burned itself into my mind.

The most damning part of all was the last line, "I will demand the penalty of you in such a way as I see fit." That coupled my intention to kill Conklin with the death of his child.

Immediately following the reading of the letter, the prosecuting attorney produced the revolver that I had bought at a local hardware store. It had been found in a handbag in my room.

At this turning point in the trial, my attorney opened a barrage of questions on the witness. As one brutal question followed another, Morton began to lose

control of himself His face became red, and he started to bite his lips.

If my attorney could only have kept up his fire, he might have shown up the witness as a despicable blackguard who, after deceiving a girl, was trying to convict her of a crime that she did not commit.

However, the prosecution stoutly objected to this line of questioning, and the court sustained the objection. The attorney declared that I was not being tried for planning to kill Mr. Conklin, but for the premeditated murder of an infant. My intent to kill the man was evidence of malice leading to the actual crime for which I was on trial.

This evidence came terrifyingly close to being conclusive. I was dismayed at how the prosecution was skillfully putting a chain about me, link by link. Intent to kill, or to get revenge, "in such a way as I saw fit," was shown beyond all doubt.

On this, the prosecution built up its case against me. Circumstances had prevented me from murdering the man whom I had come to hate with a hatred born of bitterest disappointment and crushed pride. Gradually, as the weeks passed, my courage had failed. Then, later, circumstances had given me unique opportunity for revenge. What greater vengeance could I have had than in snuffing out the life of the child of the man I hated? I could also have hated the infant because it was Morton Conklin's—yet not mine.

IT was so easy; murder would never be suspected, much less proved. No one would consider the child's death otherwise than as an accident due to momentary neglect.

To make this presumption stick as fact in the minds of the jurors, the prosecuting attorney dwelt on my actions afterward.

Why did I slip away from the Conklin home, and hurry to my own room? Why did I lock my door? Why did I refuse to answer when called? Why was it necessary to secure a key before the officers could reach me? Was that innocence? Rather, was it not evidence of guilt, and fear of the consequences of my crime? What had I to fear if I were innocent? Wouldn't I have remained with the doctor and the family? Wouldn't I have been heartbroken over the consequences of my oversight?

Presumption? Yes, but presumption coupled to clinching evidence of intent to kill or to have revenge in my own way. Such presumption, against such a background, may make a black impression on a jury.

My attorney, in his examination of witnesses and in his argument to the jury, tried hard to show that my actions after the death of the Conklin child were altogether natural.

After discovering what had happened, I had worked desperately to restore respiration in the infant; when I had become terror-stricken, as any young woman might have been under similar circumstances. Already under great emotional strain, I could not have remained at the home to witness the mother's crushing grief. So I had slipped away to my room. Then it had dawned on me that Morton Conklin might

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connect my hatred of him with the sudden death of his child. So, in terror, I had locked myself in my room, and had refused to answer when the landlady had called me.

This was the simple, true explanation, and I felt that the jury would accept it.

However, the testimony given by Mrs. Bolton was additional material for the prosecution. She said that she had found the comfort and blanket lying in a loose heap over the infant's face. They appeared to have been tossed carelessly into the crib, although she admitted that they might have fallen from the edge of it.

Using this evidence, the prosecuting attorney tried to show that the woman who had written the letter to Morton Conklin would not have killed his child in an obvious way. She never would have smothered it with deliberate care. On the contrary, she would make it appear purely accidental. She might even have been doubtful whether her seemingly careless effort would succeed. However, that made no difference; it was a possible chance for revenge and she had taken it—with intent to kill.

HE stressed the motives that prompted this presumed act; my hatred of Morton Conklin; my burning determination for revenge; jealousy of the beautiful girl he had married and, perhaps, hatred of the child.

"Combine these elements in a woman as intelligent as the defendant, and she will seek vengeance with artfulness and cunning," he declared. "'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,'" he quoted.

"But this woman, regardless of provocation, must suffer the consequences of her act. She murdered a tiny infant—a little mite of humanity, just beginning life. Instinct for self-preservation might have given it some strength to struggle in order to hold onto the life that God gave it—a pitiful, needless struggle.

"This woman, completely dominated by the spirit of evil, committed a heartless crime, and then fled in terror from the scene of her act. She committed premeditated murder and, although she is a woman, and young, she must pay the penalty—in full!"

At this, the last stages of the trial, I became almost frantic with fear of the outcome. The judge granted a short recess, and I begged my attorney to let me testify for myself, and tell the jury just how it happened. "Those men will believe me," I declared.

"They would, except for the cross-examination," he replied. "There's where the prosecution would score because your nerves are in no condition to stand it—you'd go all to pieces. Then it would look too much like a last, desperate effort. It might seem almost like a confession of guilt! Let's trust our case to the jury as it stands. We'll get a fair verdict."

Perhaps he was right! I was on the verge of nervous prostration. If I had taken the stand, I probably would have become hysterical, and have made a deplorable witness for myself. Certainly I could not have withstood a cruel, skillfully directed cross-examination. As I realized later, the prosecution had been secretly directed by Morton Conklin. My attorney was earnest and sincere, but he was no match for a brain that was adroit in criminal procedure and experienced in the psychology of juries.

The case ended on the second day, shortly after sundown. Yet it was late in the night when the jury reached a verdict.

As those twelve men filed back into the jury box, they looked haggard under the dim light of the dusty bulbs overhead. Evidently they had wanted to believe me innocent and the strain on them had been great. As I looked from one face to another my heart sank.

The verdict was, "Guilty, as charged in the indictment!" Yet the jury, out of sympathy for me, strongly recommended that mercy be shown in the sentence to be imposed.

My attorney at once made motion that the verdict be set aside as contrary to law and the evidence. At the hearing on this motion, several days later, the plea was denied. The judge said that any time any new evidence could be presented, he would consider granting me a new trial.

He spoke kindly, saying that having to sentence me was one of the most painful duties of his entire life. However, he would have to perform his duty, hard as it might be. In doing so he would take into full consideration the jury's recommendation for clemency. He would sentence me to the lightest term possible under the state law for first degree murder—life imprisonment!

This was the last crushing blow. I was taken from the court room limp in body and broken in spirit.

Later, however, I realized that the jury's verdict and the sentence had been tempered with mercy. The sentence might have been death. If I had been guilty, the punishment would have been merciful. They had granted me mercy—without justice.

DURING my first few weeks in prison I had little to do except think. And, oh, how a man or a woman does think in prison! While the body is imprisoned the mind is free—freer than it ever was. In the silence and loneliness of the night it plumbs the depths and climbs the heights.

At last I was able to think clearly about myself. After all, had I been innocent? Of the crime, itself, I had been guiltless, of course. But what of the weeks and months previous to that tragic night at the Conklin home? I had been guilty because hate and intent to kill had controlled me, and had led to my being convicted for a crime that I had not committed. Through a strange twist of circumstance, the ends of justice had been served.

Those dreary years in the penitentiary were not hard in so far as life in prison goes. I was allowed some liberty and no drudgery.

The warden's wife came to know and like me and, from time to time, I would help her in making her children's clothes. I loved this work more than anything else. I put my heart into every stitch because the death of a child was on my conscience. Perhaps it should not have been. A mistake, causing death, is a hazard in any profession dealing with human life. Yet I could not escape the continually recurring thought that, because of my carelessness, a little life had been snuffed out. So, whatever I could do for children was balm to my heart.

The months and years dragged along with hopeless slowness. My only hope was a pardon. But I felt that I would always be in prison—that I would die there. Sometimes I wished that I might. If a pardon came, it would probably not be for years and years. What a distant prospect! Entering the world again, a broken, friendless woman approaching old age.

I had served five years when a petition for my release was presented to the governor of the state. He took the petition under consideration and after what seemed endless days and nights, he finally did pardon me.

Just before I was released, Morton Conklin came to see me. He was no longer the brilliant, self-assured man I had known and loved. His hair was almost gray, and there were deep lines in his face. He seemed, through suffering, to have come to a better understanding of life.

"How you must hate me," he said penitently.

"No, Morton, I don't hate you at all," I replied. "I don't hate any one; that's all past and gone."

"YOU'VE been on my conscience, Ida," he said. "I know you were innocent, and I circulated the petition for your pardon. I took it to the governor and urged him to release you. I'm terribly sorry I ever accused you."

"Don't feel that way about it, Morton," I told him. "You were blind, and so was I. Don't you remember that phantom lake up in the mountains? Well, we both sank down into it until we struck bottom. You said that the bottom would be hard. It has been terribly hard for me; but maybe it has been for you, too."

Then I asked him a few questions about himself.

"No, I haven't any children," he replied. Then he looked at me appealingly. "I was guilty, Ida—not you," he declared. "I did you a great injustice, and I must suffer for it. It's hard to bear because I did want a child—more than anything else." He hesitated, as if there were still something on his mind. "Ida," he said, "I don't believe now that you had anything to do with the death of my child. I believe it was heart failure, from some hereditary defect in the heart. I found out later that my wife had a sister who died that way shortly after her birth."

I could have cried out for joy. "Oh, Morton," I exclaimed, "you don't know what that means to me! You don't know!"

As he went away my heart went out in pity for him in his childless life. He had become a changed man. Remorse had taken hate and deceit out of him. Awakened conscience had made him penitent and charitable. He, as well as I, had paid the penalty—in full.

I left the prison so changed in spirit that, except for memories, I was hardly the same woman. I had been "born again," but not in the way I had imagined while sitting in the Conklin home in the early morning hours five years before. I knew, at last, that rebirth,

like birth, comes through suffering. The blinding emotions—passion and hate—seemed so far in the past that I could hardly believe they had ever existed in my nature. In their place had come love—deep, abiding love for children.

Immediately upon my release from prison, I went to another section of the country, leaving the old scenes forever. I went to live with my brother and his wife, and to take up again my old profession of nursing.

Then I secured a place that I had wanted and worked for; that of nurse in a small home for orphans.

There, in the children under my care, I have found deeper happiness than I thought existed for me. Sometimes I want to pour out my heart to the helpless ones in my charge. In my devotion to them I have come to know that "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

ONE night, after I had put all my children to bed, I began to think back over my life. Then its chain of events appeared in beautiful significance. Wasn't it possible that the tragic past had been the refining crucible through which I was to bring happiness to those little ones who have no mothers or fathers to love them?

However, this realization caused me sometimes to feel even greater pity for Morton Conklin, the childless man whom I probably never would see again.

Then, one day, I received a marked copy of a newspaper. Who sent it, I can only guess. How the sender had secured my address, I do not know. The paper contained the most satisfying bit of news I have ever read. It was an announcement of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Morton Conklin.

Two Women's Eternal Secret

(*Continued from page* 43)

was, and his eyes begged so hard to come in that I just had to ask him.

"Dear," he said, wistfully, as we sat side by side on the sanitary couch, which, with a washstand, was my only furniture. "I've tried to tell you all week that I was crazy about you—but I was afraid you'd think I was fresh."

My laugh was a sob. "Oh, of course I wouldn't have thought that. I've been scared to death for fear you didn't care."

And then how close he held me, and the beating of our hearts shook us both.

"If I had only told you a week ago, we could have been married by now," he whispered, his lips against mine.

"I'll marry you the minute you come back," I promised, thrilling, trembling.

We tried to push all thought of the separation out of our minds. We talked only of our glorious, heaven-sent love. It was like some wonderful dream.

But oh, when it came time for him to go! Well, in our sorrow, in our great need of comforting each other; in our passionate craving to be as near and dear as we could, we were swept clear out of our senses. And then he was gone, and

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there I was left, too shocked, too numbed, for tears.

The next few weeks I went about my work at the store like a dead girl. It's a wonder I wasn't discharged. But the druggist was a kindly old man and his two sons were in the war, too; so I guess he thought my sorrow a natural enough thing. Bob had given me the class ring he wore on his little finger—and though it was far too big for even my largest one, I tied it on with a string.

I think the only thing that kept me from going crazy was Bob's dear letters. He was so sure of coming back to me soon. "Why, little wife," he wrote, "it won't be any time now till the war is over, and then I'll be taking you home to my dear old mammy."

In my letters to him I tried to be brave. But I was whipped by shame—afraid of everything. I wrote to him once, "But Bob dear, are you sure you'll want to take me to this wonderful mother of yours? Tell me, dear, oh, don't keep this from me! Won't you be just a little ashamed of me?"

AND then came his precious, breathtaking answer. "Ashamed of you? You foolish darling! Don't you know that I love every hair of your lovely head? You're the dearest, sweetest, bravest little girl in the whole wide world. As for Mammy—she'll be just crazy about you, too, darling! Why, you'll soon be cutting me out. She has always said she wished I'd been a girl! She had me named Roberta months before I was born. I've written her about you. Told her what a dear little wife I had—and explained that it all came about so fast that I hadn't time to write her, or invite her to the wedding; but I knew she'd understand just as she'd always done. I'll bet she'll be writing, and coaxing you to go out there. I wish you would, darling. You'd love the dear old Black Hills! Finest place in the world! And you'd love Mammy too—she can't do enough for folks she loves! Of course, it wouldn't do to let her know there wasn't any preacher there—at our wedding, I mean—but, darling, we'll fix that just as soon as I get back. Not that it matters the least bit, since we're married anyway."

But oh, it did matter—it mattered terribly! I knew my darling was only saying that to comfort me.

One day in June a letter came from his mother urging me to come to Hot Springs, South Dakota, that we might wait for Bob's homecoming together. "As Bob likely has told you, we own a little store right here in Hot Springs, and live in a brown bungalow above it among the pines. We are very comfortable. Come on home, dear—Bob's wife will be more than welcome."

I wrote at once, thanking her warmly, but saying that I couldn't leave the store just yet.

I was afraid to go; afraid she'd find out about Bob and me. What if she should ask to see our marriage license? Oh, no—I couldn't think of going!

And then just the very next week came a letter that nearly killed me. As I write I have that last letter before me. It is nearly blotted out by tears—mine and Bob's. But I know it by heart. It reads:

MY OWN PRECIOUS LITTLE WIFE:

We are expected to attack—I can't say where, on account of the censors—tomorrow morning. Something tells me that I won't come through alive. So I want you to look on this as my dying request; go home to my mother, dear. I know she'll welcome you as my dear wife and her daughter. Maybe she has already written you—but I'm writing her again, so I'm sure she will.

I'm nearly wild tonight, thinking about you, you poor innocent little kid! I'm so afraid you're blaming yourself when it was all my fault. Oh, surely you know that I'd die a thousand deaths if that would save you from harm! I must know that you're safe. Do as I ask, dear—go home to Mammy!

Your husband who loves you with all his strength and soul.

I'll be waiting for you on the other side, my wife, my dearest.

Something told me that he was right—that I'd never see Bob again. Part of me died right then.

I don't know how I lived to read the account of the taking of San Juan Hill—for Bob's name was among those "killed in action."

A heartbroken letter from Bob's mother, again asking me to come, decided me to go to her. Trying to comfort her would seem like doing something for Bob.

I must hurry over that part. Sufficient to say, I found her all that Bob had told me—tall and brown-eyed, with softly graying brown hair. She was gracious, and yet dignified too. She was tender of me, even in the midst of her own deep grief. She never thought to question me about our marriage. Evidently Bob's saying I was his wife settled that part of it for all time.

And when in July I told her that I believed I was going to have a baby, she held me in her arms and wept tears of joy. "Why, it will seem like having part of Bob back again," she whispered.

And that baby was Davy. Davy who was like the baby picture of Bob.

WE all lived together in the dear little brown bungalow with its pretty wicker furniture and gay cretonne curtains, and the years brought us a quiet happiness.

I helped quite a bit in the small, though well filled, grocery. And little by little I took over the brunt of the work. I enjoyed the work and the friendly Westerners—but always back in my mind lurked the old fear that sometime some one might find out that Davy had no legal right to his father's name.

Davy grew bigger and bigger, till he was a man grown—and Mother King and I almost worshiped him. And then I began to dream that dreadful dream that Davy had found out, and if ever a woman suffered for her past, it was I!

Bob's mother made it harder—all unknowingly—by saying often, "I do hope Davy won't fall into the clutches of some bold lady. These are dreadful times my dear! In our day, girls were virtuous, but now—" A sad shake of her handsome gray head completed the sentence.

Davy was seventeen then—and almost as big as his father had been. He'd always been a quiet, dutiful boy who gave us no trouble. But still Mother King felt it was her duty to warn him

about the flightiness of most modern girls frequently.

"I'd rather see you in your grave than married to one of them, Davy," she'd say sternly.

"No danger of my marrying anybody yet a while, Grandma," Davy would say, his brown face crinkling in that slow smile of his.

"Gee, mother," he said to me one day, "from the way she keeps at me, Grandma must think I'm a cheap skate. No fellow would want a girl he'd be ashamed of."

I felt as if a cold hand had clutched my heart. Just what would he think if he knew about me, I wondered.

Finally, one of the girls in our little town had a baby—and wouldn't tell who its father was. Grandma King was wild.

"I'm glad you never hung around that Mattie Little!" she said one evening, as the three of us sat on the moonlit steps together. "A girl who would be as low as that would stoop to anything—even to laying it onto you, Davy!"

"Aw, Mattie isn't a bad kid," Davy insisted, his young face troubled. "She just made a mistake and—"

"DON'T let me hear a grandson of mine defending a thing like that," Mother King said, tight lipped. "A girl's virtue is her dearest possession, and when she loses it—"

Davy got up and strolled away among the pines. My sick eyes followed him.

"Davy's his father all over again," Mother King said, when I could find no words to break the silence. "He can't bear to hear any one blamed. But if he once does lose faith in any one, then look out! Looseness isn't in our family," she ran on. "There was never even a breath about the Kings, nor against any of my people, either."

Every word was like a blow to me. This woman, who had been a real mother to me, would turn me out in a minute if she knew the truth, I was thinking. She must never, never know the truth—any more than Davy.

The day before she died, she called Davy to her and talked to him a long, long time. I sat on the porch, but I could hear the murmur of their voices. When at last he came out, he looked very pale. He didn't tell me what his grandmother had said, but I guess she had been giving him a last warning. I was sure that she had, when he said, huskily, "Mother, you and Grandma needn't worry about me! Why I—I couldn't bring home any girl who—who wouldn't measure up to you! I couldn't love any woman I didn't respect!"

I felt smothered, but somehow I made myself mumble, "No, of course not, dear."

After Mother King died, in spite of my real grief for her, things seemed a little easier somehow. I felt there was one less to fear. She, at least, would never know my story!

Then came the World War. Davy was one of the first to enlist. I didn't tell him not to, though my heart, like those of thousands of other mothers, was breaking.

He was sorely wounded, and in the hospital a long time. He came back to me, no longer the boy Davy, but a stern-faced man who seemed like a stranger.

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He told me little about the war. He couldn't bear to talk about it. It was too horrible, he said.

"Who's living in the Gale place?" he asked, one day toward the end of the first week.

"A new family by the name of Mason," I said, glad of even this small sign of interest. "They have such a nice daughter. Her name is Ruth, too," I added, for the lack of something better to say. For, you see, I'd taken a great notion to Ruth Mason, and I'd been secretly hoping that Davy might too. I'd been wondering how to bring them together—but feared to say too much. "I don't know what I'd have done without Mrs. Mason and Ruth this last year," I rambled on. "Ruth helped me in the store a lot—I think I must have mentioned her in my letters. Oh, I forgot, you never received those last letters of mine, did you?"

He shook his brown head, his big hands busy with the eggs we were testing.

"She's an awfully dear, quiet, little thing," I told him. "And I think she has the sweetest, saddest eyes I've ever seen. She always makes me think of a hurt child."

STILL David said nothing, so I tried again. "They came up here to be among the pines. Ruth wasn't very well, but she's like another girl these last few months—and the most willing child you ever saw. Willing to help, I mean. We must have them over some evening. She sings like an angel. Well, talk about angels—" I added under my breath as the screen door of the little store opened, "there she is now."

And there she was—the dark blue lawn dress she wore no bluer than her eyes, so wistful under the straight blonde brows. Her thin face was a little flushed, her tender mouth a little open, as she stood there, looking about her—not seeing me till I stepped out from behind the back counter.

Something happened all of a sudden. A change came over Ruth's face. Her big blue eyes lost their hurt look. A warm light came into them, and her little hand flew to her throat. I glanced back at Davy. His eyes were on that slender blue figure as though he could never look enough. "Why, it's you!" he breathed, and all the sternness had gone from his face.

He started toward her, holding out his hands. And then, seeming to remember me, he said over his shoulder, "I had no idea—Why, mother, I met Ruth—Miss Mason, I mean—overseas. But I didn't know who she was—that it was the same one. She sang at the hospital a lot."

I felt a little vicarious thrill. From his very voice I knew that Davy loved this girl. I looked back at her. Her tender underlip caught firmly between her teeth, she was looking hard at her hands which were now gripping each other. She had gone very white.

"It's been a long time since I saw you," she said, in a queer, jerky voice.

"I looked everywhere for you. Where did you go?" asked Davy, his voice hurried—for him. Hurried and sort of urgent.

She lifted her little head, and said in a dead tone, "I was dismissed from the service. So I came home."

He made a queer sound in his throat.

I backed into the shed again and shut the door behind me. My knees were trembling. That Davy loved this girl, I hadn't a doubt. That she had been dreadfully hurt about something in the past seemed clear also. What had she been doing overseas? And why had she been dismissed?

Their low voices came to me through the door. I was sick to know what they were saying. Oh, not from idle curiosity, but because whatever touched Davy touched me, too.

But I forced myself right on through the back door and up the steep path leading from our little store to the bungalow. And there I sat on the steps and waited and waited, praying that no one would come to trade so that Davy would be alone with the poor little thing.

When I went back at last, I found the store empty.

It was over an hour before Davy came loping up the steep grade. He looked like the boy Davy once more. "Gee, but it seems good to be home again!" he said with that one-sided smile of his. You'd have thought he'd just got home. Then, reaching up to straighten a row of canned goods on the top shelf, he said diffidently, "You like Ruthie, don't you mother?"

"Like her!" I breathed. "Why, I love her, Davy."

"So do I," he said, huskily, his back still turned.

I hurried to him then, this shy boyman of mine, and put my arms around his waist—and laid my head on his broad back. He turned to take me in his arms.

"She cares too, mother," he said, the slow red creeping up his brown throat. And then he pressed my face against his breast, and added huskily, "We're to be married right away. You don't mind, do you, mother?"

"MIND? Why I'd love it!" I said, all in happy tears.

He hugged me hard. "She had a raw deal, the poor little kid!" he explained with a choke in his voice. "One of the officers got fresh, and she slapped him. And—well—he had influence enough to have her dismissed. He had some sort of stand-in with the old girl that had charge of the entertainers—and anyway—Aw, don't let's talk about it, mother. I guess it pretty near killed her."

"She was sick when she first came here," I said, wiping my eyes and straightening my hair, "but of course I didn't know what had happened—nobody did. And it's best not to say anything about it."

"I should say not! What folks don't know won't hurt them—and she's been through enough without people talking now, poor little soul." This was a long speech from Davy. "But if I ever get hold of that officer, I'll—" His big hands clenched. "Why, mother, she's as pure as—as—"

"As any woman that ever lived," I finished for him, fearing, heaven help me, that he might be going to say as pure as *I* was. "Of course, she's a good girl, dear! And I'm going to love her like my very own. She will be my very own, dear, dear son," I assured him with all my heart.

Davy and Ruth were married very quietly, with just Ruth's father and mother and me present. Her folks were quite well off; but they weren't a bit uppity and they were very fond of Davy.

The children lived with me, just at first, but in the fall Mr. Mason said he was tired of doing nothing; he guessed he'd go back to Rapid City and take up life insurance again. So he gave Ruth and Davy their pretty cottage. His wedding present, he said, but Davy insisted they'd rather pay for it on the installment plan.

Our store was doing well, and things were coming our way fast. And one day, the next summer, Ruthie told me—with her fair head in my lap—that she was going to have a baby. "Davy's hoping it'll be a girl, so he can call it after you," she said, presently sitting up, her shy, sweet face aglow.

"Is he?" I asked, with a tug at my heart.

She nodded. "Yes, he—he almost worships you—he thinks you're just perfect!" she told me, getting up and walking to the long window. "It used to worry me—just at first—I—I felt so unworthy."

IT was the first time she had mentioned her trouble to me. "You had no call to feel unworthy, dear," I said, my throat aching.

I heard her sigh as she stood there, fingering the gay cretonne curtain. Then, "I'd give all the world if I could undo my past," she said, in just no voice at all.

"But it's all over, child. Don't fret about it," I said, rising and going to put my arms around her—we were just of a height.

She did not look at me and I could see that she was fighting back the tears. "A thing like that is never over," she whispered miserably.

"Now, daughter, you're making a mountain out of a mole hill," I argued. "What does idle gossip amount to?"

She turned and looked at me then. "Idle gossip! What do you mean?" she asked, the color leaving her face. "Didn't Davy tell you about me? I told him he must, or—"

"Why, yes, he told me—of course he did. Now, dear, don't get all worked up this way," I soothed, for I could see how her heart was lifting the front of her soft blue blouse. "He told me all about your slapping that officer. And it was exactly the right thing for you to do! And as for being dismissed for that—why, no amount of gossip really hurts any one. It's only what we do ourselves that actually—"

My voice trailed away, for she was looking at me with stricken blue eyes, her thin hands at her throat.

"So that's what he thought it was!" she said, and I knew that she was talking to herself. "There was a girl—another entertainer—who was dismissed for that reason about the same time that I was. Davy—Davy must have heard about that one, and when I tried to tell him about me—he—he—"

She swayed a little and sat down on the

floor suddenly as if the strength had drained from her knees.

And then the poor child told me how hard she had tried to tell Davy her story, but he wouldn't listen. He said that he had heard it in camp, but hadn't known it was hers.

"And he thought all the time it was I who slapped that officer," she said, shivering. "And he wouldn't let me say any more about it. He said we'd never mention it again—that it meant just nothing at all to him except that he was terribly sorry I'd gone through so much—you know how Davy is, mother—Oh, you won't want me to call you that name now!"

"Of course I want you to call me mother," I insisted, sitting down beside her and taking her trembling hands in both my tender ones. "It doesn't matter to me what you've done," I added above the smarting lump in my throat. "You're my own dear child, just the same!"

TEARS started running down her face—no sound, just tears. "No wonder Davy says you're an angel," she whispered.

"I'm far from an angel," I told her through dry lips. "Don't shiver so, dear. It's all over now."

She drew her hands away and twisted them distractedly. "All over? Why, mother—it's just beginning. I'd rather die than tell Davy now—now that he can't help himself—but I've got to!

"I thought it was hard enough before—it pretty nearly killed me to try, but I felt he mustn't be cheated. But now—now that we're married—oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she wailed, breaking suddenly.

The storm that swept over her frightened me. I didn't know what to do—except that I didn't want Davy to know. What good would it do? It would only break his heart too, I reasoned, remembering Grandma King's teachings.

By and by Ruth grew quiet enough to tell me her story. It came out in jerks—in broken sentences, in shamed whispers. I knew how she was feeling—I'd so often felt that way myself—for her story was very like my own. A young pair swept off their feet by their love—meaning to marry—the reckless giving—his regiment ordered overseas. He had been killed in his first battle. Then her remorse. Her getting a chance to go overseas as an entertainer.

"I sang in the hospital where Davy was convalescing," she said tremulously. "I saw quite a bit of him—and—and—though my heart had been broken, little by little, he seemed dearer and dearer.

"No one could help loving Davy," she said, her childish face tender. "But I knew I mustn't marry him—I knew I wasn't fit to marry any one after what I'd done. And then—well—then I nearly went crazy. One night the woman at the head of our unit found me crying—and she seemed so motherly—so I asked her what she thought—if a girl who had gone wrong could ever come back. She straightened like a shot—and then I knew what a mistake I'd made in saying anything at all. She asked me all sorts of questions—and I couldn't and wouldn't tell her a thing! She looked sort of greedy—and horrid. I guess it made her mad because I wouldn't confess all, as

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. . . 612 women registered as patients for 30 days

. . . each woman cared for left side of face by own method

. . . washed right side of face with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

. . . doctors recorded greater improvement on Woodbury side in 81 cases of dry skin, 115 cases of oily skin, 103 cases of blackheads, 83 cases of large pores, 106 cases of pimples.

*Names on file with this magazine.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

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I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
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Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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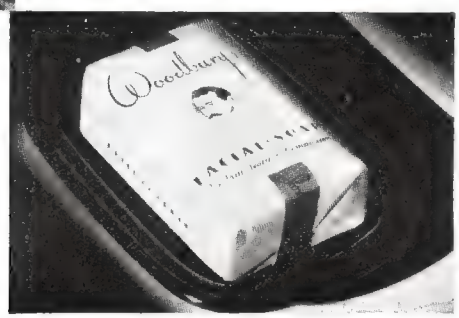

TUNE IN on Woodbury's Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. Leon Belasco and orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.

NEW BETTER WAY REMOVES HAIR

in 2 to 3 minutes

EASIER than ever before you can now remove superfluous hair from arms, under-arms and legs. Delatone—the white cream hair-remover—shortens the time needed. No razor risk—no bristly stubble. Regrowth is delayed remarkably. Leaves skin soft and smooth.

Mildly fragrant, Delatone Cream does not have the strong odor of ordinary depilatories. Economical, too—only a thin application is necessary. Millions of women have used and recommend Delatone. It is the quality depilatory. Made of finest ingredients by a patented formula, owned and used exclusively by us. Avoid substitutes—ask for and insist on having—

DEL-A-TONE

The *White* Cream Hair-remover

Big economy tubes, 50c and $1. Delatone Powder, $1 jars only. At drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid upon receipt of price.

Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Write Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, (Est. 1908) Dept. 136, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

Nul Deodorant—Cream or Powder, nullifies body odors; relieves perspiration—35c. Sample of either free on request.

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Please send me absolutely free in plain wrapper generous trial tube of Delatone Cream.
FREE TRIAL
My name .....
Street .....
City .....
My dealer .....

she put it. For she said, at last, that it was evident I wasn't the sort to be among the other girls—that—that—Well, you know how a woman, a straitlaced woman, like that would talk. Oh, I guess I deserved all she said! I *had* gone wrong—but not the way she meant it. I couldn't have told her another word to save my life. So I was dismissed.

"After I came home, I was sick for quite a while; that's why my folks came out here. They thought that up here in the pines I'd be better. You see I couldn't even tell them! They thought I had come home on account of my heart. But when Davy came—I loved him so—I—I couldn't hold out any longer. But I tried to tell him—first—and—Oh, what shall I do? What *shall* I do?" she sobbed again, as one without hope.

"You mustn't do anything," I said firmly, for my mind was made up. "What good would telling Davy do now? He'd just suffer—I know Davy! You're just the same now as when he married you—a good girl at heart. You're a wonderful little wife, and I know you'll make a wonderful little mother. Lots of girls have made that same mistake, and—"

"Not Davy's kind of people haven't!" she moaned. "Davy's so proud of his blood. That what's killing me. What'll he say when he knows that the mother of his baby has been a—"

I put my hand over her quivering mouth. "Don't say what isn't true! You haven't been a bad woman!"

"I wouldn't be fair not to tell him," she said tonelessly.

"Would it be fair to wreck his happiness?" I demanded. "He says himself that what folks don't know doesn't worry them. If it would do any good, I'd say tell him. If you weren't *married*, that would be different. But now that you are—now that your baby's coming—what good would it do? You tried to tell him, and he misunderstood. He would only be—well, not heartbroken exactly—for I know he loves you too well to let even that part you—but he's only a boy, and he had very strict teaching by his grandmother on that very question. So it would hurt—hurt *terribly!* I'll admit that. He'd think of it and grieve about you, and for you too."

"I must tell him," she said again in that dead voice.

And then I knew what I must do. But I had to try twice before I could say above the ringing in my ears:

"Very well then—we'll *both* tell him a story. For I have a past too! We'll drag his world down about his ears—we'll break his heart—but we'll tell him!"

She stared at me as though I'd gone crazy, gasping, "Why, mother—"

HER voice seemed to come from a distance, but I struggled to my feet and she rose after me. Then I faced her.

"If you tell him, I'll tell too," I repeated, with lips as dry as paper. "I'll tell him that he has no *legal* right to the name of King."

And then, in a few words forced from my throat by a hard will, I told her what I would rather have died than tell.

It didn't sound like my own voice at all, but I waved away the glass of water she ran to get me.

"Shall we tell him?" I demanded, through the mist that seemed rising all around me.

"Oh, no, mother! No—no—*no!*" she sobbed and caught me in her arms.

And so Davy's happiness was secure. Never was there a better wife and mother than little Ruth. In the love of my children, and in baby Ruthie, I have found, at last, peace and a gentle happiness.

So I can say, with the poet, that "Men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things."

What Are These Nudists *Really* Like?

NUDISM is spreading. All over Europe, and in some places in America, the cult is gaining ground. But how much do we actually know about the nudists? Are they a bunch of cranks and exhibitionists, are they decadent sensation seekers, or are they simply using common sense when they seek the primitive? Just what do they do, and in what manner do they live?

These and other questions are answered in the June issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine in a revealing article by Sanford Sanders, a young American who hails from Springfield, Missouri, and who likes to know things. He joined the nudists in Germany, and lived in one of their colonies for a month. This complete and illuminating record of his personal experience will tell you more about the nudist spirit and way of life than anything you've ever read.

In this issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE, too, you'll learn some surprising things about a subject which has been of vital interest to men and women from time immemorial, but which nowadays most people don't discuss freely. This is the matter of alcohol and how it affects health. PHYSICAL CULTURE persuaded Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, world-famous English medical authority, to give his answer to the question, "Does Moderate Drinking Shorten Life?" With this the editors publish a dissenting opinion. It makes a lively discussion!

In the same issue, Charles Paddock, the famous sprinter, tells the inspiring story of how he rose from a condition of almost total physical disability during childhood to be "the fastest human." People who do not sprint, yet like to use their legs, will find pleasure in "New Trails for Nature Seekers" by Flora G. Orr, an account of the new opportunities which are being provided for hiking in America and abroad.

Other interesting articles, as well as the helpful department material, including "Exercises for the Spare-Tire Waistline" by Dorothy Cocks, timely suggestions on combination meat and vegetable dishes by Lucy von Arnim of the Physical Culture Institute of Nutrition, and a return of the popular "Body Beautiful" section of former days, make the June issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine as interesting as it is authoritative.

Look for it *now* at any news stand.

THE JUNE

PHYSICAL CULTURE
MAGAZINE

ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS MAY 4th

Man Hungry

(*Continued from page* 48)

In my security of happy wifehood and approaching motherhood, I could spare a measure of kindly pity for the woman who had failed to wrest happiness from life.

But I soon found Jouette West to be a very different person from the Jouette Liston of my girlish memories. Life had disciplined her; and if it had not changed the basic traits of her character, it had at least taught her to dissemble, to seek her selfish ends by indirect methods.

Jouette told us that Deacon West had died eight months previously, leaving Alvin a very generous income for the term of his life. At Alvin's death, all the Deacon's large holdings passed to certain charities that knew very well how to seize and hold the fortunate windfall.

Alvin had proceeded to fling his income to the winds. After only five months of gay life he had been killed while out with a drunken automobile party.

After the funeral expenses were paid, Jouette had found herself left with a handsome wardrobe and fifty dollars in cash.

Craig had found her working in a notorious night club while he was acting as host to some of his firm's small-town visitors.

"I COULD not help it; there are no decent positions to be had in Creighton in the hot season, and I am not trained for any useful sort of work. I had to take what offered, or starve," Jouette told us in that newly subdued and plaintive voice of hers. Her manner was quiet and almost gentle; her hard and obvious beauty seemed veiled with a subtle charm. I could see that the Iselins were quite taken with her, and Craig's newly aroused interest puzzled me. I had been so sure he disliked her.

"I took Jouette out of that cabaret at once," Craig told me late that night when we were at last alone in our rooms after an endless session of bridge, during which Jouette shone triumphant. "It is unthinkable that she should do such work when she is your cousin—almost like a sister," he continued.

"Oh, no, Jouette was never in the least like a sister to me," I retorted quietly.

"Well, anyhow, we'll help her till something suitable turns up. Her brilliant bridge game will be a delight to mother and Myrtle," Craig continued obliviously.

I said no more and Jouette stayed on as a guest until late September, when she returned to Creighton as Mrs. Iselin's social secretary, making her home in the huge Iselin apartment.

Craig delighted and amazed me by leasing a charming nine-room house, surrounded by half an acre of well-tended lawn and flower garden, in a quiet suburb called Oak Spinney.

I thought it so unselfish of him to accede to my longing for country life, and it was years before I learned that the move had been made at another woman's suggestion, and for the sake of screening his own misdeeds.

The little suburb had almost the friendliness and quiet informality of a Southern village, and was but an hour's ride by

5,000,000 American Housewives *give their vote to this* Mustard!

NO president ever had a plurality of 5,000,000 women's votes! More housewives than that, though, prefer French's Mustard! And behind *their* votes stand millions more . . . husbands, children, friends.

There are five important reasons for the overwhelming popularity of French's over the hundreds of other mustards on the market. You will recognize instantly that such conscientious care must result in a superior mustard, equally delicious for both condiment and cooking uses.

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5 All these fine, pure ingredients are "creamed" together . . . not just mixed. Your own experience in creaming butter and sugar will tell you how important that is.

The next time you want to make savory sandwiches for tea, or a delightful, zestful luncheon dish, or a party salad . . . or are searching for a "different" deliciousness for an everyday menu, try French's Mustard. Then you will understand why 5,000,000 housewives prefer it to any other brand.

Send for this month's set of recipe cards and learn how to treat your family to new and greater food delights

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"It's Creamed"
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Please send me this month's set of free recipe cards. The R. T. French Company, 1092 Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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express from the station in Creighton. To complete my contentment, I found that Doctor Rainey's residence was but a scant ten minutes' walk from my new home. Indeed, Craig had chosen Oak Spinney out of a dozen possible places for that very reason. I grew quite gay and excited over the moving and fitting out my new home with gay cretonnes and quaint old furniture. A good deal of my parents' old rosewood and mahogany furniture was taken out of storage, done over, and placed to such advantage in my large, airy rooms that Mrs. Iselin and Myrtle were quite envious.

Craig joked in a good-natured way about being a commuter and carrying bales of bundles. As a matter of fact, he joined the wealthy men in the club car, and thoroughly enjoyed his hours of bridge and gossip.

In November my baby, a lovely blond boy, was born in my own quiet home. I nearly lost my life, and Doctor Rainey grumbled and scolded over his lack of hospital conveniences.

EACH time I struggled dimly back to consciousness during those searing hours of agony, a strong, blond young face bent above me; a beautiful mouth set in lines of tenderness, eyes that were wells of gentleness and pity for my pain. Strong hands that seemed to bear me up grasped my frantic ones. I heard a beautiful, deep voice that called and called, and would not let me go:

"Hang on, Morna dearest. Take my hands and hold them tight. You must do your part, you must help us! Think of your baby and how you are going to love him. Why, you can't be a coward and lose him now! Easy on that ether, Unk. Morna's going to help us!" Tearing agony, a screaming voice that was my own; then peace, peace, peace!

Such were my first impressions of Norton Rainey, our old doctor's nephew and assistant. Of the worst hours of my agony, Craig, my husband, knew nothing. His mother bitterly resented my refusal to follow her advice about the birth of the Iselin heir; she seemed to regard my refusal to go to the hospital as indelicate, and a hardship for her son.

As soon as Mrs. Iselin learned that my hour of trouble was upon me, she staged a fainting attack and summoned her son. He went!

While my little son throve and grew daily prettier and dearer, and I fought my slow way back to health, I saw Norton Rainey constantly. He was a big, gentle, kindly lad with a hard fighting jaw, and the eyes of a dreamer. His hands, large, finely shaped and very deft, seemed created for healing.

When the holiday season drew near, I was almost my old self again. It should have been a gay time for me, a country Christmas and my baby's first little tree with its gilt stars and twinkling lights.

But I found life sad enough, for several reasons. Norton Rainey's hopeless adoration of me and his gallant efforts to conceal it, cut me to the heart. And I was again living under Jouette West's hard, critical eyes. She had quarreled bitterly with Mrs. Iselin and Myrtle Johns—I did not learn why till long afterward—and Craig, taking my consent for granted, had opened our home to her for an indefinite stay. The whole plan in all its details was arranged without my knowledge, and I hid my resentment as best I could.

Craig had narrow, old-fashioned ideas about women working outside the home; and Jouette was my cousin and had grown up with me. I told myself that my husband's attitude was only natural, but I could not fool myself. Craig was not stupid; he knew how I felt about Jouette and he had no right to thrust any woman upon me without asking my permission.

In the end, matters were smoothed over and our life settled down much more peacefully than I had expected. Jouette had certainly learned to be tactful. She rarely intruded on Craig and me, and spent much time in her own large, convenient room. I was often ashamed of my coldness, the instinctive distrust which I strove to hide.

Jouette seemed to feel it; to feel that Craig acted as a buffer between us, for she almost always visited friends during his rather frequent absences on short business trips. Formerly, when these trips were not nearly so numerous, I had accompanied Craig and we made a sort of holiday out of them. After Junior's arrival, it was very difficult for me to leave home and Craig did not encourage me to do so.

Jouette had always had a sort of flair for color and drawing. So Craig financed a course in commercial art for her, and she went into Creighton for her lessons four days of each week, returning with Craig on the five o'clock express. A bitter if unspoken antagonism existed between Jouette and Norton Rainey. Sometimes, if it had not been so absurd, I would have said that she feared him.

MY cousin was still not altogether easy to get along with, and soon after my little son's first Christmas she had a bitter quarrel with Kate Spohr, one of my maids. The quarrel took place in Jouette's room and I never did get quite to the bottom of it. But Kate left that same night.

Jouette said Kate carelessly upset her easel, smeared a wet sketch and was insolent, when reproved.

Kate Spohr was a large, dark woman, who spoke broken English and wore an air of sullen, almost fierce, stupidity.

I was putting little Junior to bed in the nursery when she came to bid me good-by. She kissed my hands and cried over me in her queer, foreign way.

"But you are working for me, not Miss Jouette. You do not have to leave me, Katie. I do not want you to go, for you have been faithful and honest. Just tell me about your trouble with Miss Jouette and I will smooth matters over so you can remain," I told the woman, as I patted her big heaving shoulder.

"You good woman, so kind, so angel good," she sobbed out; adding fiercely, "Miss Jouette bad, bad—devil bad!"

She departed, stubborn and silent to the last, and I was reminded of another queer leave-taking. When we had returned from Shell Harbor in the fall, pretty little Isla Sigmundson, my second maid who had received half wages all summer, came to me in floods of tears. She must leave me; she refused to say why. And she also had called me an "angel," and "good."

I had replaced Isla with my faithful Norah Grogan. After Katie left, Norah begged me to raise her wages, and let her do all the work. She told me she was "strong enough for anything."

I acceded to Norah's wishes; and from that hour, my housework was done to perfection.

I told Jouette very gravely that she must never again interfere with any of my servants; she received my rebuke with surprising meekness.

And so I come to that autumn evening three years later; that evening when Junior lay feverish and croupy, while I longed for my absent husband.

Junior had been far too languid for his usual romps with me that day, but the doctor, who had come at my call, said there was not the least reason to worry. I was to keep my baby warm and quiet and administer certain medicines.

A cheerful wood fire crackled in the large, open fireplace; the vapor lamp stood ready for instant service. All day I had sung songs and told stories. I was very tired, but too anxious to be drowsy. The doctor had called again, somewhat impatient over my second summons, just as the angry red sunset was fading into dusk.

"THE boy is a trifle feverish and croupy, but is in absolutely no danger," he told me rather tartly.

After repeating his former directions, and making some pointed allusions to his own exhaustion and the calls made upon his time and strength by the prevalent influenza epidemic, Doctor Rainey stumped down the stairs.

I was not at all offended. Every one for miles around loved and trusted the gruff, crusty bachelor with his uncanny skill, his big, ungainly body and marvelous, delicate hands, those healing hands to which many a despairing soul had clung.

A vague premonition of disaster, however, a sense of impending doom, spread its dark pinions above my spirits, and I could not scold myself out of the fear and depression that seemed borne to me in the sound of the wailing wind and the rustle of the dead leaves clinging persistently to the beeches and maples in the garden.

Craig had telegraphed me that he would be home on the midnight local, so when Norah received a frantic phone call from her sister, summoning her to the bedside of a favorite nephew who had been badly injured in a boiler explosion, I did not hesitate to grant her an indefinite leave of absence, and helped her off in time to catch the seven-thirty express.

I was devoted to Norah, who had been my faithful servant ever since poor little Isla's departure more than three years earlier. I left Junior long enough to run up to my maid's attic bedroom with a twenty-dollar bill and several small articles I thought she might find useful. Norah's face was swollen and blotched from violent weeping; she was nervous and hysterical, very unlike her usual capable and well-poised self.

"Pat's going to die—the poor lad! I know it! It's the good God's judgment on me fer shirkin' me plain duty. But,

oh, Miss Morna, I couldn't be the one to break your heart, you was that happy with your baby and your home and your flowers and your husband, bad cess to 'im! Mary Mother, be good to ye!"

Norah's wild, almost incoherent, words seemed to me but the ravings of one half distracted by anxiety and grief.

Happy, loving, trustful, utterly content with baby, home and husband, I hurried the weeping girl off to the station, five blocks distant, urging her to make haste, lest she miss her train.

A more worldly and suspicious woman would have detained the faithful creature and insisted that she explain her wild words. I knew that Norah disliked both Craig and Jouette; but it never entered my head, at that time, to connect them with her excited speech.

At the very last, I ran down to the front door and called after Norah that she must phone me if she needed more money. The faithful, affectionate girl turned back to seize my hands and cover them with tears and kisses.

"God be good to ye, fer His shinin' angels must be like ye!" she cried, and was gone down the garden path in a rush, her bulging suit case seeming but a feather's weight in her powerful grasp.

There on the moon-drenched steps, with the sad loveliness of the decaying year all about me, I recalled vividly another large woman who had covered my hands with kisses, and fled from me in tears. Why had the memory of Katie Spohr been with me so persistently these last few hours, I wondered. I had not seen the woman, had scarcely thought of her since she left me.

As I entered the house again, I heard Jouette talking over the phone in pleased, elated tones:

"Of course I'll come, old thing! I'll just have time to doll up for my sweetie and catch the eight-thirty express."

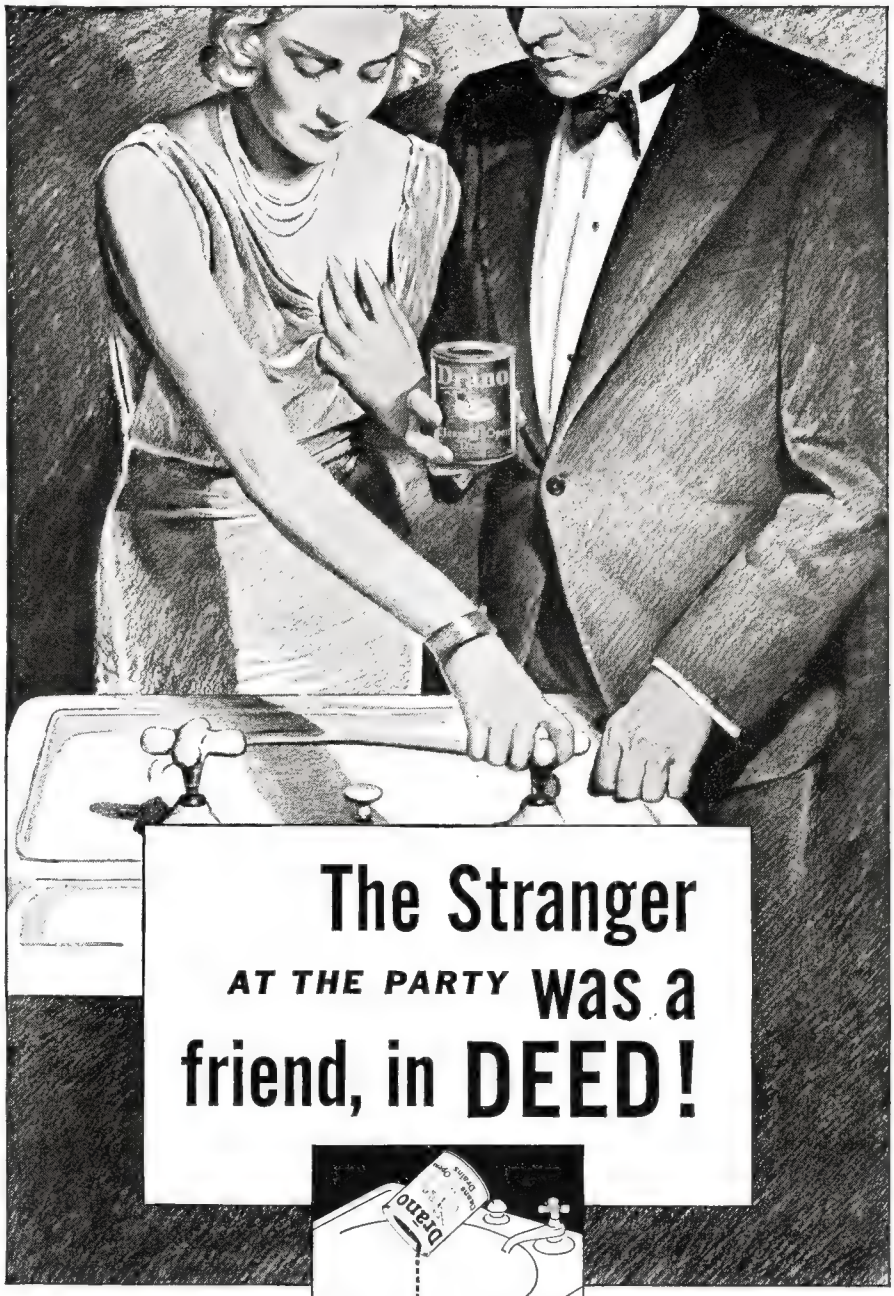
"Wait a second, Jouette," I called. "I hate very much to upset your plans, but I cannot be left alone in this isolated suburb with Junior in his present feverish, croupy condition. Norah has just gone, Craig won't return till after midnight, and Doctor Rainey is doing an emergency operation at the hospital. I can't be left alone here, for Junior might grow suddenly worse—but I do hate to spoil your fun."

Jouette spoke hastily into the phone, assuring some unknown person that she would meet him "at the usual place"; then she hung up the receiver with a bang.

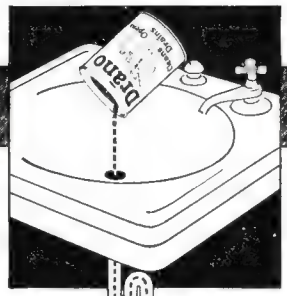
"You are not going to spoil my fun!" she snapped at me angrily. "You make a perfect fool of yourself over that boy, and Craig is not much better! I heard Doctor Rainey tell you that Junior is all right."

For Junior's sake I stooped to plead with Jouette, when I would have died rather than ask a favor for myself:

"I know Doctor Rainey was not alarmed about Junior; but croup cases often take a bad turn with frightful quickness, and I would feel so helpless here alone. Craig and I have given you a home for almost four years, have even furnished you with clothes and pocket money. Are you going to refuse me the first favor I have ever asked of you?"



The Stranger AT THE PARTY was a friend, in DEED!



"He slipped out of the house and came back with a can of Drāno. 'Here,' he said, 'I'll show you how to make that drain behave.' And, sure enough, in just a few minutes the water was gurgling, down and out."

There just isn't any better, surer way to keep drains clean and open and fast-flowing than pouring a little Drāno into every one of them, upstairs and down, every week. And what *could* be easier?

You can get Drāno at almost any store, anywhere. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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YOUR tan, brown, blonde, and light colored shoes—keep them looking always new with ColorShine Neutral Creme. ColorShine not only cleans the leather, but softens it for comfort, and seals it against damaging grit—adding months and months to the life of your shoes. Yet the generous-sized bottle sells for only a dime.

There are also ColorShine Dressings for white kid, white cloth, black leathers, and Dye to dye white or colored shoes a lasting black.

Sold in 10-cent stores everywhere (15c in Far West and Canada). On your next trip to the 10-cent store at the hardware counter get several bottles of ColorShine for your different kinds of shoes. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

• • • •

ColorShine
SHOE POLISHES
MAKE YOUR SHOES LOOK NEW
10¢ *15¢ in Far West and Canada*

Jouette faced me, sneering. "You mean that Craig has done all these things for me," she told me coolly.

"Very well," I retorted, too intent on helping my boy to resent her insolence, "then remain for Craig's sake. You know how he adores his boy; how he counts on a son to carry on his name and work."

Jouette laughed, licking her too red lips in a cat-like way she had; watching me from the corners of malicious eyes. Then she spoke. "Oh, well, Craig adores other things besides his precious son and heir."

My cousin ran from the room and sped up the stairs, leaving me in the midst of a great silence that seemed to shriek with meaning. Norah's words, ignored at the time she spoke them, had planted a tiny seed of doubt. That seed sprouted! Jouette paused on the stair landing.

"Why not send for Norton Rainey? Doctors do not have to bow to conventions, fortunately for them!" she sneered.

I turned away without a word. She was only taunting me; she knew very well that Norton was attending a medical convention in Knoxville. My baby was calling me in an anxious little croak, and I ran upstairs to him. I realized that I must face the night, or most of it, alone with my sick little son. Jouette cared for nothing and nobody but herself.

IF I judged Craig rightly, however, she would pay dearly for her selfish insolence, if anything befell Junior. As for the hideous doubt that was spreading through my mind like some noxious growth, I must thrust it aside lest it break me down. I needed to be calm and well poised for the sake of my baby.

Junior was very restless. So, wrapping him snugly in a blanket, I took him in my arms and began to pace the floor, crooning softly. He dozed, only to waken with a violent jerk at the shrill clamor of the telephone.

Jouette's room was across the hall from the nursery. I had heard her slamming things about as she dressed in frantic haste, but she sped out to the phone extension in the upper hall before I could lay the baby down.

"Iselin residence. Yes, this is Mrs. West," I heard her say, softening her shrill voice to a throaty coo.

But it rose several octaves as she added, "What? How dare you! Not for almost three weeks, and you know it! That is no concern of mine. Let me tell you, I don't give a darn about her troubles. . . . I warned you. . . . You just dare make threats, and see what happens to you. . . . Out of town. . . . Believe it or not—that's your affair. . . . You'll get it at the regular time, not a second sooner!"

The receiver went up with a bang and Jouette's door banged with a violence that rocked the house and drew a moan from my restless baby.

After all, I told myself, I was better off without the woman. I had the phone, and could call the hospital in an emergency. But it did worry me to recall that, beside ours, only three houses in the block were occupied. The rest of the near neighbors lived in Oak Spinney only during the milder seven months of the year.

Jouette's phone conversation, angry and cryptic as it was, did not trouble me. Her affairs were her own; no doubt she had failed to settle a bridge debt or had bought more finery than she could afford.

Fifteen minutes later she sped downstairs without coming near me. There was a long pause in the lower hall. Then the closing of the front door echoed eerily through the quiet house.

The minutes dragged past on leaden feet; the big clock on the stair landing chimed nine, ten, eleven. I had tucked Junior cozily in his small bed. He was sleeping heavily, and seemed hotter to my touch. A damp wind wailed through the garden, stirring the drifted leaves and rattling a loose shutter. The house timbers creaked loudly in the utter silence and ghostly footsteps seemed to pass up and down the stairs.

A dozen times I crept to the stair head and listened intently; at intervals I mended the dying fire. Then toward midnight Junior roused and asked for water; his little hands were burning and he swallowed with difficulty.

As soon as I could leave him, I hurried to a window. The three occupied houses at some distance down the block were dark; a dense fog was rolling up from the river. Soon it would blanket the entire street. Would it do any good to call Doctor Rainey? I knew it was a serious thing to summon him from the operating room; more than likely they would refuse to interrupt him. I decided to wait a short while. Perhaps the operation would be over by that time. I found myself praying aloud, unconsciously, "Oh, God, take care of my baby. He is so little and helpless and sweet. You can't let him die—not when I need him so!"

How I longed for Craig, the husband I so loved! How I yearned for Norton Rainey's strong, comforting presence and skilled knowledge! Somehow, he had always understood my little boy much better than his uncle did.

AND Norton loved me. Asking no reward, he would spend himself in my service; die to save me an hour of pain. A queer, croaking gasp caused me to whirl and race toward the bed. My baby, wide-eyed and purple-lipped, was struggling for breath, clutching with frantic, futile fingers at his throat.

The minutes that followed will forever remain in my memory as a blur of agony. In a sort of frozen calm, I lit the vapor lamp and applied the emergency remedies that Doctor Rainey had left. Then I sped down the hall to the phone. There was no response to my frantic signals; the instrument was quite dead. I raced downstairs, thinking Jouette might have left the receiver off the main phone. But no, it was in place and the phone was quite dead. Frantically I ran out the front door and down the flagged path to the gate. A dense fog bank had reached the garden; everything was veiled in woolly mist. A belated taxi dashed suddenly out of the gray smother, and I signaled it vehemently. A man leaned out of the open window, his leering face clear for an instant in the yellow dome light.

"Cansh be did, shister—all pickled now! Wifsh mad 'nuff! Goo'-by!" A throaty cackle from the invisible driver followed this sally, and they were gone

into the fog-shrouded night, as unreal as figures in a dream.

Despairing, I ran back into the house. Some instinct I shall never understand caused me to examine the wires beneath the small box in the front hall, just where the telephone connections entered the house. The wires were cut cleanly and sharply!

Upstairs again, I resumed the hopeless struggle which was to brand that night of agony upon my brain and heart in letters of fire. Twelve o'clock, then one and two, chimed up to me from the stair landing. The midnight train had thundered through our little suburb long before. Vaguely, I wondered where Craig could be. And Jouette—what had become of her?

The small form I clasped so jealously close to my breast had ceased to struggle. The remedies I had used were taking effect at last, I told myself thankfully.

The clock had just chimed the half hour after two when the door bell pealed sharply through the empty house. With the little, blanketed form still in my arms, I descended the stairs to open the door and face Norton Rainey. Heavy mists still shrouded the garden and Norton, entering, looked like a ghost. He was white of face and panted as if he had been running.

"Morna, I came home on the midnight train. Uncle was at the hospital, and I called him there. He told me Junior had been croupy, but was in no danger; so I went to bed.

"BUT I could not sleep: your voice kept calling me. When I failed to reach you on the phone, I could not stay away. Oh, my dear, your haunted eyes! Your little white face! What have they done to you?" He poured out his words in a vehement stream, his strong hands on my shoulders. Never had I seen my usually steady and quiet friend so distraught; it was as if my anguish had reached him through some medium of the soul.

"Hush, Norton," I said gently. "You'll wake Junior. He's been so very ill, poor darling! And they all went away and left me alone, and the phone wires were cut. Baby suffered so; but I used all the remedies faithfully and they did him good. I don't think he suffers at all now."

Norton started suddenly, and turned the blanket back from my little son's waxen face. The big man's lips contracted sharply as if he were in violent pain.

"Let me take him, Morna," he said with gentle firmness.

"No, no, Norton, let me keep my baby! I've held him all these hours, the pain might start again if I laid him down." I spoke with passion, fighting blindly against the infinite pity in the gray eyes that held my own.

"You must let me take him, my dear. And you must give him back to God. He will never suffer any more."

The suffering in Norton's voice and face drove home the bitter truth as no mere words could do it. Speechless, I laid my precious burden in his outstretched arms and started up the stairs. On the landing, I dropped down—and knew no more.

I was not long unconscious; nor did any bodily illness overtake me but I was

"MY Aunt Helen loved canaries. She raised dozens of them and always had several cages of her pets hung about the rooms, while she worked.

"One morning the door bell rang. A young man was standing on the porch, displaying silks he had for sale. Aunt Helen was not interested. She was busy with her work. But she listened patiently.

"Suddenly she heard exciting chirps among her canaries. They were evidently alarmed. She thought at once of a stray cat.

"Hurriedly excusing herself to the salesman she walked into the dining room. It was bright with sunlight and the canaries were fluttering excitedly about their cages, uttering shrill chirps of fright. Imagine her surprise when she glanced into the adjoining bedroom. Through the open door she saw a roughly-dressed man going through the drawers of the dresser.

"She screamed. The thief plunged quickly through the window and disappeared in the shrubbery. She looked for her purse. Fortunately, in his haste, the intruder had overlooked it. It contained $50.

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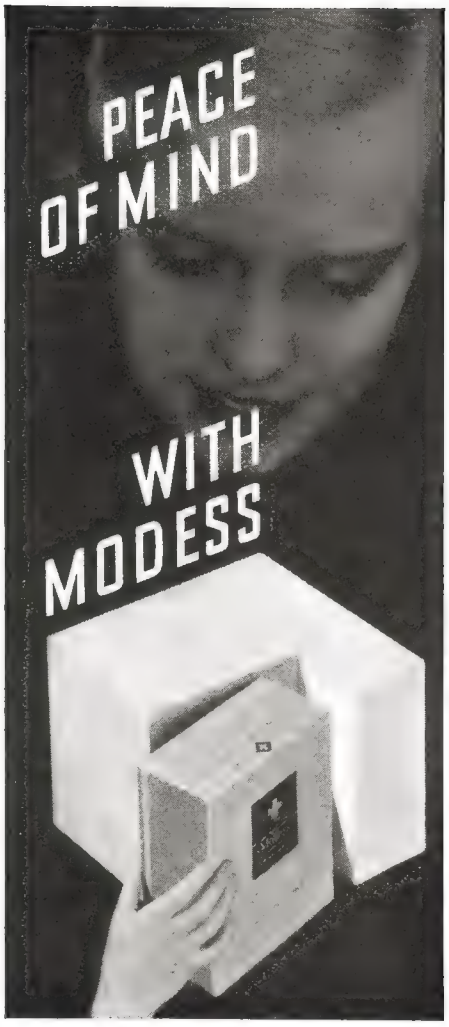

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SANITARY NAPKINS

sick at soul. Like a mechanical doll, I took my part in life. I answered messages and notes of condolence, attended my baby's funeral, saw callers, ordered my household and comforted my faithful Norah, who mourned rebelliously over her double loss of favorite nephew and the baby she had nursed and adored. Dimly and indifferently, I was aware that Craig seemed fairly ill with grief and something that resembled remorse and self-disgust.

"How deeply Craig feels his loss, and how cold Morna is," I heard people whisper. Still I could not rouse myself from the waking dream in which I lived and moved. One person understood me—suffered for me and with me; that was Norton Rainey. The old doctor I never saw, though I was sorry for him in a vague way.

The entire Iselin clan, and especially Craig, had looked on my beautiful, sturdy little son with complacent pride as a fitting heir to the Iselin name and traditions. Bitterly they blamed the elder Doctor Rainey for the mistaken judgment of Junior's case which had permitted his death.

"But it was not a mistake in judgment; the child had only a very mild case of croup when I left him. The mucus must have grown with frightful and unprecedented rapidity. Even so, if the phone had been in order so Morna could have called me, we had a fighting chance to save the boy!"

IT was thus the old doctor explained the situation to Craig and to numbers of our friends.

Those same cut phone wires had been the cause of Jouette leaving our home and, so far as I knew, the city of Creighton, after a frightful quarrel with Craig.

While our dead baby lay in the house, a little waxen figure of heart-wrenching appeal, I had refused to leave the room that sheltered his small casket. Craig, smothering his own grief, had done his best to comfort me. In that hallowed room my friends gathered round me; messages and flowers were brought to me there; from there I ordered my household. These tasks and human contacts were all that kept me sane.

But Jouette never crossed that threshold. I think she did not dare. Locked in her own room, she kept lonely vigil; and no man could know her thoughts or guess if she blamed herself.

Craig's silent devotion, his return to the tenderness of early days, would once have filled me with ecstasy. But my heart was hardened by his neglect and indifference; my very gentleness reacted against him.

For three years my husband had shut me out of his business and social life, making me feel that I had fallen far short of his standards, even while he treated me with chill courtesy.

Then there were the doubts and suspicions which Jouette and Norah had roused in me on that fatal night, though they had done it with motives as wide apart as the poles. During the long, lonely days after my baby's funeral, when my empty arms and empty heart were an intolerable burden, those doubts and suspicions throve mightily in my wandering thoughts. Small incidents, unheeded at the time, took on a hideous significance. Craig's preoccupation had hurt me, but I thought it part of the Iselin temperament. Guided by Jouette's hints, I could give it another and darker meaning. I treated Craig with the same distant courtesy that I accorded to his family and his friends. Only Norton Rainey could rouse me, for brief intervals, from my waking dream.

On our return from the cemetery after my little son's funeral, Craig and Jouette shut themselves up alone in the library and their interview degenerated into a violent quarrel.

I was not greatly interested. Had I not left my baby, flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone, lying alone under the gray autumn skies, and the cold autumn rain? Once Jouette's voice rose, shrill and clear:

"Well, I did it for your sake as well as my own! Did you want her—" Then came the rumble of Craig's heavy voice, and I heard no more. Jouette packed her trunks and left that same night, without bidding me a personal farewell. Craig handed me a brief, cold note in which my cousin thanked me for my "generosity" and "hospitality"; favors which she had recently attributed entirely to my husband.

Life soon settled down to the dull routine of winter in Oak Spinney. Craig was much at home and sought to woo me all over again, to express his affection, and something that might have been remorse.

In spite of my ugly doubts, I could not harden my heart forever. Youth turns naturally to love; and Craig was my husband, the man I had once almost worshiped. My days were long and empty, full of bitter grief for my dead. Junior's death brought back to me vividly the anguish I had suffered over the loss of my parents. Craig had been so dear and patient with me then! I had turned to him as a flower to the sun.

After Junior's death, I longed for the comfort of my husband's arms; but the spontaneous trust of my youth was dead. Caution crept in—and doubt and fear.

"HE'S making all this patient love to you because he wants another Iselin heir," whispered an inner self that had grown up in me during the period of Craig's neglect. I wanted to love Craig, yet feared to let myself go lest I be hurt again. I grew nervous, fanciful, distraught; sleep and appetite deserted me.

Relief came to me only through exhaustion, or the swift motion of my horse through the frosty air and pale winter sunshine. Under Norton's guidance, I had become an expert horsewoman, and we rode, almost daily, for hours.

With a humbleness touching in a man so proud and self-sufficient, Craig encouraged me to ride with Norton when he saw it did me good. He even bought me a splendid chestnut mare named Rosita, saying I was too fine a horsewoman to be riding hired hacks.

The horses which Norton and I had been hiring from the Hunt Club stables were really very good saddle stock. But none of them could keep up with my fiery Rosita, so Norton purchased Gay Boy, a powerful, dashing gray. A man named Falks had a boarding and selling

stable three miles beyond the Hunt Club, and Norton bought Gay Boy from him.

Norton and I wondered why the rat-faced Tim Falks was so eager to sell the big gray and why he sold him so cheaply. We were to learn about that in due time.

The long winter finally wore past, and my sorrow ceased to be the throbbing, open wound that had sapped all the joy and vitality out of me. Every day of my life I missed my boy, and sorrowed for him. But no grief can remain forever poignant. Craig's constant kindness, his gentle second wooing had made their impression. Doubts once so active in my mind had grown dim and I was fast yielding my sore heart into his keeping.

One lovely day in mid-April, with an early spring glorifying our garden and calling the mating birds to song, Craig rushed home to pack for a four-day trip to a city three hundred miles south of Creighton.

He wanted me to go with him, but Mother Iselin was ailing and refused to part with me. My boy's death had drawn us together and in her nervous, fractious state, she clung to me pathetically. To forego the trip together was a real sacrifice to both Craig and me, and we clung to each other with kisses and foolish little love words that we had not used since our courting days. Halfway to the gate, Craig dropped his bag and ran back to where I stood beneath a purple glory of wisteria bloom.

"OH, my dearest, you're too good for me!" he cried, as if the words were forced from his lips by some thought he could not suppress. "You are beautiful and sweet, and as good as an angel. I can't bear to leave you!"

He caught me to his breast with almost painful force and rained kisses on my upturned face. "Nothing must ever come between us again; I'd kill the man who took you from me!" he added.

My husband ran gayly through our wicket gate, turning for a smile and a hand wave. Late for his train, he sprinted down the quiet, suburban road while I turned indoors with a shiver of fear.

"An angel"; "good as an angel." Why had those phrases such depressing associations? I decided to hurry into Creighton and spend the night with Mother Iselin.

I returned to Oak Spinney on the eight o'clock train next morning, as I had promised to ride with Norton at ten.

Norah handed me a telegram, and two registered letters, marked "Urgent." She said a messenger had brought them out from Craig's office.

Deciding that some urgent matter might require instant attention, I opened the telegram. With eyes that refused to accept what they saw, I read:

COME TO ME AT ONCE STOP BRING FIVE HUNDRED JOUETTE

What is the real relationship between Craig and Jouette? What strange hold has she on him? Is she using him only to bring misery into her cousin's life? This thrilling story of a brave woman's fight for happiness is concluded in the

July TRUE STORY Magazine
On Sale Everywhere June 3rd

Just a little Fellow

How carefully you safeguard his food, his rest, his play — for you want him to grow up the strongest, healthiest boy in the land.

Of course, you worry when he doesn't want to eat. And that is why we want you to know about a cereal so *different* children can't resist it.

It's Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Delicious, toasted rice bubbles that actually crackle in milk or cream. The snapping and popping fascinates youngsters . . . watch them eat!

Dietitians say crisp cereals lend healthful variety. They advise serving two cereals daily — a different one at supper-time.

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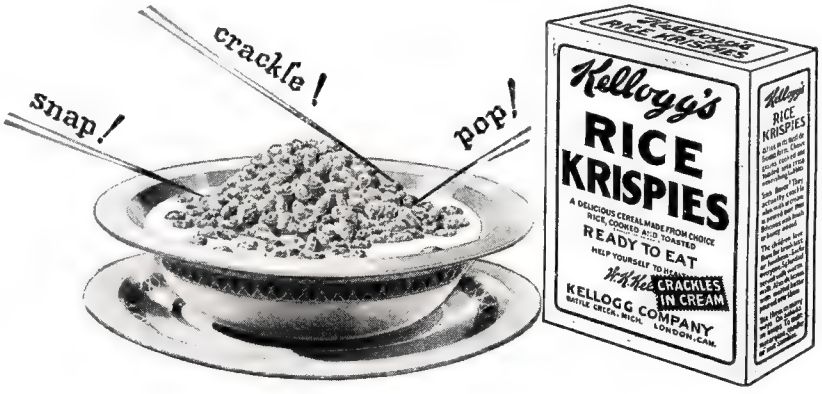

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Stranger than Fiction

(*Continued from page* 4)

actually worried. I could not see what could have delayed him. I went to the window, but the whirling snow made it impossible for me to see any distance.

The room was cold, and I heaped more coal on the fire. Even then, it was impossible to keep the room warm. The wind outside was shrieking and the shutters rattled. Billy had several hard coughing fits, the last one leaving him with flushed face and streaming eyes. He frightened me.

At last I went to the phone and called the town, which was about ten miles away. They told me from the store that John had left an hour ago. Of course the storm would make his progress slow, but he soon should be arriving. I felt better.

Another hour passed, and he did not come. Billy's coughing spells had become more frequent. I tried all the home remedies I had heard of, to relieve him, but they had no effect.

Again I went to the telephone. This time there was no answer. I was alarmed as I whirled the crank.

I WENT to the door and tried to look out. Nothing but the white fields stretched before my eyes. Clouds of stinging snow swept around my head out of the darkness above. I listened for John, but there was no sound except the fury of the storm.

I turned toward Thompson's farm. Usually I was able to see the light in their kitchen window, but even this was swallowed up. I heard Billy coughing again, and had to fling my body against the door to get it closed. Then I hurried to him. That spasm was worse than the others had been. I was terrified. Something must be done! Perhaps I could bundle up in one of John's coats and get to Thompson's. Then the roar of the storm outside told me I could not make it.

With tense nerves I listened for the sound of John's team. I heard a horse snort and rushed to the window. Through the frosted glass I saw a dark form. It was our black saddle horse which had come in from the pasture to gain the shelter of the house. The next moment there was a dull crash, and the horse snorted again.

Half crazed now, I walked the floor. I did not know what to do. Then above the roar of the storm there came a sound I could not believe. The phone rang feebly, stuttered and stopped.

Hastily I snatched up the receiver. Some one was talking, but the words were indistinct and strangely broken, as though phantom fingers were operating the instrument. I made out that it was Jim Thompson speaking. He had been in town, but had left before John did. He had trouble getting back and called to see how John had made it.

I told him John had not reached home. Then I told about Billy's being sick and how frightened I was. I was just able to make out that he was coming over, when the phone stopped again.

After what seemed an eternity, I heard voices outside. It was Jim Thompson and his two husky boys with a heavy team and lanterns. His wife had sent some medicine for Billy, which eased him.

They did not stay long. Soon they were out in the road again, the heavy horses fighting the storm. They were going after John.

It was an hour later that they returned with my husband. His team had gone off the road and the wagon turned over, hurting his leg. Fortunately the horses had not run away.

Jim phoned his wife that he would remain until morning. The phone still stuttered and acted queerly.

When daylight came, Jim started home. Outside the door he stopped and gazed at a broken telephone wire which hung from the roof and had fallen across a wire clothes line. Some distance along the clothes line there also lay a light pole a few inches around which had carried the phone line to the road. It was a temporary pole John had put up until he could go to the woods and cut a heavier one. In the bark of the pole, several strands of black horse hair were caught.

"THAT explains the spooky action of the phone," said Jim. "The swaying of the light pole in the storm snapped the wire, and one end fell across the wire clothes line. That broke the connection and the phone wouldn't work."

"But what made it work later?" I asked.

"The horse you heard snort must have stumbled into the pole in the dark and knocked it over. That let the other end of the phone wire fall across the clothes line and made a connection. It wasn't good, that's why the words were queer; but it worked."

Yes, it had worked! And that strange connection had been the means of bringing help and saving the life of my child, and of my husband who otherwise would have frozen to death in the storm.

Strange Choir

In the years when minstrels were popular over the country, I was business manager of a black face troupe. One Sunday morning we struck the town of Shoshone, Idaho, where we were to give our entertainment the next evening. The town consisted merely of a railroad and a few houses on each side of the track. It had a little church.

Time hung heavy on the hands of the minstrels this Sunday morning. So when somebody, in a more or less joking way, suggested they go to church, the idea was seized on as a novelty. About twenty of the boys, including our double quartet, or singing party, as we called them, went to the little church.

They were not welcome. All wore brown raglan overcoats, and were immediately recognized as members of the theatrical profession. In addition, they had a lot of fun with each other, jesting. When the minister preached, he said a few words about the evils of theater

going. Then he asked that the congregation sing "There Is a Green Hill Far Away."

The choir consisted of four local vocalists, and the organist was a little old maid who pumped the organ with her feet. The congregation sang the first verse. Then one of the boys suggested they all join in. The next verse was sung as nobody in Shoshone had ever heard it. Eight trained male voices gave to that old melody volume and sweetness such as it had never had in that small Idaho town before. The boys saw they were making a hit and turned their magnificent voices on, full force. Everybody else stopped singing to listen.

When it was over the minister, with a choke in his voice, thanked the minstrels and asked that they sing, "Shall We Gather at the River?" And sing it they did. The little organist was in her glory. She played as if the heavenly choir had come in, and offered to sing.

When the services were over, the minister stood at the door and shook each minstrel's hand warmly. He had been taught that the knowledge of godly things is not necessarily confined to the ultra godly.

And the next night the hall was crowded. In the front row sat the minister and the little organist, smiling and applauding.

And, believe it or not, just for them, the singing party rendered gloriously "There Is a Green Hill Far Away."

Good News for Every Housewife

Turn to page 95 and read all about the True Story Homemaker Library—a complete encyclopedia of home economics for only one dollar.

Edited by Professor Bristow Adams, of Cornell University, the sixty booklets of the True Story Homemaker Library cover practically every problem that faces the busy housewife. Here are but a few of the subjects that will be particularly valuable during the coming summer months: Cooling Drinks; Eat and Keep Cool; Summer Charm; Miracles of Refrigeration; Auto Hiking; Sea Breezes at Home.

THE TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER LIBRARY

SIXTY BOOKLETS FOR ONE DOLLAR

See Page 95

It's no joke to have your "skeleton" figure laughed at. Professionally posed photo of Mr. Faneil's true experience

So thin So hollow-chested

..he hated to take a shower in front of others!

—2 months later he'd gained 14 lbs., new clear complexion

LAUGHED at, sneered at for a skinny weakling! Pretty hard! To *feel* only *half a man* — all-in, no appetite, pimply skin. Life seemed hardly worth living.

But today what a difference — husky, healthy, full of pep. Let Mr. Faneil tell you his secret:

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"But now, after taking Ironized Yeast for two months, I have put on fourteen pounds. I get real joy out of eating now, and always feel chock full of pep. I sleep like a baby and my complexion has cleared up, too." A. C. Faneil, 430 Main St., Winsted, Conn.

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Concentrated 7 times

To give you *extra* health benefits, the makers of Ironized Yeast import a specially cultured, super-rich yeast —"*beer yeast*"! In addition, this yeast is concentrated by a process of such scientific importance that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations officially recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

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RESULTS TRIPLE-TESTED: The *genuine* Ironized Yeast is triple-tested—by our own chemists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college. Beware of imitations of Ironized Yeast which may discolor teeth and upset stomach.

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Colman's Mustard

Her Telltale Diary

(*Continued from page* 49)

position ever consciously seek such an opportunity. Sometimes it may come to us unexpectedly in our travels when we happen into a strange community, or again it may occur in the privacy of an office with a pretty secretary or stenographer to deflect our attention from business. That was how mine came to me.

This introduction, it seems to me, is quite essential to my story of the strange relationship that grew up between me and Sandra Harrison. It explains, for example, why it will be impossible for me to mention the nature of my work, or to give any definite information regarding myself. To do so would immediately identify me to thousands of people throughout the United States and even in Canada.

Sandra was a young girl just out of school when she came to work in my office. In the beginning she was just one of the stenographers who handle the mass of correspondence that my public activities require. I paid no particular attention to her beauty then, though I saw that her eyes were very blue and that her golden hair was wondrously soft and wavy. Her intelligence and ability, however, soon set her apart from the other girls, and when my private secretary resigned several months later, to get married, Sandra was my choice to succeed her.

SHE performed her tasks admirably. In those early days of our association, I was not conscious of even the slightest indication that our relationship would ever be otherwise than entirely conventional. As the weeks went by, however, we began to digress briefly, now and then, from the disposition of my affairs when she came into my private office to take dictation. At first these digressions were merely to comment on some news of the day, on some recent book or show; but gradually, almost without my realization, they began to embrace more intimate topics.

Sandra began to tell me about her dates with the various young men who were forever at her heels, and to explain how she felt about each one of them. I confess that her confidence flattered me. Here was I, a man of middle age, accepted on a basis of intimate friendship by a young woman not yet out of her teens.

Hitherto, my secretaries had been hardly more than automatons to me, but not Sandra. I became keenly conscious of her physical presence the moment that she entered my door. I saw vividly—much too vividly—that she was a ravishingly beautiful creature of flesh and blood, radiant with the vitality of youth. I could not keep my eyes off her and—scamp that she was!—she never missed an opportunity to tantalize me with some flirtatious expression or gesture; even, at times, with an unconscionable display of hosiery.

The extreme frankness which our confidential chats ultimately assumed, was largely my own fault. I encouraged her to talk with sympathetic comments and friendly banter, and she responded with ever more intimate accounts of her private affairs. After all, it was not such a questionable diversion at the start; for she had nothing to tell that she might not have told with reasonable propriety to any good friend of either sex. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that she was singularly untouched by the current wildness of youth when she first came to me.

The illusion that my relationship with Sandra was purely conventional was heightened by the fact that Caroline, my wife, also took a fancy to her.

On several occasions Caroline invited the girl into our home; and once, at my suggestion, Sandra danced for us. She had often told me how she loved to dance, and how she was frequently urged to give terpsichorean exhibitions at the parties which she attended. Her art was not of the extreme acrobatic variety so much in vogue today. Rather it was a graceful expression of her intensely feminine personality—a flirtation in rhythm. As she danced to the accompaniment of the radio, she sang a coquettish little love song which frankly gave me some bother, there in front of Caroline. I thought that she meant to tease me.

I suppose it was stupid of me not to observe much earlier than I did, the change that gradually took place in her, as our confidences at the office continued day after day. They had been so temperate when we began them and she had talked so dispassionately, that I was put entirely off my guard. As I think back over it now, I realize that she became increasingly ardent in her conversation, and that her demeanor became more and more strained. Moreover her confidences began to take on a more lurid character, and she would sit tensely silent for what seemed minutes to me before she began them. Then her voice would sound strangely guttural and she would have difficulty controlling it when she first began to speak. Even without these indications, however, I should have taken warning from her eyes.

"I CAN'T figure you out, Sandra," I told her one day. "Sometimes you look as if it hurt you to tell me these stories."

She laughed gayly. "Do I?" she answered. "Well, women are queer creatures, you know."

I remember distinctly the day when she told me about her first gin party. She had gone to visit a girl friend in another town over the week-end, and several other girls had joined them in an all-night pajama party. One of them had brought with her a bottle of synthetic gin, and Sandra had had her first drink. I scolded her mildly for the escapade, but actually it amused me and probably my amusement was only too obvious to her. At least, she did not hesitate to tell me about another party, a week or two later, where the liquor had been even more plentiful. Still it did not seem to me that there was any cause for alarm.

Then came Christmas and, with it, the diary which was to play such a dramatic rôle a little later on. It was the gift of her brother, and she made a solemn New Year's resolution that she

would keep it faithfully day by day.

"I think it'll be loads of fun to look back over it in a few years," she said.

The advent of the new year introduced an entirely new chapter in our relations. I did not see her on New Year's day, but when we resumed work the day thereafter, it was easy for me to see that something had happened to her.

"What's the matter, Sandra?" I asked. "You don't seem natural today."

"I'm not natural," she answered. "What's the use of being natural? Where does it get you?"

Her reply increased my perplexity and I set out to learn what she meant by it. Little by little her story came out. She had spent New Year's Eve at the home of the Yardleys, a well-to-do couple whose reputation for wildness I knew all too well. There had been six altogether in the party, including another married couple, and a man for Sandra.

"Who was he?" I inquired.

She tried to appear indifferent to my concern. "Phil McPherron," she said.

"Phil McPherron!" I exclaimed. I could not believe her.

McPherron was one of the most dissolute characters in our section of the city. He was many years Sandra's senior and, furthermore, he had a wife—poor woman!—and several children.

"I think you had better tell me more about this party," I told Sandra. And there was considerably more than idle curiosity behind my suggestion.

With averted eyes, she related the incidents of a night of debauchery which left me aghast. They had all drunk to excess which had led, of course, to an indiscriminate petting party, but the climax had come when Sandra danced for them.

"IT seems to me you might have found a better audience for your talents," I reproved her.

She grimaced. "Not for the kind of dance I did," she responded.

"What do you mean?" I asked. Her reply had startled me. "What kind of dance did you do?"

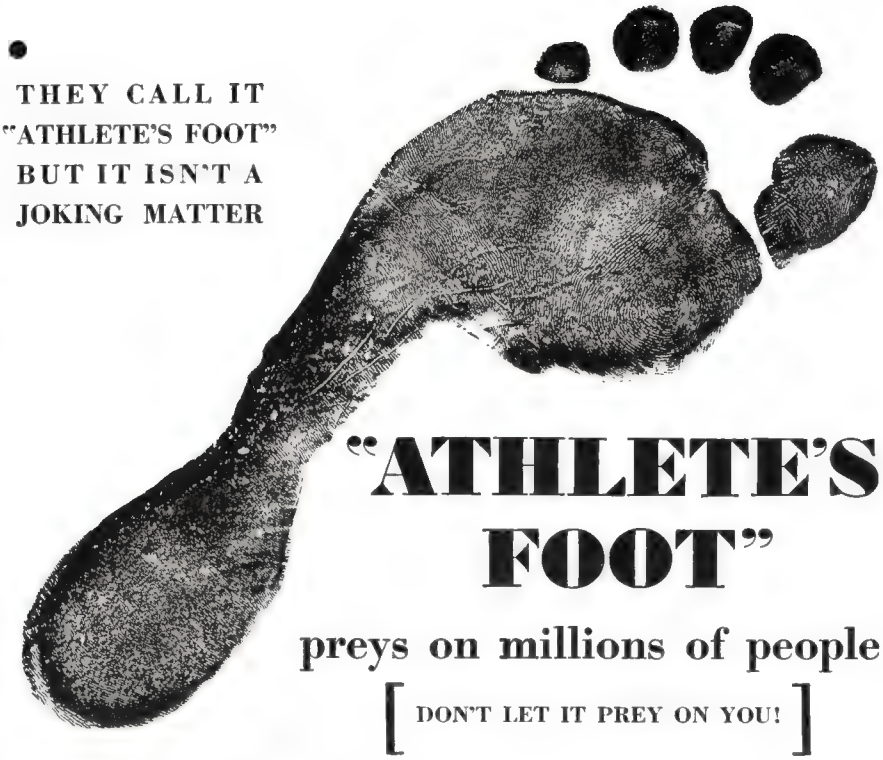
She looked at me, grimly trying to affect a nonchalant smile. "Maybe I'm not talking exactly about the dance itself," she hinted.

"Do you mean—" I hesitated. A hot flush was surging over my face.

"Please don't get excited," she said. "I really didn't go the limit—quite."

I shall never forget the conflict of my emotions as I sat there and looked at her across my desk. All at once it dawned on my consciousness that she had come to mean a great deal to me. I tried to tell myself that my interest in her was solely the interest of a man of mature years and sober judgment for any young person on the threshold of life, but at heart I knew that I was deceiving myself. The throb of the vein in my throat as my imagination painted mad pictures of her dance at Yardley's, belied any such interpretation of the attraction which she held for me. What did she mean by her cryptical statement that she had not gone quite the limit? Never before had her physical symmetry been so apparent to me as now, when I saw her in the heat of my turbulent imaginings. My face

THEY CALL IT "ATHLETE'S FOOT" BUT IT ISN'T A JOKING MATTER



"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

preys on millions of people

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burned and my eyes went damp.

I do not think that my emotion would have surged up so hotly if some younger man had been involved—some one more nearly her own age. None of her previous escapades, when she related them to me, had affected me in such manner, though some of them had gone pretty far beyond the bounds of propriety. In the others, however, she had been in the company of young men in her own set. But Phil McPherron was a man as old as I was. He had no right to Sandra's youth. No more right than—than— Was this jealously that caused my heart to beat so violently? I fought back the idea.

"Sandra!" I said. "Sandra!" My throat was tight and it was hard for me to speak.

Her face flushed crimson and then paled, as I stared at her. "I didn't know you would take it so seriously," she murmured.

"I take it more seriously than you know, Sandra," I replied. "When you came here to work you were a beautiful girl to me—beautiful in my thoughts as well as in my eyes. You were full of life and youthful impetuousness, but you were sensible and wholesome and well behaved. It distresses me to see you throw away all the fine qualities which made me think so much of you."

"Oh, now you're just getting old-fashioned," she parried. "I haven't committed any crime."

HER words, stirring the hot coals of my emotion, fired me to anger. So she thought me old-fashioned? I had to find an outlet for the frenzy that seethed in my breast.

"I'm old-fashioned, eh? Just a foolish old man?" My voice sounded strange and harsh. "Well, listen to me, young lady. I may be all that you say; but it happens that my views are rather important around here. I take my share of the blame for the unbecoming conversations we've had here much too frequently of late. But hereafter, there'll be no more of them. From now on we're going to confine ourselves entirely to business.

"And another thing, if I ever learn that you've been in the company of Phil McPherron again, or if I ever hear that you've had anything more to do with the Yardleys, I'm going to discharge you. Now get that clear in your mind."

She looked at me, her eyes filled with dismay. I had to get her away from me; for what little self-control I still had was about to desert me.

"Go back to your desk now," I commanded. "I'll call you later for dictation."

She arose from her chair and went to the door as if in a daze. I watched her depart, and then tried to compose myself. I knew that my reprimand had been right, but somehow it left me in despair. I had wounded her. The shaft of my censure had struck to her heart and, like a boomerang, it had returned to pierce my own heart as well. The little ivory clock on my desk ticked off the minutes. It was nearly ten. In a fit of desperation, I donned my hat and overcoat and started for the street.

I did not return to my office that day. To face Sandra again was beyond my courage. Instead, I took my car from the garage and drove far out into the country. It was a beautiful winter day, but my thoughts were bleak. Sandra's conduct bothered me—yes, it bothered me far too much for comfort; but what gave me far more concern was the discovery of my own sentiment toward her. Was it love? No, no, it couldn't be! There could be no woman other than Caroline in my life! There must never be another! I thought of the years of happiness which we had spent together—of her tireless efforts to fill my life with sunshine. I knew that she would doubt the reality of life, itself, as soon as to doubt my constancy. To shatter her faith would be worse than death. I thought of our baby daughter, and of my duty to live so that she could admire and respect me in the years to come.

That night took me through one of the most wretched experiences of my life. I could not sleep. One minute the room seemed oppressively hot to me; and then a chill would creep up my spine, causing me to draw the covers of my bed more closely around me. If it had not been for the danger of waking Caroline, I would have been up long before morning.

The next day at the office, I contrived a task for Sandra that would keep her busy at her own desk for several days. On several previous occasions I had assigned to her similar tasks, so there was no surprise on the part of my other employees when I called in another stenographer to take my dictation.

Thus a few days went by until it seemed to me that it would be safe to let Sandra resume her former duties. What a change had come over her! The animation which had once radiated from her in such abundance that it seemed to fill every nook and cranny of the room, had disappeared. She was quiet and downcast now, in everything that she did. I stood it for the better part of a week, but finally my remorse for having made her so unhappy, got the better of my judgment.

"I'M sorry, Sandra, for a lot of the things I said to you the other day," I told her. I had broken off in the middle of a dictation, and for a fleeting moment her pencil wavered over her stenographic pad. Then she looked up at me with an expression that transfixed me with pity.

"You needn't be," she responded. "I deserved everything you said to me."

Her eyes were moist, and she hastily dabbed away a tear that started to course its way down her soft white cheek. How beautiful she seemed to me just then! I wanted to take her in my arms and comfort her.

There was a silent interval, during which we sat there, each trying to peer into the soul of the other. Then she spoke again. "Don't you think we had better finish your mail?" she suggested. Her voice betrayed that she was near the breaking point.

How we managed to attend to the correspondence on my desk that morning is a mystery to me. My mind was in a daze as I dictated to her.

Happily the next day was not so difficult for us and, as other days came and passed, we eventually became at ease once more with each other.

Then the old peril began to raise its

head again. We began to drift away from business for little excursions into the dangerous pastures that we had thought to leave behind us; and soon it was the same old story all over again. Now, however, there was a difference in my attitude toward Sandra. I could see her no more as an unsullied schoolgirl; for her reckless adventure on New Year's Eve had left a stain on her that would not fade in my sight. Hardly a day went by when my mind did not travel back to it, but through some strange psychological process, it began to take on a different aspect in my sentiments. Why does the thought of evil hold such fascination? Over and over again the thought of Sandra's sin marched through my mind. She had sinned—she had sinned!

If she had sinned once, she would sin again. If she had sinned for one, she would sin for another. I was fairly aghast at these thoughts when they first began to take form in my mind, and in self-defense I groped desperately for some philosophy to justify them. Had she really committed any sin? What could be sinful in her displaying the beauty that God had bestowed on her? I told myself that she had merely taken the license to which her art entitled her. I had been worse than old-fashioned when I criticized her for it; I had been absurd.

Though the blame for our original intimacy may have been chiefly hers, the blame for our second imprudence was emphatically mine. She rigidly obeyed my injunction to preserve silence about her personal affairs as long as I, myself, kept silence about them. One morning, however, as she closed her stenographic pad at the end of our period of dictation, my curiosity overcame me.

"YOU haven't told me much about yourself for a long time, Sandra," I said. "Have you been a good girl lately?"

"I think so," she replied; then as a tantalizing after-shot, "Maybe you wouldn't."

"Tell me what you mean," I urged. "I won't scold you again."

She smiled indulgently at the reversal of my attitude. "You're a funny man," she said.

For awhile she was cautious in the stories that she brought to me; but becoming convinced of my change in viewpoint, she finally abandoned all reserve. It was then that a new diversion entered into our conversations. I began to tease her about her diary.

"I think you ought to let me read it, Sandra," I would say coaxingly. "You tell me everything, anyway. Surely there can't be much in it that I don't know already."

"You think not?" she would retort. "Maybe you don't know as much as you think."

So it went until one fatal day in March. She had asked for the afternoon off to attend the wedding of a friend, and I offered to drive her across the city from her home to the church where the ceremony was to be held. She accepted.

Never before had I seen her look so lovely as she did in her soft black velvet dress, when I called for her. Her whole costume accentuated the peach-blossom texture of her skin and the luminous blue of her eyes. Perhaps it was the blond

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chiffon which encircled her shoulders and descended in deep points into the velvet, or the blond plume of her hat which audaciously caressed her cheek, that did the trick. More likely it was both. I was dazzled with her beauty.

We drove along in silence, block after block. I wondered what thoughts were in her mind. Surely they were far from comparable to mine. Then a traffic light barred our way, and I took advantage of the stop to look into her face. To my surprise there were tears in her eyes.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked. "What's happened?"

"Never mind," she said, her voice hardly more than a whisper. "You wouldn't understand."

I patted her lightly on the shoulder. "Try me," I urged, "I might surprise you, Sandra."

She lowered her head and broke into tears. I could not have changed my acts in the next few minutes if my life had depended on them. The traffic light flashed green and quickly I started my car. Just two blocks to our right, a small park invited me to seek seclusion in its sheltered lanes, which would undoubtedly be deserted on a chilly day in March. I drove into the heart of it and stopped my car under the bare branches of a great oak tree. Sandra was sobbing audibly.

"SANDRA," I said, "Sandra dear, what's the trouble? You must tell me." My arm was about her now, and she had dropped her face on my shoulder. "Come, dear," I begged, "look up at me."

She raised her eyes and looked tragically into mine. A tense moment intervened, and then our lips met. For just an instant she relaxed in my arms, and then she pushed me away in alarm.

"We mustn't do that!" she said. There was panic in her voice.

"There's no sin in love, Sandra," another voice answered. Was it mine? I was dismayed at my shallow logic, but it was useless to try to stem the tide of my passion. My tongue became ungovernable, telling her of my desperate devotion to her sweetness and beauty. She listened with a tense expression, half terror, half rapture.

Suddenly a car bore down on us, driven by some empty-headed fellow who blew his horn and grimaced clownishly as he swept past. I felt as if some one had abruptly wakened me from a dream. What time was it? I looked at my watch.

"It's time for the wedding," I gasped. "I'm afraid you'll be late."

"I'm not going," she replied. "I can't go now."

Her hand was in mine. I squeezed it gently.

"I understand," I said. "We've got to go on through with this thing. We've got to find some place where we can talk—where we can be alone. We can't leave off like this."

I thought of my summer home at Mattahatchee Lake. We could reach it in less than an hour by fast driving. It was still early in the afternoon—just two o'clock—so we might easily return to the city in time for a late dinner and still have at least three hours to discuss our problem in privacy. Several alternatives came to my mind, but all of them involved more danger of discovery. I told my plan to Sandra.

"It's for you to decide," she said.

I stepped on the starter of my car and took the shortest route to the highway that would bring us to Mattahatchee. As we sped along the concrete road beyond the city, my mind struggled with the dilemma which had suddenly confronted me. Again and again I told myself that there was no evil intention in my desire to be alone with Sandra for a few hours. I merely wanted to talk to her; to come to some sane decision about our future relationship.

The road was almost deserted; consequently it was possible for me to make the thirty-mile trip in record time. Hardly three-quarters of an hour had elapsed when we drew up before my cottage overlooking the lake. It was cooler there than it had been in the city, and the house was filled with an uncomfortable chill. I quickly kindled a fire in the fireplace, and then recalled a jug of peach brandy which had been left behind at the close of the last summer season. It would help to warm us up. I brought it forth from the pantry and poured a glass for Sandra and another for myself. A pleasant tingle suffused me as I drained my glass. I decided to try some more, and again she joined me.

The fire was crackling merrily now. I stopped in front of Sandra, who had settled on a divan in front of it, and looked down at her. Her expression told me that she shared my perplexity to know what to do or say.

"Would you like a little music?" I asked.

"I think that would be nice," she answered.

I put a waltz record on the phonograph, which Caroline never bothered to transport to the city, and started it to playing. The melody reacted on me like a magic incantation, devitalizing my resolution to conduct myself with moderation. The tingle of the brandy in my veins, the dreamy waltz—and Sandra! It was too much.

WE danced. I put on another record, and we danced again. Again we filled our glasses from the brandy jug. Holding her tightly in my arms as we swayed rhythmically around the room, to another and yet another melody, I forgot everything that stood between us. I forgot Caroline and our baby girl, and all the restraints imposed on me by my public responsibilities; I forgot even the disparity in years between me and the beautiful creature whose golden hair brushed against my cheek. I had reverted to my youth, and all the freedom of youth was mine.

Lower and lower receded the brandy in the jug. Its fiery essence had burned away the last vestige of our self-control. Sandra had become a thistledown tossed by the whirlwind of her emotions. A particularly jazzy record incited her to execute a mad solo dance for me. And then a memory blazed up in my feverish brain—a memory that swiftly gave way to an idea. I remembered her account of the dance that she had performed in the presence of Phil McPherron. She must

dance it for me now, I decided recklessly.

I wish that I might blot out the recollection of the hours that followed there in my cottage beside the placid waters of Mattahatchee Lake. The remorse which they brought me will torment me to my death.

It was eight o'clock before my mind cleared sufficiently to let me realize that we must return to the city. As we hastened to the nearest village along our route, we decided that Sandra must telephone her parents that she intended to spend the night with a girl friend. Indeed, she actually called the friend and made arrangements to stay with her. I, myself, telephoned Caroline that an important out-of-town visitor had detained me at my club.

Few words passed between us on our return trip. We were both wrapped in our thoughts. I took her immediately to the home of her friend, and then continued on my way to the club for my dinner and a place to reflect. An attendant came forward to relieve me of my car as it drew up to the curb, and I started to give him my position at the wheel. My preparation to get out caused me to glance down at the seat beside me, and a bright object caught my eye. It was a beaded bag—Sandra's bag. I quickly slipped it into my pocket and stepped to the sidewalk.

THE grill room of the club was almost deserted at that hour; but a waiter brought my order with little delay. I ate hungrily, for the brandy had not affected my appetite, and then lighted a cigar to enjoy with my coffee. My mind was filled with the incredible events of the afternoon. Sandra's presence still haunted me. Her beaded bag in my pocket was like some powerful radioactive object that shot its rays to every nerve tip in my body. I put my hand on it and looked around the grill room. There was no one to observe me. I drew out the bag and opened it. A small book with a red leather back hypnotized me at once. Her diary!

How often I had teased her to let me read it, yet with no thought that its contents would reveal anything that I did not know already! Now, however, her familiar taunt sounded again in my ears, "Maybe you don't know as much as you think." What did she mean? Was she merely joking?

I opened the diary to its first entry. It was dated January first. That should tell about her escapade with Phil McPherron at the Yardley home. What did it say?

January 1, 1929.—New Year's Day! Went to a picture show with Tommy last night, and then home to hold hands and listen to the radio. What a way to see the old year die! Young men bore me. All they know is a lot of wisecracks and cheap lovemaking.

I wonder what the future holds for me. What can it hold? The only man I have ever loved can never be mine. He is married. I am just his secretary. When I am with him, the world is filled with sunshine and happiness. I love to talk to him, and watch his odd expressions when I tell him these silly lies about my imaginary gin parties. Of course I shouldn't do it, but somehow I just can't seem to help it.

Who knows where it will all end?

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A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show. While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Saves Time—Costs Only A Few Cents To Use

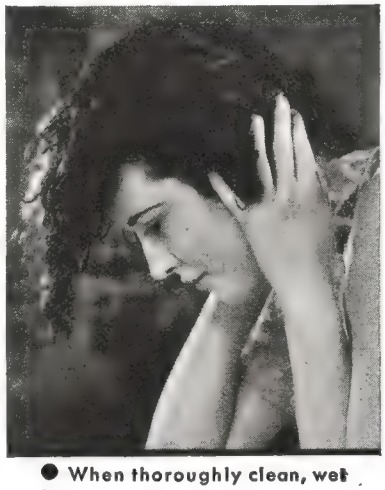
Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it costs only a few cents to use. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified Shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

● Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.



● When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks as you pull it through your fingers.

● Just notice the difference—Proper shampooing gives your hair added charm—and leaves it sparkling with life, gloss and lustre.

MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Spend less-

and have the best vacation ever!..

THRIFT SAYS—"Save a lot of dollars on your vacation this year" But Common Sense adds—"Have a great time. Relax, enjoy yourself..visit new places, see new things!" You can do *both*, going by Greyhound Bus. Fares are much lower, every day every schedule. Coaches are parlor-type, with deeply cushioned chairs that recline to any desired angle. Clean-cut dependable drivers.

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GREYHOUND Lines

Greyhound Travel Bureau, East 9th Street and Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.: Please mail me your full-color pictorial booklet "Down the Highway"... also Vacation folder describing trips to:

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Address_____ TS6

Then came the second entry. My hands were shaking so that I could hardly read it.

January 2.—Oh, what have I done? I told him a terrible lie today. I was out of my head, I guess. He told me never to talk to him again—only business. It's all over.

I raced forward to other entries which she had made after we resumed our friendship. They told of quiet nights at home, of picture shows and an occasional dance; but there was never a mention of the wild orgies which she had reported to me. Those stories were lies—lies—lies! In her actual deeds she had been as sweet and virtuous as my own little daughter. I saw that her sin—her only sin—was upon me alone.

* * *

More than three years have passed since that hideous night. I did not go home from the club. Instead, I telephoned Caroline that my conference there had made it imperative for me to go to Washington by the next train. Such sudden journeys were not unusual in my work, so she did not question my request for her to pack my bag and deliver it to the messenger who came for it.

But I did not go to Washington. I went to New York City. I wanted to talk to Carl Kingsley whose reputation as a producer of decent musical shows has raised him to no small eminence in recent years. I had known him as a boy, and had always admired him for his ambition and clean character. I had helped him, in fact, to get a start in the theatrical world, which service he had always overestimated, in my opinion.

MY plan was to get him to send for Sandra in order to try her out for the stage; if she failed in that, to use her in his office. He quickly agreed to my proposal and promptly sent the telegram, which we worded in collaboration. It told her that he had heard of her talents through a mutual friend, and that he wanted her to come to New York at once for a try-out. Almost immediately her answer came. It was an acceptance.

I returned home to learn that she had resigned from work at my office the morning after our excursion to Mattahatchee Lake. She had offered no explanation. None was necessary.

Yes, three years have slipped by. Her name is now etched in lights over one of the big theaters on Broadway. Her "personality" dances have made her famous. Often my friends and acquaintances who have had an opportunity to see her bring me enthusiastic accounts of her performances; but I have never seen her since that March day in 1929. I shall never see her again unless Fate betrays me. I am sure that she is happy—surer than ever just now because, a few days ago, an ecstatic letter came to me from Carl Kingsley, announcing their engagement. Sandra is to become his wife.

There is surely some great, all-forgiving Providence that helps us to repair our lives when we have run onto the shoals of iniquity.

SANDRA'S climb to fame and fortune has given me joy. I feel that my daily penance for the wrong I did her may have helped her, in some unknown way.

The cottage at Mattahatchee has been sold. I could never take Caroline there again. I think that my love for her has increased a thousandfold in the last two years.

I wish it were possible for me to place a warning in every office in the land where a man is thrown into intimate contact with an attractive woman. I would word it somewhat as follows:

THIS OFFICE EXISTS FOR THE TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS AND FOR THE DISCUSSION OF AFFAIRS THAT PERTAIN TO IT. ALL OTHER DISCUSSIONS BETWEEN EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE ARE BARRED UNDER POSSIBLE PENALTY OF EVERLASTING REGRET.

Wild Blood

(*Continued from page* 66)

Got a taxi outside. Don't wait! Come!"

"You mean—mean—she's—dying?"

"That's how it looks, kid. Better hurry, if you want to see her before she's gone. Sadie got your address from her, but Mona's past talking now. Ready to go?"

And so in my new grief—for it is ever a desperate, bitter grief to lose a parent, no matter what that parent has been—it was Red Jacobs, gangster, hold-up man, who tried to comfort me.

Who can say that the Recording Angel did not give you a good mark for your gentleness to me that day, Red?

As our taxi lurched through the traffic-congested streets of New York that winter morning, I was too stunned to talk. Too stunned at these shocks, one right after another, even to think clearly. One thing, however, stood out before me like a pillar of fire—Philip had not come—Philip would never come!

My heart was still crying for him when we stopped in front of the shabby brownstone house. I rushed ahead of Red, up the stairs, past a group of awed, kimono-clad women gathered around my mother's door, and flew inside to her bedroom.

She was lying as if asleep, half turned on her right side. Sadie Cahill sat near the bed, her painted face streaked with tears.

Nobody spoke, but I knew the truth in a flash. What is there about the angel of death which makes its presence known even before we are actually certain?

"Mother!" I dropped on my knees beside her. But the frail, shadowy figure lay still—so still! She didn't answer—never again would she answer or smile

me a grateful welcome. Poor, weary, sinful Mona was gone—gone to cast herself at the feet of a merciful master and, like the Magdalen, bathe his feet with her repentant tears—

So young did she look, so innocent. All the pain, the lines of wisdom, the hardness were washed from her features. Once more she was little Mona Carton—eager to meet life. Mona, fresh and sweet and—good!

I wondered where her spirit was; wondered if the angels wept when they saw her. Or maybe they laughed, knowing how she loved laughter. I hoped so. Poor, erring Mona! Never again to be a burden upon her daughter. Never again be the cause of lies—of shame.

Then utter desolation swept over me. This—this was my mother! No matter what she had done, that sacred relationship still existed.

And she was gone—gone! She who had been so proud when I hunted her up; who was so pathetically grateful for what I had done for her.

I gathered the still figure in my arms. Pressed my tear-wet cheek against her cold one.

"Mother," I moaned, "come back—don't leave me! In all the world, there's nobody for either of us but the other. Come back!"

MY mother's funeral was a strange scene. Crowded rooms; banked flowers; a minister, white robed and gentle voiced, praying for sinners.

I wonder if he knew that, in all the throng around him, there was not one whose calloused heart did not melt a little at his prayers. I saw tears in many eyes that had long since forgotten the cleansing power of grief. Mona, when in health, had been popular among her underworld associates. And now that she was dead, they came in droves, bringing flowers, lighting candles, weeping over her.

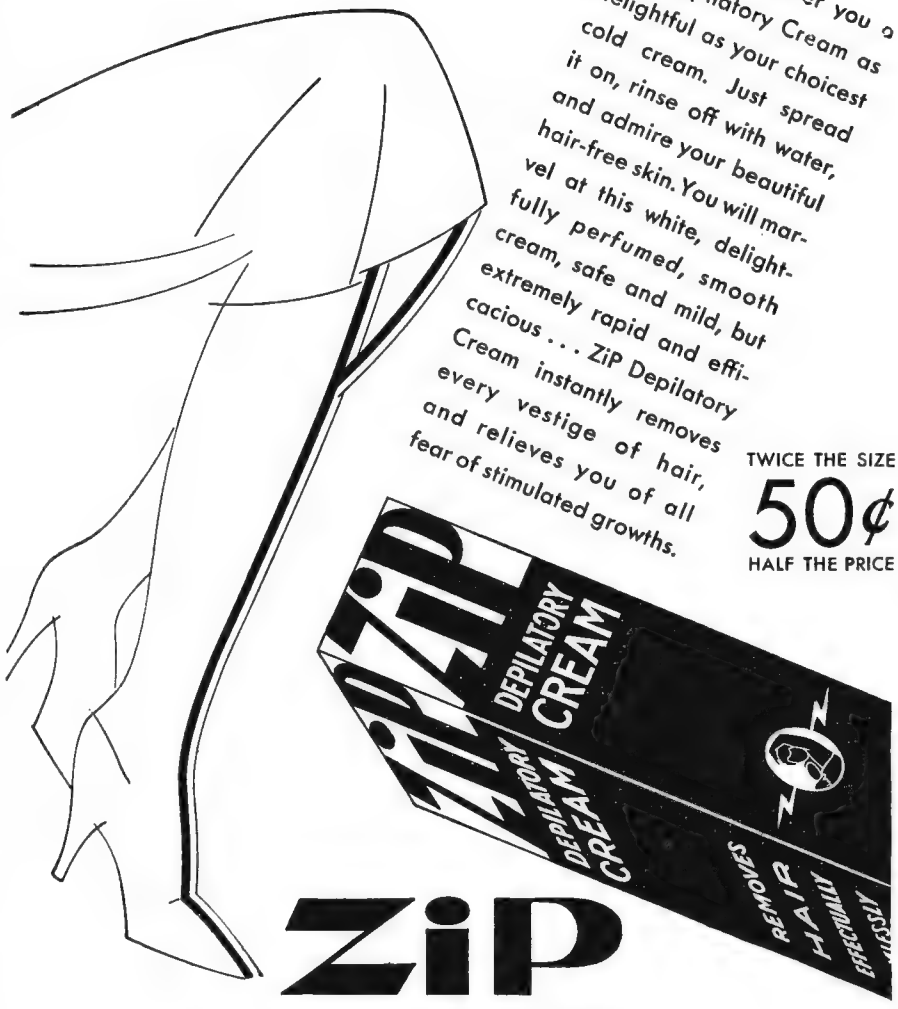
The cloying scent of lilies! To this day I cannot bear their odor. Sadie Cahill's plump, bejeweled hand over mine, as she whispered:

"Don't take it so hard, girlie. You wouldn't want her back in this hard, miserable world, would you? If there's a place like the heaven the church folks preach about, then poor Mona's got a look-in, you bet. She had plenty of time, lying here these past months, to think it over. She told me she didn't want to live any longer."

Red Jacobs was there, clumsily showing his sympathy. So was Burke Lanahan, with his strained, solemn face. He stood near the casket, with not a suspicion of resentment against the woman who had tried to kill him. He looked little like the flushed, prosperous gambler I had seen twice before.

Only the God Who made us knows the streak of good that sometimes lies hidden deep beneath the weeds and evil of this so-called underworld. How the dollars poured in to buy flowers for Mona Carruthers, as they knew her. The one-time queen of night life. How many of them came to me with the same cry:

"Gosh, kid, why didn't you let us know you were up against it—working



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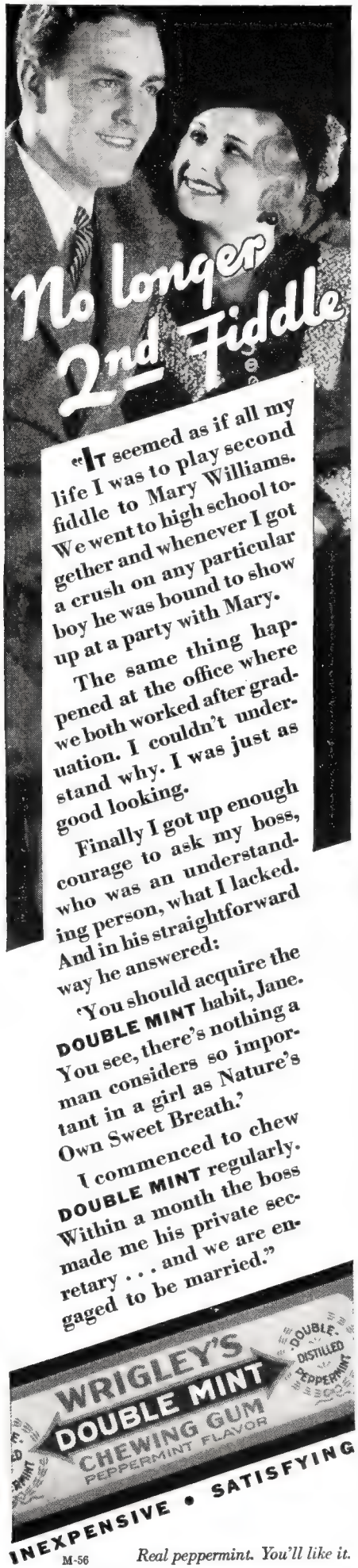

day and night to take care of your mother? You'd of had plenty of jack to see you through."

It was their way of offering help and kindness, but even while I thanked them, I shrank from each one.

"Don't ever let me be their kind, dear Lord!" I prayed. But at the same time came the thought, where on earth had I a friend? Eager reporters snapshotted me as I followed my mother to the grave. Big headlines in all the daily papers:

MONA CARRUTHERS' DAUGHTER WEEPS OVER MOTHER'S BIER

My frightened face was flaunted on the first page of every edition. At that time, all the New York gangsters were being watched closely with regard to a recent murder, and I truly believe that I, having no connection whatever with any of them, was thereafter shadowed as a suspicious character.

After the funeral, I returned to my mother's rooms—quiet enough now, with everybody gone.

I went through her things, tears washing my cheeks as I found a baby shoe, a little lock of baby hair, a tiny rattle. That secret phase of Mona Carruthers' character was one which no one who knew her had ever suspected. There was a picture of Burke Lanahan, taken fifteen years ago. I tore it into strips and savagely flung it aside.

HER tawdry garments, a thin gold chain, a worn fur coat. Poor Mona! Scant treasure to show for a life of sin.

I was wondering what to do next, when a heavy tread sounded in the next room. I parted the velvet hangings between the two rooms, staring with surprise at the sight of Burke Lanahan standing before me.

"I hoped you'd still be here," he said, smiling, as he dropped into a big chair. "Come in and sit down, Olive. I want to talk to you."

"I don't want to talk to *you!*" I answered hotly. "I hate you!"

"Hate me? Why?" There was actual surprise in the questions. He got up again, drew a chair near his, then stood courteously, just as any polished gentleman would have done. Even in my rage, I recognized traits of gentility in the man, but chose to ignore his attitude.

"Why?" I repeated. "Is it possible you don't know what you've done to me—my life? Stealing my mother from me, a helpless baby, putting a brand on me—"

"Oh, let's not get melodramatic, Olive," he said curtly. "In those days Mona's happiness came first—with me. Her life with that lean jawed, tobacco chewing old hypocrite, Carton, was plain hell. You couldn't call it anything else. I'd have taken you, too, but for the way we had to live at that time, jumping from city to city, and there was no place for a child—"

"A mother's love belongs to her child, first of all," I retorted. "*I* had to live in that hell. *I* had to suffer for her sins. All my miserable childhood was spent in craving for something other girls had—love!

"That love you stole from me, Burke Lanahan, and that's why I hate you. My life was a hell, too. Beaten, cursed, half starved by the man who called himself my father; snubbed and insulted by people ever since I can remember, because my mother was said to be a bad woman.

"Oh, when I think of the nights I've sobbed myself to sleep, yearning for a mother's arms around me, her kisses, her tenderness to soothe my bruised spirit, I could curse you! I do curse you! I hope, if there is a God, that He will make you as miserable as I have been, and am. I beg Him to!" I ended wildly.

The man's face actually turned purple. His hands shook as he tried to light a big, black cigar.

"Listen, kid," he said nervously, "I never knew—I didn't dream things were that bad with you—"

"Well, you know it now!" I cried passionately. "And I also hate you for the way you treated her. If you'd been faithful to her, there might have been some excuse. But you left her when she was sick and helpless, as all of your kind do. You coward! You brute! No wonder she tried to kill you!"

"You've got me all wrong, girl," he said slowly. "I did love her—I swear it. And there wasn't another woman in my life all those years, until—until—"

"Until what?" fiercely.

"Oh, hang it all, a man can't speak such things about the dead. But if you will have it, Mona got tired of me first. She—"

"Don't you dare slander her!" I shrieked, my fingers closing and unclosing spasmodically. Oh, how I wanted to tear his big, bloated face! "Get out of this place, Burke Lanahan! Go!—go—" I rushed toward him like a crazed person.

"Keep your shirt on, kid," he said coolly, holding me off with a firm, but not ungentle, hand, as I would have struck at him. "You're a good girl, as your care of Mona has shown, but you're young and don't understand—many things. I hope you never will. That's why I'm here.

"I WANT to help you—stake you until you can get ahead. It's hard sledding for a youngster like you in this big burg. I want you to get away from this house—free from everybody who knows either Mona or me—and stay away. Stay away from dives like Tim's, too. It doesn't pay, kid. The straight and narrow is your road. Stick to it."

He was fumbling in his pocket while he talked, and now drew out a big roll of bills. I saw several yellow ones of a hundred dollars each. Saw them through eyes that were trying to pierce a crimson haze, so terrible was my anger.

Burke Lanahan meant well. I know that now. Indeed, I think I knew it then. With all his faults—and they were many—he was always free-handed, charitable. But I didn't want to believe anything good about him. The blacker I could paint him in my mind, the more excuse I had for Mona, my erring mother. And so I let him have the full vent of my rage, struggling in his grasp.

"Take money from you?" I shouted. "You, whom I hate as nobody ever hated before? You seducer — traitor — liar! Trying to blacken my mother's name even worse than it already is—after she's

dead—trying to tell me she had other lovers—"

"I'm not trying to blacken her," he contradicted sternly. "I thought you knew. Ask Jacobs, if you don't believe me. He seems to be a friend of yours."

"He's no friend of mine!" I cried. "I loathe him as I do you—as I loathe all of your dirty, underworld gang—"

"That's exactly right," he cut in coolly. "Hate them as much as you please. The harder, the better. Keep away from all of them, and mingle with your *own kind*. That's good advice from one who understands human nature."

"What do you mean?" I demanded. I had sensed an undercurrent of warning beneath his words.

"I mean it's wise for a girl like you to rise in the world on her own merits, and not depend on a man's unstable admiration. Men higher up may admire you—they couldn't help it—but I doubt whether they'd marry Mona's daughter. That's why I want to give you a lift to tide you over—"

"How dare you!" I cried passionately, knowing in that instant that he was referring to Philip, whom he had doubtless seen with me many times. "You are judging real *men* by your own low standard, Burke Lanahan. I wouldn't take heaven, itself, from your hands! I wish I could kill you! Oh, I wish I could see you lying dead at my feet!"

"GOOD for you, kid," drawled a voice behind me. "That's the way to give it to him!" I whirled round to see Red Jacobs standing in the open doorway, a sinister smile on his red lips, a curious glitter in his bold eyes. I wondered how he had opened that door, which closed with a spring lock, but could only stare at him dumbly.

Lanahan, however, gazed from the trig, well-dressed gunman, then stared at me. His lips curled sarcastically.

"So this is how the land lies?" he sneered. "Jacobs has a key to these rooms, eh? And I took you for a little white dove—felt sorry for you—wanted to help you." He laughed harshly. Not the laugh that had won my poor mother. This laugh was grating—ugly.

"I take back my offer," he said insultingly. "You don't need help."

He was gone before I could get my breath. I heard his heavy tread outside, going down the stairs. Only Red and I stood in that quiet room, and he was grinning, a triumphant, satisfied grin. He spoke first.

"You sure handed it to him good and proper, frail," Red laughed. "First time in his life that Lanahan ever had a skirt turn down his roll."

"How did you get in here?" I blazed. "Where did you get a key to this apartment?"

"Had it for ages, baby. Poor old Mona—"

I didn't let him finish. I flew at him like a tiger-cat.

"Let her rest—let my dead mother rest! Do you hear?" I shrieked.

"Suits me, kiddo. It's you I'm batty about now.

"That high-hat Johnny threw you down hard, didn't he? Oh, I saw everything the last night you was at Tim's, and I understood. Been shadowing you

Which woman are You?

• *The Victorian-minded woman who still asks* "DO I REALLY NEED IT?"

• *The keen modern woman who says*—"YES I NEED AND USE MUM."

IT'S a hangover from Victorian days—the idea that perspiration odor may, and indeed does, afflict *other* women, but that *our* daily bath, in some mysterious way, *guarantees us* freedom from this unpleasantness!

The modern woman says, "I am no different from other women. We are all made alike—with underarms that are the source of very disagreeable odor if we don't watch constantly. They need special care—something more than soap and water—just the same as our teeth and fingernails."

Having accepted the facts, these smart, up-to-date women promptly go about the business of caring for their underarms properly, as a matter of course.

They don't make an annoying, difficult problem of it. They do it in the quickest, easiest, simplest way. With Mum! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. A quick fingertipful to each underarm, and it's done for the day. It's as simple as that!

Mum is instantly effective. And the nice part of it is that you can use Mum *any* time—when you are dressing or afterwards. For Mum is perfectly harmless to fabrics.

And it is so soothing to the skin you can even use Mum right after shaving.

Remember too, Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration processes. It simply destroys hateful odor. You can easily prove its effectiveness by rubbing a little on your hands to remove the clinging odors of fish and onions.

Take no chances on underarm odor! Protect yourself—easily but completely—with Mum. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c a jar. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.

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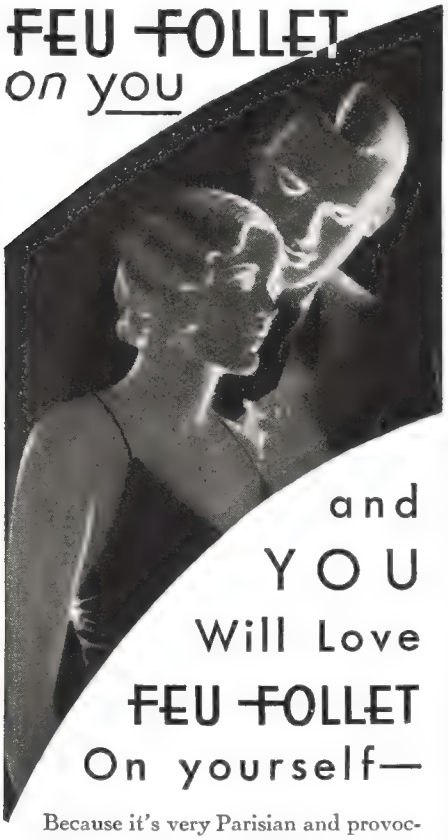

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and him for a long time. Knew what he was after when he came into the club that night—the white-livered skunk! Looking for a peacher, eh? And found his sweetie in a joint, eh? Gosh, I could've laughed myself to death, just watching his face, when you danced that hula-hula!"

It was too much for me in my overwrought state—this reference to Philip, to my life's tragedy. The next moment I had dropped into the big chair which Burke Lanahan had occupied, and was weeping wildly. Alone—alone! Worse than alone. I sobbed the words aloud.

"No, not alone, kiddo." Red drew up another chair. Leaned over and tried to take my hands in his. "You've got me tied hard and fast, baby, didn't you know it? All the frails I ever knew can't hold a candle to you for looks and pep. Got something in that pretty bean of yours, too. You stick to Red, see? We'll make a team like nothing this burg's ever seen."

I didn't answer—I couldn't. My heart was broken. Nothing mattered—nothing!

"WHAT I've planned is a cinch," he went on confidently, encouraged by my silence. "You and me, baby—little love-nest—daytimes. We'll be night birds, see? You can still do a dance or so, but in swell joints. Men'll fall all over themselves for you, if you're togged out right. The dames'll fall for me, understand? You'll get the suckers to our fine hang-out for li'l cocktail, li'l kiss, and just as things are getting interesting, I'll blow in with a gat, see? The Johnny loses his roll, and is let in for more'n that, if he squeals. Savvy?"

Still some sort of paralysis held me. I neither moved nor spoke. Red Jacobs evidently took my silence for consent, and went on:

"You can put up the same sort of racket with the dames, baby. I'll pick 'em clever, you bet, one at a time. Bring her to my studio downtown. I'm an artist, get me? Then while we're petting, you'll breeze in, throw a scene, threaten to tell the Jane's husband— Why, there's millions in it for a smart pair like us—"

At last the awful truth seeped into my dulled brain. This gangster was proposing that I join him as his partner in crime! I sprang to my feet, both hands warding him off.

"Don't come near me," I breathed tensely. "I—" His arms around me stifled the rest of my speech. He held me, panting, struggling, while we circled the floor.

"L-let—me—go!" I gasped, but he held me closer.

"Sweetie, I love you—love you!" he was saying over and over. "I'll teach you to care, birdie. Just give me a chance—"

"Oh, God," I prayed, "help me—help—"

We were near the mantelpiece. Over his head I saw a small bottle which held the pungent medicine which my mother had used to ease her racking cough. Stealthily I reached out and grasped it. With frantic thumb and forefinger I loosened the cork.

"That's my girl," Red was murmuring. "Not fighting me now. Look me right in the eyes, cutie, and say, 'Red, I love you.' Say it like you mean it, too."

He loosened his hold, drew back his head and looked at me with hot, passion-laden eyes. Waited confidently, a smile on his full, loose lips.

My arm went back, my muscles grew taut for a moment, then, with all the force I had I dashed that medicine right into his bold, lustful eyes!

There was a scream, a horrible oath, a cry of, "You young hellion, you've blinded me! Can't see—can't see—"

But I didn't stop to hear any more. Hatless, coatless, I rushed for the door, down the stairs, into the street. I ran—ran—ran!

* * *

My troubles came thick and fast after that awful day. First, my landlady, who avidly devoured the newspapers, had seen my picture on all the front pages and came to me, demanding to know whether I was Mona Carruthers' daughter.

The impulse to lie was strong. Nobody could prove that the blurred woodcuts were actually of me, in spite of the fact that several of them depicted me looking square into the camera, so utterly unaware had I been of what was happening.

But memories of all my other lies came rushing over me. Lies which had robbed me of all that life holds dear. I shuddered at the thought of them—and of Philip, whom I had lost forever. No, hereafter, even if I starved, I was going to speak nothing but truth. I would keep to that straight and narrow path that Burke Lanahan had spoken of to me.

And so I openly confessed my whole sordid story to that woman, confidently expecting sympathy, counsel, comfort.

SHE was eager to learn everything, and let me talk on until I reached the part where my mother had died. Then she interrupted. There was a strange look in her eyes, and her tone was contemptuous.

"So you're *that* woman's girl! You, livin' right here in a decent, respectable house, makin' out you was as good as the next; and all the time traipsin' round nights, dancin' in a tough joint, sleepin' under my roof! A body never knows who she's takin' in. And you looked so young and innocent, too."

"I am young," I pleaded. "I'm as clean as any girl ever could be, Mrs. Peterson. I swear I am! And I'm going to stay that way *all my life*. I can't help what my mother did, but I *can* help what I do—"

"Dancin' in a joint," she repeated, brushing away my extended hands, "the daughter of a low, bad woman. I couldn't believe it when Mis' Payson pointed out your picture.

"Says she, 'It's the spittin' image of Olive Carton, Mrs. Peterson, and I believe it's her.'

" 'Never in the world,' says I. I *couldn't believe it.*"

"But I had to make money to take care of my dying mother," I sobbed. "What else could I do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was the caustic answer. "Not havin' any dealin's with people like you and yours in all of

my fifty-seven years, I can't say. But there's one thing certain, and that is you've got to get out of this respectable house today. I got my livin' to make, and folks don't want to rub elbows with the likes of you. So make it snappy. Pack your things and move this very mornin'. I want your room by noon."

It was then eight o'clock, and I had to report to the music store in half an hour.

But the woman's expression was adamant. There was nothing to do but hurriedly pack my belongings. My clothes, the little piles of linen I had so painstakingly accumulated while planning for my marriage to Philip. Hot tears fell fast as I folded the dainty guest towels, the embroidered napkins, all bearing the monogram "O. M." Oh, had there ever been a day when I thought of myself as Olive Monteith, wife of Philip Monteith?

Wife! I would never bear that title now. There wasn't a man on earth who would want to share his name with Olive Carton, daughter of Mona Carruthers. My mother's scarlet past had branded me as surely as if a red-hot iron had burned my identity across my forehead.

THIS thought impelled me to go over to my bureau and stare sadly at my thin, colorless face. Even my fresh young beauty was almost gone. My eyes looked like great wells of darkness in a pallid countenance. My hair clung to moist temples in wispy strings; my very mouth was changed. No longer was it the ripe, red bow which Philip had so often likened to a dewy rose. Pale, taut lips were compressed into a hard line now; the line that so surely tells of knowledge of evil, even though I was clean in spirit and in body. Would I some day be the counterpart of my poor, sinful, suffering mother, who had paid for her transgressions?

"Oh, no, no!" I moaned, my hands over my breast, my eyes closed. "Keep me clean, dear Lord. Help me to do the right thing always. Forgive me for all the lies and wickedness of the past—forgive her—my mother, too, and let her know—peace."

Peace! It was all I could ask for Mona; it was what I myself craved. Love, for me, was and would always be impossible. Not even a friend's close companionship could ever be mine. Who would want to acknowledge acquaintanceship with the daughter of Mona Carruthers?

All that morning I hunted for a room; afraid of curious eyes, shrinking from personal questions. I had never dreamed it would be so hard to find a shelter. People seemed so curious about me. I may have imagined most of this, in my overwrought frame of mind, but whenever I was asked my name, my position in New York, I felt the hot blood rushing to my cheeks. I knew I looked guilty—of *something*, and my stammering replies certainly gave evidence that things were not altogether right with me.

At last, however, I found a cheap little room, in a poor quarter of the city. A place where no questions were asked. Where your dollars talked for you. Wearily I trudged up the long flights of dingy stairs and into a small, dark room,

Fred hadn't gained an ounce in 6 months

. . . until I began giving him milk a new way!

HOW I once had to plead and threaten before I could get my boy to drink milk. He'd run at the very sight of it!

"And it showed on him, too. He became so thin and scrawny, so sickly and fretful, I frankly was alarmed.

"Then my doctor told me to give him milk mixed with Cocomalt. He actually loves it this way! And Cocomalt has certainly done wonders for him. He gained two pounds the very first week, and his weight has been going up steadily ever since. His appetite is much better, too. He's a fine, husky boy now."

Contains Vitamin D

This mother's experience is typical of the many reports from all over the country. Cocomalt is a delicious chocolate-flavor food drink that every child loves. It supplies vitamins, proteins and minerals highly essential to the growing youngster.

So concentrated are these food elements that Cocomalt actually adds 70% more nourishment to milk, almost doubling the food value of every glass. No wonder it makes children grow so sturdy and strong—and builds them up so quickly!

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D—the important Sunshine Vitamin that helps build sound teeth and sturdy bodies. Doctors highly endorse this true health food drink.

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk, hot or cold. ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. family size. At grocers and drug stores. Or mail coupon and 10c for trial can.

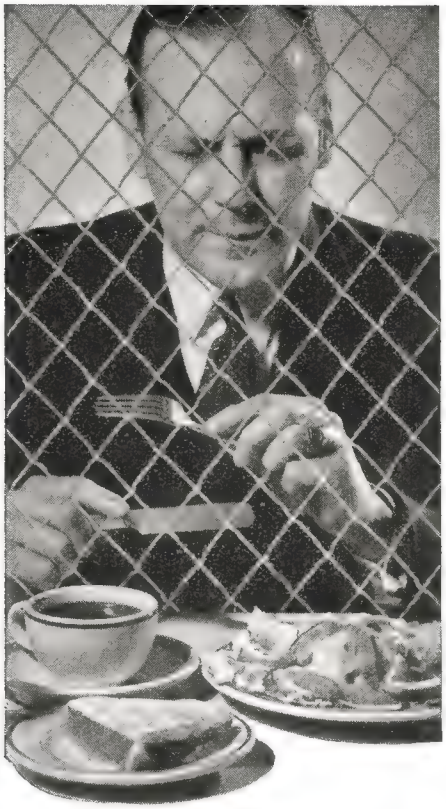
DELICIOUS—HOT OR COLD

R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 7-F, Hoboken, N. J.
Please send me a generous trial-size can of Cocomalt.
I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name_____

Address_____ State_____

City_____



Are Your Favorite Foods Barred By Fussy Stomach?

DO you often have to pay for eating a good meal—by having a sour, upset stomach? Do the very foods you like best sometimes bring on heartburn, unpleasant gas or belching? Thousands of people are finding they can now eat what they like without bad after-effects, thanks to a new candy-like antacid mint called TUMS.

Simply munch three or four TUMS after meals—or when smoking or excesses of eating or drinking cause trouble. You will be surprised how quickly the excess acid is neutralized and the "Fussy Stomach" relieved. Carry a convenient roll in pocket or purse wherever you go. Be prepared for instant relief when indigestion is brought on by nervous strain, eating too fast, exercise after meals, train and auto rides, change of water or diet. Learn the joy of eating your favorite foods whenever you like. Get a roll today at any drug store—only 10c.

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE. For a Laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative, NR (NATURE'S REMEDY). Only 25c.

with a hard, not too clean, bed and scarcely any other furnishings at all, and dropped my heavy suit case. It was now after twelve.

I must report at the store that very afternoon, I told myself in a panic. In my purse was left, after paying for a week's room rent, just five dollars. Not waiting to unpack, I hastened from the house and walked the entire distance to the music store.

It has been over a week since I had gone to the store. I swallowed hard as I entered the familiar place, now teeming with afternoon shoppers. Gay young girls crowded the counters, fingering sheets of music, humming tunes under their breath. Girls who had never known the seamy side of life, and never would. A piano was being strummed with light, airy fingers; a popular song rippled through the busy shop.

The manager, a tall, grave-faced man named Pritchard, spied me, on my way to the office, and stopped me.

"Miss Carton," he began, his voice stilted, his manner austere, "is there anything I can do for you? You are not reporting for work at this hour of the day, I'm sure."

"YES, I am, Mr. Pritchard," I said nervously. "I—couldn't get in earlier. I had to—"

"You've been away over a week," he went on, then glanced over his shoulder. "Suppose you step in the phonograph room a moment, Miss Carton. I'd like to say something to you in private."

With my heart sinking like a stone within me, I followed him inside the glassed-in alcove. Was I going to lose my job? Would that blow also be added to my many others?

I knew, as soon as Mr. Pritchard turned to face me, that my connection with the select music establishment was a thing of the past. There was no sympathy in his eyes, nothing but grave displeasure written over his uncompromising countenance.

"Your place is already filled," he said coldly. "I believe you drew your pay the last afternoon you were here, didn't you?"

"Y-e-s, I did," I answered hesitantly. "But I couldn't get back before this—I—I've had a—death in my family—"

"Who?" he shot at me. "We understood you were quite alone in New York, Miss Carton, when you were employed. You are aware that we keep a complete record of our employees' family connections, I'm sure. You've been out of town?"

I shook my head. I sensed the implication of his questions, but did not resent them. I knew this firm was over-particular about its clerks, and what those clerks did.

"No, I've been right in New York," I answered truthfully. Never again a lie! Always the truth, no matter what results it brought.

"And this relative was—" He paused for my reply.

"She was—my mother," I got out slowly, looking up with hopeless eyes at the suave, impersonal questioner. "My mother," I repeated.

"Ah, is that so? Too bad, Miss Carton." His eyes were cold, disinterested, and he moved slightly as if to indicate an end to our interview. I knew in that instant that somehow, in some way, my whole personal life had been laid bare to my employers. Perhaps through the newspaper cuts of me which had been flaunted in every edition for several days. But I lost control of myself. Desperation urged me on.

"I found my mother in New York shortly after coming here," I cried passionately. "And I've been trying to take care of her, working nights as well as days, Mr. Pritchard. Surely you won't hold that against a girl who wants to keep her position? I've always been steady and reliable, haven't I? My promotion shows that. And now that I—I'm not carrying such a heavy burden, I can—"

"I'm very, very sorry, Miss Carton," was the cold, positive interruption, "but your place here is already filled. We heard nothing from you—we didn't really *expect* you back," meaningly. "That is all, I believe. Good-afternoon."

I made my way from the store, not daring to ask for a reference, knowing intuitively it would be refused.

Outside, a high wind had arisen. Dust swirled around me, blowing bits of waste paper high in the air. I watched one of them soar upward, then drop into the gutter, thinking how like myself it was. Just a fragment tossed hither and thither, useless, unwanted by any one. Life had beaten me, robbed me of everything that a woman counts of value. No use to fight longer. Might as well give up now. There wasn't a soul interested in me; not one who cared what became of me. There was always the river.

I WANDERED on and on, without any destination, any purpose, until sheer exhaustion sent me toward my new abode. I was just about to drag my aching feet up the steps when I heard some one call my name. I turned around quickly, my blood seeming to turn to ice. Red Jacobs had just leaped from a taxi and was coming toward me.

"Thought you'd given me the slip, did you?" he jeered. "You don't know me, kid! I been shadowing you for hours, you little hell-cat! Don't mean to lose sight of you again, either." His fingers closed about my wrist.

I looked about swiftly. Off in the distance, I saw a man in uniform. A policeman was patrolling his beat. The sight of that big, burly figure lent me courage.

"Take your hand off me, Red Jacobs," I warned, my voice almost a whisper. "I've told you before what I think of you. I'm not going to have you following me like this. Let me go!"

"Let you go—nothing!" he snarled. "You're coming with me—now! No use to fight. I mean business. Get in this cab, hear me?"

He tried to pull me toward the curb. The driver was stolidly looking straight ahead. Appealing to him would not do any good, I knew I glanced frantically over his shoulder. That uniformed figure was coming toward us, nearer—nearer.

"If you don't let me loose this minute," I cried, raising my voice, "I'll scream for help. There's a cop coming this way. I'll call him. I'll tell him what I know—"

My words had a startling effect on the

hardened gangster who was evidently trying, just then, to keep out of sight of the law, although I did not know this. He shot a glance in the direction of the oncoming officer, and quickly loosened his hold on my arm. Fear shone in his small black eyes.

"You dirty little stool pigeon!" he hissed. "Now I'm on to you. Been spying, snooping, have you? Carrying tales to that lawyer fellow, eh? Pumping Mona for tricks? All right, we'll get you! This town ain't too big for Red Jacobs to find anybody, any time he wants 'em."

And then he leaped into the cab, slammed the door, gave a quick order to the chauffeur. They went flying down the street just as the policeman came up to me.

"What's up?" he asked, eying me keenly. "What was that guy trying to do? Know him?"

"Not—not very well," I began, then remembered my solemn vow never to again tell even the half truth about anything. "Yes, I do know him," I quickly amended. "He—he's been annoying me, following me. I'm afraid of him."

I was frightened almost to death for fear the officer would ask me all sorts of questions, but he didn't. He was a kind looking man, with a fatherly manner and the only thing he wanted to know was where I lived. I pointed out the house before which we were standing, telling him I had just moved there that morning. He shook his head.

"BAD neighborhood, young lady. Better move out right away. I can see you don't know New York very well, or you'd never have come down here. Working girl, ain't you?"

I told him I was out of work, looking for a job, and that I didn't know anything about the district I was in.

He fumbled in his pocket and took out a notebook; wrote a line or two on a page, tore it from the book and handed it to me.

"Go to this address. I know the woman who lets out rooms there and she's all right. She'll fix you up. But get away from here at once."

I thanked him and went into the dark hall, reeking with the smell of boiling cabbage. A furtive-eyed woman slunk past me on the stairs, and on the second floor, a man and a woman were fighting behind a closed door. I scurried by that door breathing like a hunted hare. The policeman was right. I couldn't stay there. Even if he hadn't warned me against the house, I'd have to move for fear of Red Jacobs.

It was quite dark when, with my heavy suit case, I finally reached the address given me. The woman whose house it was proved to be a pleasant-faced, friendly person who accepted me on face value, backed up by the note I gave her.

"Sure, I know Officer McCarthy, dearie," she said brightly. "Anybody he recommends is welcome in my home. As it happens, too, I've got one room vacant, and a sunny little one it is. You can have it cheap. Three a week is the price."

As I gratefully parted with three of my last five dollars, I couldn't keep back a deep sigh. Only two dollars between me and starvation.

FREE

Enough Hires Extract to make **8 BOTTLES** of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

For growing children

Doctors praise

Hires Root Beer

because it is made of *natural* juices

THE increasing popularity of Hires Root Beer is Nation-wide. In hundreds of schools, teachers are urging children to drink Hires Root Beer and to avoid questionable imitations made only with artificial oil flavors. Doctors, almost unanimously, recommend Hires Root Beer as healthful and safe. Careful mothers everywhere are urging their children to drink Hires Root Beer because it is *natural*—like the juices of oranges and tomatoes—absolutely free from artificial flavoring and drugs. Now, to win added friends, we offer a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

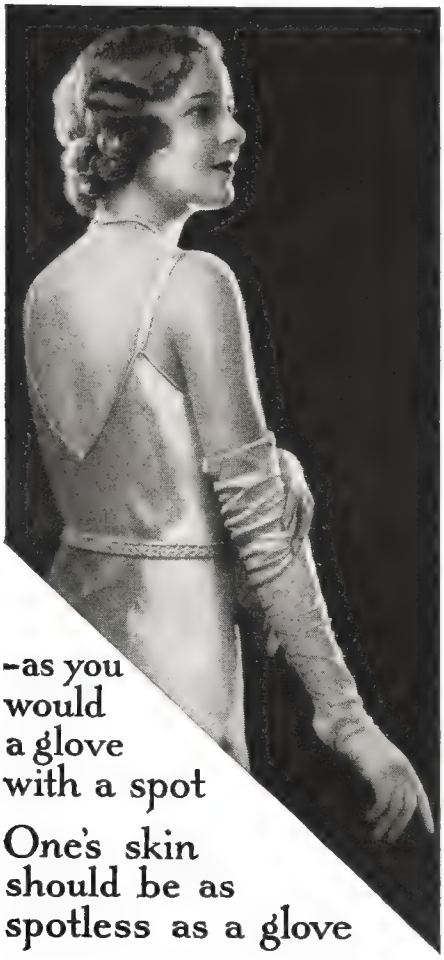
If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle. Compare that to what you usually pay.

Hires Root Beer can also be obtained at soda fountains and from Hires Kegs. Also at stores and stands you can buy it already bottled.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs. 1,250,000,000 glasses of Hires Root Beer were served last year—a national favorite.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer. (35c in Canada.)

Don't let them count you out!



-as you would a glove with a spot

One's skin should be as spotless as a glove

"I AM just as particular that my skin is clear as I am that my white gloves are spotless." If your skin is not clear, it is of great importance that you do what you can to correct the trouble without delay.

A healthy skin just naturally helps in holding old friends and in making new acquaintances. It is a valuable personal asset—socially as well as in a business way. Why not make enthusiastic impressions instead of sympathetic ones?

The nation-wide popularity of S.S.S. for generations is due to its tonic effects and to its ability to regenerate hemoglobin in the blood.

If your condition is due to a lowered blood count, you owe it to yourself to try this thoroughly established compound made from roots and herbs gathered and processed in their fresh state.

S.S.S. promotes constructive changes in the body. It enriches the red blood cells, improves the tone of the tissues, restores energy and strength, stimulates vital functions with increased vigor and builds up a resistance against skin troubles.

S.S.S.

builds sturdy health

I wondered if Mrs. Leeds, my new landlady, would have been so cordial, had she known I was the daughter of Mona Carruthers.

The next week of my life is still like a bad dream. All day long, and every day except Sunday, I walked the streets looking for work. I tried one employment bureau, but the woman in charge asked so many questions about myself, my family and former place of employment, that I left the office in despair. I realized the fact that truth, in the business world, at any rate, was impossible. If you didn't answer all kinds of questions about yourself, you were not even listed; if you did, or if I did, the result would be the same; the answer a cold, "Sorry, we have nothing for you."

I was down to my last nickel one blustery March day. I had existed for three days on crackers and milk and was so weak I could scarcely stand on my feet. It was actual torture to stop in front of a restaurant and watch a girl in the window baking pancakes. I felt I could greedily eat every one she tossed with her spatula.

I avoided the western part of town, for fear of running into some of my mother's friends.

I KNEW that I had only to go to Sadie Cahill and be received, fed, and staked to a substantial loan. But just the thought of having to see a woman of her type again, talk to her, accept money from one like her, gave me a sense of physical nausea.

No, I was going to climb! Never would I sink down into the mire of sin and shame which had finally submerged Mona Carruthers. I might be her daughter; I might be branded forever because of that relationship, but I was going to keep myself clean, *clean*, even if I starved to death!

Of Philip, I dared not think, or I would have gone mad.

Only once did I see him. He was driving up Broadway with another man. They were talking earnestly to each other, and he didn't glance toward the sidewalk where I, shabby, gaunt, hungry-eyed, slunk into the doorway of a store until he had passed. Then I went back to my lonesome little room to weep wildly throughout that night. I think even the angels in heaven must have felt pity for Mona Carruthers' outcast child that terrible night.

Perhaps the compassion of those unseen angels hovered around me the following day, for while dragging my feet wearily up Broadway, far uptown, I passed a motion picture house. A sign hung from the box office.

"USHER WANTED," it said.

I straightened myself determinedly and went inside, found the manager in a little room, applied for the job—and got it! Without questions, too. He only took me in from head to feet, then curtly told me to report that same evening.

Hope surged high again. The salary wasn't large, but at least I could eat substantial food again.

I hurried back to my lodging house, eager to tell kind Mrs. Leeds of my luck. I believe it was the first time that good woman had noticed my pallor and emaciation. She insisted on having me come in and take dinner with her; the first square meal I had had for days. She even pressed a loan of a few dollars upon me until I drew my first pay.

Things brightened somewhat after that. I took heart again. After all, I was only nineteen, and life to a girl of that age is precious.

I began to build air castles. This was just a start, I told myself. Some day I would be like those prosperous, well-groomed business women of New York, hundreds of whom I passed each afternoon. Then I could go to see Philip and make him listen, while I explained everything. Not that I dared hope he would ever care again. That dream was gone forever. But I wistfully craved his approval. It grew to be a mania with me.

My hours were from six o'clock to midnight, and so eager was I to make good with the manager that I used to arrive far ahead of time. Sometimes I walked around to Riverside Drive, up beyond Grant's Tomb, and into the sloping park that borders the Hudson. I loved that spot; loved to sit on a secluded bench and watch the boats ply up and down the river.

Or, which was always like tearing the heart from my body, gaze across the Hudson at the tall Palisades. Over there—somewhere—was the little cottage Philip had wanted to buy. The tiny house that was to have been his home—and mine. I believe it was for that reason, alone, that I sought the park every afternoon.

Children, happy-eyed little tots, played around me. Old men sometimes sat there awhile and read their papers. Occasionally a weary, worn looking woman stopped for a moment's rest, then trudged on, perhaps to another job.

It grew interesting to me, just watching other human beings, all of whom showed some strain, some problem. It made me feel less alone in the world, knowing I was only one of thousands who had life's battles to conquer.

ONE afternoon I was sitting on one of the benches which face the Drive, interested in the bustle and excitement going on in one of the tall, imposing apartment houses opposite. I suppose it was an afternoon wedding, judging from the gayly dressed girls and well-groomed men who poured out of the foyer of the house, and got into the handsome cars outside. I looked on until every car was gone, then saw a taxi drive up and stop before an adjoining building. I perhaps would not have noticed the man who got out of this cab, had I not heard a sibilant whisper from the bench next to mine, on which were seated two rather rough looking young men.

"There he is now! Look good, Skeet! That's Lanahan himself. He lives there."

Burke Lanahan! It was he. The sun was shining directly in his face as he paid and dismissed his driver. Big, handsome in his coarse, self-assured way, faultlessly dressed.

Somehow the sight of him set me to wondering about the seeming injustice of the scheme of things. Why should a man like Burke Lanahan have all the good things the world can offer? The Bible must have been misinterpreted

when it said, "The meek shall inherit the earth." It should have read, "The wicked shall inherit the earth, because *afterward* they shall have nothing."

I pondered this without bitterness—just puzzled, and a little surprised at my own feelings. No longer did I even hate Burke Lanahan, and I wondered why.

My reflections were suddenly brought to an end. The two men next to me were talking together rapidly, excitedly. They didn't notice the thin, shabby girl within hearing distance, and there was no one else near. I caught snatches of sentences:

"Pick him off tonight. . . . Them's the orders. . . . A coupla grand for the job. . . . Easy, bo . . ."

They got up and sauntered off together, swaggering across the Drive, past the apartment house, then turned the corner. I watched them out of sight, the blood congealing in my veins, as the horrible truth seeped through me. Those two gunmen had been watching for Lanahan! Sent there by some enemy of his, who planned his death! And he, confident, sure of himself, would walk directly into whatever trap they had set for him.

SOMETHING stirred me into action. With my usual habit of acting first and thinking afterward, I got to my feet. I crossed the Drive quickly, and entered the elaborate foyer of the apartment house into which I had seen Lanahan disappear. I had not the slightest idea of what to do when I got inside. My one thought was to warn the man I had once hated with all the strength of my young, undisciplined spirit.

A pert West Indian elevator boy hailed me as I crossed the floor.

"Where do you think you're going?" he asked impudently. "What's your business?"

"I want to see Mr. Burke Lanahan," I replied, staring at him steadily. "Take me to his apartment at once."

"Mr. Lanahan's not home," he said smoothly. "Out. Don't know when he's expected in."

"That is not true," I retorted. "I just saw him come in. I'm compelled to see him. Take me up at once."

Something in my manner must have convinced the arrogant servant that my mission was genuine, because he seemed to waver. He eyed me curiously as he said:

"You have to send up your name in this house, you know."

"I haven't any objection to doing that," I answered promptly. "I'm Miss Olive Carton, and I have a message of great importance for Mr. Lanahan."

He left me and went to the phone. I heard him repeat my name, and the next moment he was back, leading the way into the elevator, which shot up to the tenth floor. As I stepped into a long, narrow corridor, a door some distance away opened. Burke Lanahan came to meet me.

"Why, Olive," he began genially, "this is a pleasure. Come right in." He led me into a sumptuous study, drew up an easy chair, and would have pushed me into it, but I refused. My calm had deserted me. I was trembling with nervousness, now that I had met him.

Breach *of* Promise *...almost!*

MY heart was torn in two when Paul broke off. No explanation whatever. Just that terse little note, "Dear Kay: I must ask you to release me from our engagement. Sorry. Paul." I tried to phone him at the *Times*, where he was a reporter, but he deliberately evaded my calls. Why did he leave me like that! Just to force him to tell the reason—I was that frantic—I even considered suing him for breach of promise! Crazy, I know. But I'm crazy about Paul.

Weeks went by—lonesome weeks. Trying to forget, as much as I could, I went to social affairs more than formerly. I volunteered to make the salad for our club's Charity Luncheon and to help serve. I made Golden Salad with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Ordinarily, Paul didn't cover things like charity luncheons for his paper. But we were having a big man as a speaker that day—and Paul had trailed him to get an interview on another subject. Naturally, Paul was asked to stay for lunch—and imagine my amazement when I walked into the room and saw him sitting there at the table. Don't ask me how I ever got through the serving. The other girls on the committee did most of it I guess. I *hid* from sheer nervous tension. Neither of us spoke!

Paul called me on the telephone that night, his voice gruff as usual. "Kay, I hear you made that wonderful salad at that luncheon today." "Yes, Paul." "Well, then you can go on making them for me the rest of my life, if you still want to, Kay." "But Paul—" "—Oh, I've been a fool I know, Kay—but I took you seriously when you said you'd never cook for any man. Being a newspaper man, I couldn't afford to *hire* a cook for you, so I got sore and figured I ought to let rich girls alone!" Couldn't you scream at the way men take things seriously when you don't mean them that way! I never told Paul—Golden Salad was the *first* dish I had ever made in my life—but I knew it would be *easy* and *good* if I used Knox Sparkling Gelatine. We're living on Paul's salary now—he so insists—and believe me I'm glad that I sent for the Knox booklets, "Food Economy" and "Dainty Desserts and Salads." Send for them. Meanwhile try

GOLDEN SALAD (*6 Servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup canned pineapple juice
¼ cup mild vinegar
½ cup orange juice
¼ cup sugar
Few grains salt
1 cup oranges, cut in small pieces
1½ cups canned pineapple, cut in small pieces
1 cup raw carrot (grated on a coarse grater)

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Dissolve in hot pineapple juice, and add sugar, salt, orange juice and vinegar. Cool, and when jelly begins to stiffen, add other ingredients. Turn into wet mold and chill. If individual molds are used, place one teaspoonful of clear jelly in bottom of mold. When nearly firm, place on it one tablespoonful of thick mayonnaise. When this is firm, fill mold with salad mixture. When congealed, unmold on lettuce.

A single package of Knox Gelatine contains enough to make four entirely different desserts, salads, or main dishes, six servings each. Knox has no flavoring, coloring or sweetening—thus combines ideally in new appetizing ways with other foods. Send the coupon for the FREE Recipe Books.

FREE THIS VALUABLE RECIPE BOOK

Knox Recipe Books abound in delightful recipes for desserts and salads for every occasion.

Knox Gelatine
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Please send me FREE copies of your Recipe Books.

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
Creamy ☐	Grey ☐		Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS Moist ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐		Dry ☐
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	AGE
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"I came to warn you," I jerked out. Then I told him about the two men on the bench next to mine, describing them as well as I could. He listened attentively, a smile curving his large mouth. When I finished, he laughed. A ringing, infectious laugh. The kind of laugh that had won poor, unhappy little Mona Carton, nineteen years before. Then he came over to me, laying his white, beautifully kept hands on my shoulders.

"And you came to tell me?" he said, gently. "That's the finest, whitest thing a woman ever did, Olive Carton! Why did you do it? I thought you hated me."

"I don't now," I quavered. "I don't hate any one. I think when—when we have so much—so many—troubles, we lose all our ugly thoughts toward others. I know I have. I—I don't want them to kill you. You'll be on your guard, won't you?"

AGAIN he laughed, an amused chuckle this time. His eyes twinkled at me.

"You don't know Burke Lanahan, little girl. He's not afraid of God, man, nor devil. I think I know who wants me taken for a ride. At the same time, I owe you a great deal, Olive. What are you doing now? Where are you living?"

I told him. I didn't resent his asking, either. Then I thought of the time.

"I've got to hurry," I said. "I'm on duty at six, and I'll be late."

"Wait just a second," he told me, disappearing into another room. I heard a drawer being opened, heard the rattle of paper. Then he came back, bearing a square package, which he thrust into my hands.

"Don't refuse to take these things, please," he begged. "They belonged to your mother and you ought to have them. I've meant them for you. And, one thing more, child; I ask your pardon for thinking you were a friend of Jacobs. I know better now.

"Good-by, little girl. Take care of yourself. You'll get along all right. Women of your type, white through and through, always come out on top. Thanks a thousand times for coming to me. It gives a man like me new faith in humanity."

I thought of these words throughout my hasty walk to the theater, I wondered, too, what was in the package, but did not have time to open it. In fact, I had just time enough to slip into my gray uniform, and join the other five girl ushers before six o'clock chimed. After that, for the next few hours we were tripping up and down the aisles, flashing our electric torches in search for vacant seats for the mob that soon began to arrive.

A picture of a most popular star was being shown, and it was nearly eleven before I had a chance to rest for a second.

I was leaning against the rear wall of the theater, looking on at the swiftly unfolding film on the screen, when a stout, broad-shouldered man came up to me. Thinking he was a late arrival, I straightened myself mechanically and started toward my aisle.

"THIS way, please," I said, motioning for him to follow.

Then I felt his fingers close around my arm. He was regarding me keenly from beneath bushy eyebrows. He drew me back into the shadows, beyond hearing of the other ushers.

"I don't want a seat," he said gruffly. "Want to speak to you. Name's Carton—Olive Carton, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered, surprised at the question. "That's my name."

"Come in the office with me," he ordered tersely. And his fingers still held my arm as he led me out of the theater.

Wondering, somewhat startled, and with a strange foreboding creeping through me, I went with him into the manager's small room. But once inside there, I jerked away from the man's grasp.

"What is your business with me?" I demanded. "And who are you?"

For answer he flipped open his coat, revealing a shining badge.

"I've come to arrest you," he said curtly. "Get your things on quick, and let's be off before a crowd gathers."

"Arrest me?" I gasped, dropping my little flash light to the floor, "For what?"

"*For the murder of Burke Lanahan,*" was the officer's astounding reply.

Who killed Burke Lanahan? And, more important to Olive, who has cast suspicion on her? How skillfully has she been framed? You will find this thrilling story of a girl hopelessly torn between two loves continued in the

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My Own Bed

(*Continued from page 38*)

my attitude that anything was good enough for me, but that he must have all he had been used to.

How foolish a woman can be! She makes a man a weakling, then feels hurt and ill used because he is not a giant.

But why go through those lean years? Ingrid was three years old when finally, by dint of much denial and saving, we were ready to go to Paris.

And in Paris I began to feel that Fran was not quite the ardent lover he had once been. I loved Paris, and formed the habit of prowling about with Ingrid when Fran must be at his lesson, playing at some tea, or otherwise busy about the business of becoming a great player.

One night he left as usual for a reception. Ingrid and I kissed him good-by, then wandered out to watch the people and to get a breath of fresh air. We wandered farther afield than usual and, in passing a beautiful theater, I was almost sure I saw Fran with a girl entering the doors. I hurried forward, but the couple had gone. I found that I was breathing as if I had been running, and my hands were cold. It could not have been Fran, I told myself. It was some one very like him, but that was easy in Paris. The city was full of tall, slim, dark, distinguished looking men.

I could not even tell Fran about my mistake. I guess I was afraid I might find it was not a mistake. I preferred not to know.

BUT, as the days dragged on, I took to watching Fran. He was so busy, so much gone from our rooms, so preoccupied and silent when he was home, that I felt worried. And yet he was always kind, always loving, to Ingrid if not to me. Once in awhile he would sweep me into his arms in the old way, and kiss me until I was breathless. I would stand anything, I knew, just for those rare displays of love; for I loved Fran more every day. He was all I had. I had given up father, mother and home for him.

But, to myself, I had long since admitted that Fran did have a roving eye. He loved a pretty girl and his eyes would follow the *midinettes* and other trim French maidens, as far as he could see them. I knew that he took out other girls. I had seen him with various ones at the little sidewalk cafés; I had watched him many evenings when he thought me safe in our rooms. I was unhappy, of course, but I declared that mother should never know she had been right. And Fran was a genius—it was different with men like him. I would pretend that I saw nothing, knew nothing. Fran would be all right, when we finally finished his education and went home to New York.

The three years we spent in Paris were long ones, but at last they were past. Francis was the proud possessor of his diplomas, he had a wealth of music in his supple fingers, and I felt repaid when one day he gathered me into his arms in a burst of tenderness, and said:

"I owe it all to you, darling! You've been a brick; no other woman would have put up with me and denied herself

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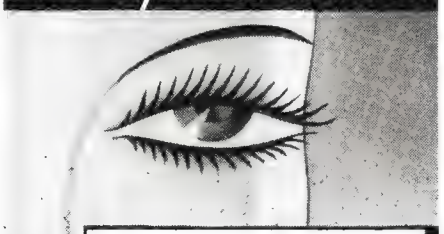

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so much. And now it's New York for us. Oh, I'll make life easy for you now, Olga! You shall have a home, clothes. I'll make it up to you."

"Fran darling, all I ask is your love. You do love me, don't you? I've grown so shabby and so tired, but I love you, and I know that you will be a tremendous success in New York," I returned.

I could not help noticing that Fran ignored my question. He did hold me tight in his arms and kiss me, and that was heaven to me. I said no more about love. I would love him so much that he could not help forgetting these young girls he had spent so much time with. I was young, too. And when we got home I would feel young again.

The voyage home was too long to suit me, so anxious was I to get there. Fran and Ingrid enjoyed every minute of the trip. Fran was the center of a gay crowd; took part in all the deck games and was the hit of the ship's concert. Several women were lovely to me, but Fran's young crowd did not seem to know that I existed.

Every one made a fuss over Ingrid. Her quaint mixture of French and English was a joy to all who heard her talk. She knew many French words, and used them naturally and easily. Indeed, she spoke English with a tiny accent, and put her verbs in queer places. I could imagine Dad's disgust, should he see his grandchild before she spoke her mother tongue trippingly.

NEW YORK at last! The sky line of the city brought tears to my eyes. I loved it all; the rush and roar of traffic, the huge skyscrapers, the lights. It recalled happy days when I had visited here with mother and Dad. Home! I was home, and how I reveled in the joy of it. I realized how very homesick I had been.

But no one met us at the dock. Days later I received a letter from mother. It was a loving word, she was glad we were in America, she hoped that we were well, we must write often, and so on and so on. She and grandpa sent dear little "Maude" a kiss. Not a word to Fran, not an invitation to come home.

My heart nearly broke. But I had said I would never go home until they asked me to. I bolstered up my pride and carried on.

Fran's letters, his diplomas, his suave European manner, impressed even New York. I have always thought, though, that it was his elegant habit of bowing from the waist, his elaborate politeness, his Continental speech and manners, as much as his undoubted genius, that took him up on a wave of popularity; of course, when he played, every one knew he was a master.

So our lean years ended. Fran was a sensation in New York. His concerts brought princely fees. We rented a lovely apartment, had new clothes, plenty to eat. Life was very different from what it had been.

But Fran was gone so much! Even more than he was while we were abroad. Life was easier, but I was no happier than I had been. However I readily adapted myself to our new program. Whatever was best for Fran must be good for me too. Of course he was home a great deal during the day, but he was so busy that I scarcely saw him except as meal times. He never neglected his three hours of practice daily; some days he got in more than that. He was overseeing Ingrid's music, and he had taken a few advanced pupils; young ladies, all of them, from wealthy homes. For these lessons he was getting an enormous price. I had seen the day when we lived a week on what he received for one lesson of a half hour's duration.

Another interest came to him at this time. All through the years he had been composing music, gay little dances, soft lullabies, lilting marches, I thought them charming, and had often urged Fran to show them to publishers; but he had never done it.

Now all these were gathered together and submitted to a great music publisher. They were accepted at once, and they sold. Royalties began to trickle into our bank account and, of course, Fran began to write more music. The sight of a check seemed to give him more inspiration than all the efforts of the muse!

Then the thing happened which, alone, was needed to make my heart rejoice. Mother wrote and urged us to come home for an indefinite visit.

"I was wrong, Olga," she said. "Francis evidently did not marry you for your money, and I'm glad he has succeeded. We have heard some of his music, and think it lovely. Your father and I are getting old; we want our baby, and our grand baby and—our son—"

I could guess what it cost mother to write those last two words. I was glad that I had never told her of Fran's faults and weaknesses. She thought we were perfectly happy and I determined that she should never know anything different. Fran was my husband, and I had married him for better, for worse; I would be loyal to my vow whether he was to his or not.

Fran was sweet about the invitation. He did smile cynically at the reference to his music. "*Belle-mère* is a lion hunter, eh?" he asked.

THEN he added instantly, "Of course we'll go—at once. I can get away for a week or so, but you and Ingrid may stay as long as you like."

So home we went. I could see that mother and Dad were impressed by Francis the minute they saw him. I flew to their open arms and, as our tears mingled, the bitterness of the years was washed away. All was forgiven and forgotten in that long embrace. Fran held out his hand in the manner affected just then—straight from the shoulder—he bowed low from his waist; then he kissed the tips of mother's fingers. I thought that a perfectly adorable gesture.

Ingrid flew to mother, crying out, "Oh, are you my *chère bonne maman*, and is this my *grand-père?* Maman has told me of you."

Mother gathered Ingrid into her arms and held her as if she would never let her go, while Dad spluttered, "My word, Olga! Can't the child speak English?"

But it was plain to be seen that he thought Ingrid was cunning. I could foresee that he would spoil her dreadfully, as he had once spoiled me.

It was wonderful to be home! To have my old room—unchanged—to know

that Fran was in the room beside mine, and to see Ingrid in her little bed when day was done. Wonderful to feel again that old sense of security and unity with my parents; natural and entrancing to see Ingrid nestled in Dad's arms or leaning against mother as she told the child a story. Marvelous, just to be home.

Fran was quite devoted. I felt that I had my lover back, as well as my parents. I was happy; I had missed my loved ones more than I realized.

Old friends called, mother entertained for us, the papers were full of Fran's name. He was spoken of as "the young composer, the accomplished pianist, the pupil of masters of the piano in England and in France." Fran adored it and basked in his glory.

And I—I was so proud of my distinguished handsome husband, my beautiful little daughter, and my status as an accepted and beloved daughter, that I strutted. I felt like a peacock. Had I possessed a gaudy, brilliant fan of feathers, I should have flaunted it constantly. I was a happy, proud woman those days. All my fears and worries receded. Everything would be all right, now that we were home.

Ingrid and I stayed with mother and father all winter. Fran journeyed back and forth when he could. On one of his week-end trips to us I decided to have one of his suits cleaned. In getting it ready to send to the tailor, a small, scented note fell from a pocket. It tumbled open at my feet:

DARLING:—Of course I'll go with you. I'll break the other date—SHEILA.

That was all, but again I was miserable. I wondered who Sheila was; one of his pupils, I supposed. I tucked the note back where I found it, and did not send the suit out.

WITH the spring came the welcome news that Fran had been offered positions by several schools of music, as head of the piano department. Welcome news, because it meant getting away from a large city and more leisure for Fran, thus giving him time for his composing, which was rapidly becoming more to him.

Ingrid glowed. "Oh, Daddy, shall we have a house, a nice big house, like *chére grand-mere* has, and a yard with room for flowers? I want a flower garden."

"We'll have all of that, and more. Anything you want, baby, you shall have," Fran promised. I realized that it was Ingrid that was holding Fran as steady as he was. He adored her, and she did him. I hoped that she always would.

We decided, after due consideration of the offers, to accept one in a Colorado city. True, the school there was small, but it was very select; we should live among cultured people of means, and Fran would have time for his musical creative work, while Ingrid would have every opportunity, as well as her desired garden. We had heard too, that it was a beautiful little city.

We were not prepared by anything we had heard for the utter loveliness of the place. The cool summer nights enchanted us, the high bracing atmosphere kept us keyed up, the wide streets, beautiful homes and fine schools delighted us, and the school of music was

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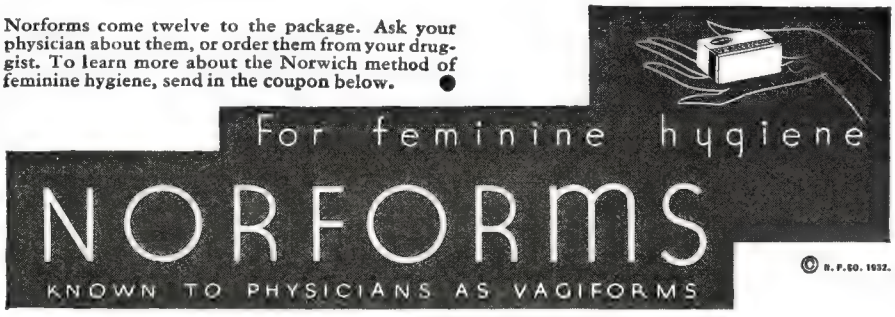

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all that could be desired even by Fran.

We bought a lovely, rambling old house, with a big yard surrounded by an old-fashioned fence, out on one of the main avenues. Before us, and plainly seen from the upstairs veranda, spread the wonderful parorama of the Rampart Range. A rampart it was, with Pike's Peak in the foreground lifting its snowy crown into the blue.

After a snowfall, Pike's Peak always reminded me of a huge old woman with a fleecy white shawl about her shoulders. I loved that mountain! I wished it were possible for all celebrities to live with their heads in the clouds—but to keep their feet firmly planted on the good solid earth as the mountain did. I loved its brooding gaze down on the little towns at its base. Then there was Mount Rosa; lovely Cheyenne Mountain with its electric lights flashing at night like a necklace of gems about a lovely lady's throat. I never tired of watching the changing tints of blue, purple and mauve that bathed them in glory.

I threw open our fine old home to the musical element of the city, and soon we were a part of the social life of the town.

Ingrid had her garden. In it, lovely purple columbines shouldered a tall soapweed plant whose stalk of creamy blossoms lasted only a few short days in the spring. Cactus plants thrived there too, and Ingrid gloated over their spiny rose-like blossoms. She had wild, pale bluebells and the gaudy, crimson Indian paint brush from the prairies, as well as iris, Canterbury bells and scores of other flowers, all growing happily together.

HAPPY? Well, I was as happy as a woman can be who knows that she does not possess all of her husband's love and devotion. I was happy in my child's happiness, and determined that she should have both father and mother and a home, no matter what I might suffer.

Francis had bought a car, a big powerful machine, a white one. Of all colors! But he was always individual.

We enjoyed the car. I dressed Ingrid in pastel shades, and wore black a good deal, myself. Against the dazzling white car with its dark upholstery, our dresses shone out. People always stopped and looked after us. That pleased Fran and did not bother me

We went everywhere; to Denver, up the Pike's Peak auto highway, to Cheyenne and Laramie, even down to the smoky steel-works city of Pueblo.

Mother and Dad came, and spent a happy summer with us. I was thankful for that season together, for mother died very suddenly soon after they returned home to Pittsburgh. Oh, how glad I was that the misunderstanding between us had been settled! I was glad, too, that I had shielded Fran from even mother. She never knew how right she had been.

And so the years sped by. I can not say that I was really unhappy, but neither was I ever radiantly happy. Always I felt that I lived with a sword above my head. I never knew when it might fall. Fran was busy, happy, successful, and always enmeshed with some girl. I knew of his affairs, but as long as he did not know that I knew I felt safe.

Ingrid was a big girl, almost grown, when the blow fell. She was lovely, with large blue eyes, like mine, but with Fran's dark hair, midnight lashes and brows. Her dusky wild-rose cheeks were adorable. She was a musician, but would never be a genius as her father was. She was just a normal, happy girl, and I was fiercely, deeply glad that she was no prodigy.

I noticed that Fran was changing very much those days. He had always been gay, light-hearted, debonair; he became moody, cross, and so changeable. But I paid small attention to that. Fran was a real personage now, a musician and composer known from San Francisco to New York. His compositions were being played everywhere, at concerts, on the phonograph, and over the radio. He was by way of being a famous man.

And I—well, I was just Olga. My hair was long, and a few gray threads were in it. I wore it low on my forehead and covering my ears. I could not bring myself to bob it—not at my age. I felt that all my dignity would go with my hair, as poor Samson felt his strength go with his. My eyebrows were brown (like my hair), heavy and unplucked. They lay above my eyes like soft wide wings.

I had grown a trifle heavy with the years, but I looked well in my clothes. My teeth were my one beauty, small, white, regular. When I smiled my whole face changed, was alert, bright.

I was not lovely; never had been, but I possessed charm and poise. I was nearing middle age, but so was Fran. He, however, seemed to have the secret of youth. Fran was as slender, his hair as black, his manner as youthful, as it had been when Ingrid was a baby. Indeed, strangers exclaimed when they learned that Ingrid was Fran's daughter. She looked more like a younger sister.

I knew that I was the cause of Fran's good looks. Always, I had borne the brunt of the battle; denied myself and done without. Fran had fared well. But, as I had always given Fran what he wanted, I supposed that I would go on doing it to the end.

I WENT down to the school one day, seized by a sudden nostalgia for the days that were gone. I wanted Fran all to myself as I had had him in those hard days in London.

I entered his studio unannounced. I slipped in quietly, meaning to surprise Fran and carry him away—if he could be persuaded to go—for a long ride into the hills. We would take supper at some quiet restaurant and come home late. It would be like old times. Fran had looked so worn and worried the last few days. I felt that he was working too hard over his latest composition.

It is strange how you may know a thing, and yet be startled and heartsick when you really see it happening before your eyes. I surprised Francis all right, but not half as much as I startled myself.

I was in the room before I realized that it was Fran I was looking at. He was standing beside the grand piano, and in his arms was one of the loveliest girls of the city. Daphne Carroll was about Ingrid's age, and I knew that she was studying with Fran. He still kept a few advanced pupils, in spite of the composing he did.

Fran had just lifted his lips from those of Daphne. He was flushed, radiant, and so was the girl. Worship was in her eyes as she stood gazing up into his eyes. For a second, neither one saw me. Then Fran turned and looked straight at me.

"Olga!" he cried.

Daphne blushed crimson. I just stood and stared at Fran, stunned. Then Daphne hurried from the room without speaking to me, or saying a word. This was what I had always been expecting—the thing I had been afraid of. There was no mistaking the mutual adoration of those two.

"Olga, don't act like an emotional actress. It isn't your rôle. You don't look the part. I've told you that I do not like to be disturbed in my studio. Surely you are not going to attach too much importance to a kiss. Daphne is a little genius. She played my latest piece so beautifully that I sort of lost my head. I forgot myself." He was talking disconnectedly, making excuses.

Suddenly I knew this was the end. I could stand no more!

"Fran, you might be yourself, too. This rôle doesn't just suit you, either. You must know that I have not been ignorant of your affairs. Why, I know the whole story all the way from Paris to this place! Ingrid is grown now. She has had her home, her father and mother; she can't be hurt now by our separation. You want your freedom, I suppose," I heard myself saying.

FRAN came to me, took my cold hands in his, kissed my lips adoringly, whispered that he loved me—only me—really, but that he had sometimes strayed a bit in his constant work with young girls. "It's just been kisses and endearments, Olga, never anything else," he insisted.

My heart began to melt. I wanted to believe him, but I could not. I remembered the long years with the hurts all through them. Mother had been right, Fran had a "roving eye." He always would have. It was not in him to be true to any woman. He would always tire of the one who was bound to him.

We had our ride and our dinner, but I was firm in my determination to give him his freedom.

To my surprise, I saw that Fran was sincere in not wanting a divorce. He wanted his home, my devotion, the love and respect of his daughter; yet he wanted to play and trifle with my love. At last I had the whip-hand. Before we returned home I made him understand that I meant what I said.

I knew that I could never love another man. I would always love Fran, but I was determined to end the situation. I could not help feeling sorry for him. It was the first time in our life together that I refused to do exactly as he wished.

Sudden death of a loved one must be terrible, but I wonder if it is half so crushing as the slow death of love and respect; the slow conviction that the man you love is unworthy. I know I suffered as much in the years when Fran was so careless, so unfaithful, as I could have done had I stood over his casket and gazed down into his cold face.

We had never quarreled—we were too well bred for that. It had been no sudden wrench that tore us apart, we had just

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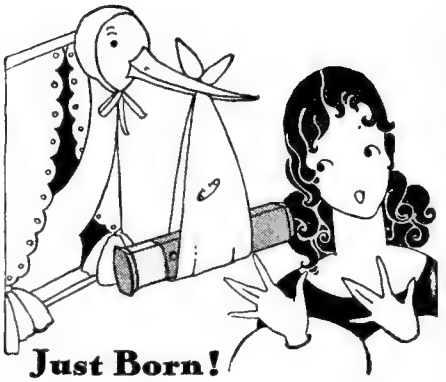

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drifted further and further away from each other. Now he was entirely beyond my call. I could not reach out to him across the chasm that divided us.

Fran went to his room, and I to mine, when we came home. Long ago we had agreed to the separate rooms; Fran had wanted it so. I wondered how best to tell Ingrid my news. At last I decided not to mince words. I would tell her the truth and she would choose between us. I had no fear as to what her choice would be. Ingrid was my daughter.

I took my hair down. Then, with my brush, I entered her room. She was reading with the bed light illuminating her lovely face. She was flushed, adorable. I could give up Fran, but I knew that I could never give up Ingrid. Suddenly I felt sorry for Fran. He loved this radiant young goddess, too.

"Ingrid darling," I said, "how would you like to come to Reno with me for a few weeks? Daddy and I have decided that we can be friends but not mates, any longer. You see, dear, Daddy cares for a younger woman. We must remember that he is a genius, and a genius does things sometimes that we can't understand. We mustn't blame Daddy too much. If you think that you would be happier with Daddy, you must stay with him. If you would rather go with me, it would make me entirely happy. You've seen some things I know, dear; you're not a child any longer."

LIKE a storm Ingrid was out of bed and in my arms, her tears were on my cheeks. "Mums darling, I'd go to the end of the world with you. I'll never leave you, Mums.

"It's that hateful Daphne Carroll, isn't it?" she asked shrewdly. "You still love Daddy, don't you, Mums? You can't fool me—you're just tired of playing second fiddle. Isn't that it?" she demanded.

"That's it, baby. I'll always love Daddy, and you must too, he loves you so. You will have to come and see him but I'm glad you're choosing mother. I'd have died if you hadn't," I confessed.

We left for Reno the next day. The divorce was to be managed as quietly as possible, but with Francis as prominent as he was, it was impossible to avoid publicity. The papers buzzed and hummed with news of me, my Reno residence, my lovely daughter; of Francis and his activities. Our local evening paper had our pictures in it, pictures of our home—which was really my home now; for Fran had given me the deed to the place soon after we bought it.

All this was bad enough, but, to make matters worse, the morning paper appeared with a story to the effect that Francis Neilsen was to wed the lovely Daphne Carroll as soon as he was free.

I writhed under the scandal. Ingrid suffered with me, and I knew how Fran suffered it all.

And then a storm broke about Fran's head that surprised even me, well as I knew him. It developed that Fran secure, as he thought, with a wife who would take anything, had led several girls to think that the only reason he would not marry them was his wife. When his wife removed herself from the scene, all of them descended on him at once. For awhile, he faced several breach of promise suits!

Something happened at that time that took my thoughts off Fran, away from the sordid mess and made me really independent. Father caught a heavy cold, which resulted in pneumonia. Within a week from the day he became ill, he was dead. Again I went east, on a sad mission. When it was all over and Dad was asleep beside mother, I found that I was a wealthy woman; for Dad had left everything he possessed to me. Even in my sadness, I could not help rejoicing at that. I need not accept any settlement now from Francis.

In due time, Ingrid and I returned to our home. It was good to be back.

Our social life goes on as before; our friends think nothing of a divorce, as there are so many nowadays. But I—well, I shall never be ecstatically, youthfully happy again. I miss Fran—I always shall. I still love him in a way, a love that has much of the maternal in it.

He and Daphne moved to the Pacific Coast. He received an offer from a school there before I left him. Daphne married him, as she had determined to do. For Daphne was as spoiled as was Fran, always she had secured what she wanted, and when it happened to be the husband of another woman, that made no difference.

I feel sorry for Fran. Daphne is not the sort to play second fiddle for any one. She wants attention and company; she is athletic: plays golf, tennis, rides horseback, takes long hikes. Fran has always hated activity.

If he refuses to go with her, Daphne will go with some one else—any one who happens to be around.

Fran has always been shielded from noise, from confusion and worry; Daphne will have a crowd of youngsters about her constantly. I am afraid his work will suffer. Sooner or later, youth will call to youth, and Daphne will answer the call. Fran is forty-seven, even if he does not look it, and Daphne is a spoiled eighteen.

BUT, for the first time in many years, I have peace. I am not worrying about Fran; not wondering where he is, not dreading to find him with some other woman.

I have never been a religious woman, but I have read my Bible. I love its imagery, the calmness that breathes through its pages. As I look at sturdy old Rampart Range, or massive Pike's Peak, I know that back of the eternal hills there is a power that is changeless, and that steadies me. In a changing world it is good to think of some one who is changeless.

I find so many references to the hills in the Bible I read of the "everlasting hills"; "the strength of the hills"; "the cattle on a thousand hills."

Before the mountains were settled, He was I read that He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, I began to see God through the hills.

"Surely He cares for me," I think, and the thought brings comfort, for I felt strangely forsaken at first.

Every morning, like the Psalmist of old, I "lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

And strength has come to me, power to endure, ability to be brave, the determination to keep sweet, not to grow bitter. I dislike a sour, bitter old woman.

I am sure that I am going to be a perfectly charming grandmother. I shall be one, for Ingrid will marry and have children—she is like me.

I hope she will be a wiser wife than I was, but it is not so necessary for Ingrid to be wiser, for I shall see to it that she meets no genius. I want her to marry a business man who will worship the ground she walks on, and to whom the sweetest music in the world will be the sound of her voice.

The Girl I Refused to Marry

(*Continued from page* 28)

said. "Military. Big affair. They're marrying under guns—or something."

"*You'll* have a sort of military wedding," Chard said. "Not under the gun—but before it!" And I gritted my teeth with rage at my helplessness.

I hardly looked at Lela during the brief ceremony, and the Chard brothers hurried me out of the house at its conclusion. I was pleased to think that the galling ordeal was about over.

But I was far from being through with it. They parked the car at the court house, and ordered me out of it. I got out willingly, but balked when they motioned to the steps of the building.

"What's the idea?" I demanded.

"The idea," Lela's father informed me, "is to thrash you within an inch of your life—and then we're done with you."

And then I saw that he was carrying a black-snake dogwhip. He flayed me unmercifully, while Monroe Chard covered me with a gun so I couldn't run away.

THAT was the most umiliating experience of my life. A crowd formed, blocking the street. My clothing was cut to pieces and streaked with blood, when Chard finally decided to lay off.

I walked away from the court house by exerting every ounce of strength I possessed, through the crowd which opened before me. Signaling a taxi, I drove out to the farm.

That night was a veritable hell to me. I planned to kill Chard if it cost me my life—which it undoubtedly would, I recognized. But revenge is sweet, and I would have the satisfaction of shooting him down. And then I got to thinking. And a certain respect for the man formed in my soul. I was Tough McCann—and he had dared do that to me. He knew my character, my record—and that had not stopped him!

"We'll get him if you say so, Tough," Kent, my right-hand man, confederate in all my shady dealings, promised the next day. "The gang's never croaked anybody yet. But there's always a first time. You say the word—and—"

"No," I said at last. "No. Let him alone. It was coming to me."

Kent was surprised—and the whole city was surprised—when I made no retaliation, but went on as if nothing

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had happened. Nothing got into the papers—but the whole town was agog.

It's a penitentiary offense to beat a man when he's covered with a gun but, of course, no action was taken against Chard, though he had pulled the stunt on the steps of the court house. Nobody knew, of course, that the man I respected most in all the world was Mr. Chard.

Time went on—and I saw the announcement of my baby's birth in the paper. "To Mr. and Mrs. Clinton McCann, a boy, Chard McCann."

The baby didn't interest me, but I couldn't help thinking that his grandfather's name was a good one for him to bear. And I couldn't help thinking, too, that the kid wouldn't grab much in the way of principle from the McCanns. And I couldn't help wondering if I'd had a father like Chard, just what sort of man I might have been.

Well, the years passed on. And I went on just the same way. A bit more reckless, a bit more daring, a lot more wealthy. It was four years since I'd married Lela. She had long since secured a divorce, and I had not seen her since the day we were married.

One day, as I came out of the restaurant, a little kid hurrying by slipped upon a bit of ice and fell to the pavement. I stooped to set him upon his feet and, as I did so, he looked up at me, and my heart almost stopped beating. Lela's blue eyes in a miniature face of my own. I stared down upon him, and my heart got into action again and shook my whole body with its pounding.

"I HAD a quarter," he said, searching with his eyes the pavement, the gutter. "But it's gone. I must have dwopped it. An' my g'an'pa won't like it. He's funny that-a-way. He don't never think a child's got a right to lose nothin'."

"Who is your grandfather?" I managed to ask. But there was no need to ask.

"Zim Yard," he said, still looking for the elusive quarter.

"Here," I said, holding out a quarter. "Here, son—" but the last word strangled in my throat.

His face brightened amazingly. "You pick it up?" he questioned delightedly. "Fank you. Fank you for pick *me* up."

And I had to watch him rush down the street, his little leggined legs carrying him away with unbelievable rapidity.

I stood staring after him, a great tumult in my heart. *My son*—that handsome little kid.

Then I followed him. I couldn't help it. I was drawn like steel to a magnet. He entered a cake shop and I went in, too. Standing upon tiptoe, he scrutinized the display of pink, white and chocolate coated small cakes in the glass counter, an agony of indecision on his face.

"Dese!" he said at last, pointing to the nut-topped, pink-coated, jelly-oozing kind. "I mean—these," carefully. "One dozen!"

"Do you like cakes?" I asked.

"Jes," he said. "My mamma bakes 'em for me—but I don't like cakes what's made at home. I like fings I can buy; what costs money, and is pink. Dese—I mean these—cakes al'ays makes me sick," he said with apparent pride, his blue eyes brimming with delight.

"Why do you buy them then?"

"'Cause I like 'em," he told me. "Dey is—*so* good! I eat an' eat—an' I know I'll be sick. But I want 'em, an' so I eat 'em, an' *be* sick!" he finished engagingly.

That was my attitude, I reflected. Take what you please—and be hanged for the consequences. But it hurt me cruelly to see the same slant cropping out in my kid—the kid I had not cared about until that hour.

As we stood in the shop, a small sedan parked at the curb and my heart skipped a beat when I saw Lela at the wheel. She was lovelier than ever—and did not seem much older, but the old radiant alertness had gone and her face was a bit sad, I thought.

Bearing his bag of cakes in one hand, and with his change clutched tightly in the other, my son turned to the door and I went over and opened it for him—careful not to show my face to the girl in the car. I saw him cross the sidewalk and she swung open the door for him. He climbed in beside her, his face radiant with happiness, and I watched the car back into the traffic and disappear. I leaned against the cake counter, a mist in my eyes, misery in my heart.

"Something for you?" the white-aproned saleswoman inquired.

"What? Oh, yes." I pulled myself together. "A dozen—two dozen—of these." I indicated the pink-iced cakes, and placed a bill upon the counter.

But I walked out of the shop while she was making change. I couldn't help it—I couldn't keep still. Walking to where my car stood before the restaurant, I put the bag of cakes upon the floor and threw myself behind the wheel.

I don't know where I went that night. Anywhere—hitting it in high to get away from the thoughts that pursued me. I ran out of gas about two o'clock, and walked five miles to a country store where I could get some more. I sat down upon the porch, and waited for some one to open up and give me the gas and, because I could not do anything else, I was forced to think. Of Lela—and the little kid. Of the life behind me—of the future before me.

WHAT had I accomplished in my twenty-seven years to which I could look with pride? Nothing. If I had acted differently, I would have had a beautiful wife, and a son of whom any man might have been proud. But I had acted the cur and estranged the girl, and ignored the child.

I had been forced to provide him a name. The quarter with which I had replaced his lost money, was the only thing I had given him in all his life. I remembered that Lela had returned the check I had placed in her coat pocket the day she had asked me to marry her for the child's sake—returned it through the mail, torn in half.

I thought of how I had not even appeared in court when she had secured her divorce; had not been asked to pay alimony, nor to provide maintenance for the child.

I recalled the scene in my office four years ago. I was astonished that everything stood out with photographic exactness. I thought of everything that had transpired when our lives had been

interlaced. It reeled itself before me, like a moving picture.

And the memory of the lovely girl, bending over my boy as he climbed into the car, brought the tears to my eyes. My shame and humiliation knew no limit. And I remembered her tears and remorse when I had first desecrated her life.

That morning—while I paced up and down the sagging porch floor of that country store—my soul faced God. It was *my* Judgment Day.

Finally a man came to open the store, and I got the gasoline and went back to the car. I drove back the way I had come, and, after awhile, I struck familiar territory and turned my car toward home. It was almost noon when I got to town, and I went to the restaurant and had breakfast.

"Been on a bust?" the fellow in charge inquired.

"No," I said. When I had finished eating, I told him, "Not another drop of liquor is going to be sold here."

"Hot after you?" He jerked his head toward the police station.

"No," I replied. "Crate everything—and I'll move it tonight. I'm done with it. If another drop goes out of here, you're out of a job."

I worked all day, trying to get things in shape to clean up. Sent Kent on a flying trip to the Coast to pay up and cancel all booze orders. That night I carried two truckloads of liquor, and—well, never mind what I did with it. But it wasn't sold.

I SLEPT that night and dreamed of a little boy who passed up wholesome, home-made cakes for indigestible, store-bought ones. Of that same boy—grown to manhood—and passing up the sweet joys of his own home for venturesome journeys in strange fields.

The next morning I phoned Mr. Chard. Lela answered the phone, and I turned as cold as ice at the sound of her voice. My presumption in daring to speak to her took me by the throat; but I managed to control my voice enough to ask for her father. She hesitated, and I knew she had recognized my voice. I was afraid she would hang up the receiver but she said, after a minute, "Hold the line."

Mr. Chard answered immediately. "Yes?"

"This is Tough McCann," I said, with an effort. "I—want to see you, sir. I *must* see you. It's—important. May I come out there?"

"No," he said. "If it's important, I'll see you at your factory. At ten."

I put in a miserable morning. Was anxious for ten o'clock to come and dreaded to see it come. When Mr. Chard was announced, I rose to meet him with a compound of alacrity and hesitation.

"Won't you sit down?" I asked, and he accepted a chair after a minute's hesitation.

"If you will be brief," he requested.

"Yes," I promised. My mouth went dry. Why is it so hard to acknowledge the guilt that makes you fairly hate yourself? And why does it choke you to say I'm sorry, when your heart beats, "Forgive, forgive, *forgive*"?

"Mr. Chard," I said finally—with

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difficulty—"I want to tell you that I'm sorry—dead sorry. I sure—wish it hadn't been—the way it was. I want to thank you for—forcing me to marry Lela, and to tell you that I have more respect for you than I have for the rest of the world put together. And—that I have great respect—for Lela. I—oh, I was a dirty cur—and promised—everything! Let me tell you just how it was—how it *is!*"

"Go ahead," he said in a muffled voice.

And I told him the story of my treachery; of Lela's desperate appeal; of my refusal; of my attitude after his beating; of how my crowd had wanted to go after him, and of how I had gone on, uncaring during these years, until I had looked in my boy's eyes. Of the waking up of every moral fiber of my being; of my doing away with my profitable bootlegging, of my determination to go straight.

"I want Lela and the boy," I told him. "Oh, I know how undeserving I am—how unfit! But I'll be good to them. I'll make good with a second chance—if I get it.

"That little chap tore my heart out. If I never get him, I'll try to live clean because I'm his *father*. But, because I *am* his father, I know I can help him to overcome traits of character which he has undoubtedly inherited from me. I want him to go straight and keep clean. I know it's not possible for Lela to love me again—but—will you let me go out and talk to her?"

"TOUGH," he said, "I never expected that you'd talk or feel or act like this. Yes, go out and talk to Lela. You dragged her through hell. I don't know how she'll feel, what she'll do or what she'll say. She may give you another chance. She's unhappy—discontented.

"If she'll marry you, and you'll promise me a square deal for her—for Chard—all right. He's going to be a tight fistful later; it may take us both to handle him. And if one of us drops out—the other one will be left on the job."

I drove to his home immediately and, as I stopped my car at the steps, a sturdy little figure came flying around the corner of the house. It was Chard, snug in a crimson sweater-suit, with a cap of the same color pulled over his ears.

"Hello!" he said. Everything in me strained toward him, but I knew that I had forfeited even the right to touch him, and so I kept my hands off him by an effort of will.

"Won't you please ask your mother if I may see her for just a few minutes?" I asked.

"Come in," he invited, straining to open the door.

"No," I said. "I'll wait out here."

"You al'ays invite people to come in w'en dey come to see you," he explained, "if you have manners. An' dey come in—if *dey* has manners."

"Very well," I said, "I'll come in."

He led me into a comfortable, cheery living room. Lela was seated before the fire, some sewing in her lap.

"Mamma," he said, "here's the man w'at pick me up an' foun' my quarter w'at I los', w'en I buyed the cakes w'at made me sick. You ten' to him—'cause my calf may get out if I stay too long. Dere she is," he told me—and departed post-haste.

Lela rose from the chair, a gracious smile upon her lips. Then that smile died. And her eyes turned to ice. She regarded me with a level look and, as I said nothing—words being impossible to me then—she said, "What do you want?"

"I want to say—that I'm sorry; that I'll do anything—anything—to atone! I—I'm asking you—for forgiveness."

"You're not asking much, are you?" she said. And her voice was hard.

"Too much, I'm afraid," I said. "But I am sorry—dead sorry! You should have killed me. I deserved killing. There's nothing I can say—except what I've said. I've come to myself, *at last*, Lela.

"There's a story in the Bible—I read it last night—about a fellow who was a lot like me, I imagine. He wanted a lot—and got it. He wasted everything he had, drifted away from home, and was reduced to want—to actual hunger. I'm not torn by that kind of hunger—but I'm hungry, all right. Well, this chap was down and out, estranged from his folks—and—when he came to himself—he went back home to his father and said he wasn't worthy to be called 'son', but if he could just hang around the old place and see the folks—why, he'd be more than satisfied and he'd work his fingers to the bone out of pure gratitude.

"Well, he was like me—and I'm like him. I'm not asking you to be my wife—because I know you won't, ever. But I *am* asking you to marry me. I can give you a good home—everything you want—that trip to Europe you were crazy for. Take care of the boy, and educate him for whatever he wants to be. Help him to avoid—the pitfalls I've placed in his path. I want to stay on the place—in the house—where I can see you both, talk with you. I swear I won't place the weight of my finger upon you. I want the privilege of working for you—of devoting my life to your service. Oh, Lela, I am *so sorry!* I wish it hadn't been. Won't you—please—"

I TRIED to keep my composure; but it smashed to smithereens and I went on my knees and clasped my arms about her. And my mind went back to that day in my office—when she had knelt at *my* feet and asked for mercy—and had been refused.

"Tough," she said at last, "please don't! Won't you please—get up?"

I stood up suddenly—stood with my back to her—fighting for composure. She came to my side after a few minutes, and put her hand upon my arm.

"Tough," she asked, "what changed you?"

And I said, "One look at the kid. I saw him on the street. And then—immediately—I saw the dirtiest rotter on the face of the earth—so vile and filthy that I stood aside involuntarily. And when I looked the second time, I recognized myself. And when I saw you take him—Chard—into the car, I knew that I had missed—would always miss—the sweetest part of my life.

"But I can salvage a bit of happiness for myself; more than a bit for you, and a raft of it for him, if you'll give me a chance."

"I don't know. Oh, I don't know!" she almost agonized. "I never thought of this coming to pass. But I'll never marry another man. I gave you—everything I had to give—and it's all gone. That sort of feeling that's necessary to make a successful marriage, I mean. I want a house of my own—the right to do as I please. The best opportunity for my baby.

"You'd have to cut out that liquor selling," she warned.

"I've cut it out," I told her.

"Well—then—" she hesitated. "If you're sure—"

"Dead sure!" I said.

"I don't love you—don't think I ever will. I won't live with you, understand? And—if you go back on me this time—"

"I won't," I promised. "Please try to trust me."

"Well," she said, "I'll take a chance. I'll marry you."

"When?" I asked, the blood leaping in my veins.

"Any time," she said indifferently.

"Tomorrow?" I questioned eagerly.

"Yes, tomorrow," she agreed.

I went back to town with a great peace in my heart. Tomorrow Lela would be sheltered beneath my roof. Lela and the boy.

I stopped at the shop of an interior decorator and took her with me to the farm. I was glad I had kept it in the best of repair—having the house painted and decorated every year. It had been gone over during the late summer, and was in fine shape. I took the young woman upstairs and showed her the rooms I wanted Lela and Chard to occupy.

"PUT up new draperies. Get new rugs and furniture, those big, puffy silk pillows, flowers—everything! Make it lovely," I ordered. "Fix this room for the kid. Have 'em ready by twelve o'clock tomorrow."

I couldn't sleep that night. I was too happy and thankful.

I phoned Lela the next morning and asked if she had any preference concerning a preacher to marry us.

"Doctor Clay is our pastor," she said. "Get him."

I got my license early in the morning, and carried it around all day in my breast pocket. At three o'clock I drove to Doctor Clay's home. I had to take him out because his car was out of order. He was pastor of one of the big churches of the city, and preached at the little Hopper church twice each month on Sunday afternoons. I was glad to take him out, but I had arranged for one of my men to bring out a car to take him back. I wanted to take just Lela and the kid.

Somehow, on the drive out, I told him all about myself; about my first marriage to Lela, and of how happy I was to have a chance to swing things right for her and the kid. And I told him how sorry I was about it all. He said that I ought to be sorry—ought to say so, too; but that to live right said more about being sorry than anything else—than everything else put together. And he said that if I stayed right, everything would come out right.

When we stopped at the Chard steps, my kid came running to meet me. He

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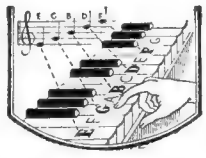

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was wild with joy. Lela had told him I was his daddy, and that they were going to live at my house. He wanted to know if I'd let him have a little dog and—maybe—three cats. His grandmother didn't like cats, and they wouldn't let him have a dog because of "yerms."

I held his little, wriggling body in my arms, and I could hardly control my voice enough to promise him everything his mother would let him have. And when I went into the house, Mr. Chard shook hands with me and his wife put her arms around me and kissed me.

And so we were married—and in the same room where the other ceremony had taken place. But what a difference! When it was over and Doctor Clay had gone, in the car I'd ordered, I put Lela and Chard in my car and we drove off—promising to come back for supper the next night.

Chard talked—all the way to the farm—about the little dog and the cats and wanted to go immediately to the dairy to see them milk "zoze cows." So I went with Lela into the house, called the servants in, and turned the whole place over to her: I had the housemaid carry the bags to her rooms, and left with Chard, as Lela went up the stairs.

I HAD a happy time over at the barn, answering his questions and listening to his exclamations and shrieks of pleasure. We went back to the house just in time for supper. He rushed upstairs to wash his face and hands. He explained that he always washed his hands and face before meals; though he couldn't understand why it was necessary when they bathed him again immediately *after* each meal. He said it almost took away his appetite—that before eating sponge—and the thought of his after-meal ablution almost took away his pleasure in eating. But his mother insisted, and he did it to please her. And, too, he couldn't have anything to eat until he'd done it.

Lela came down, looking like a dream. in some pale, purplish stuff, and she was so beautiful it hurt me to look at her. Chard consumed his supper with relish; the inevitable face-washing seemed to make little impression upon his appetite. Later, I let him fool with the radio, while Lela and I sat before the fire—in silence mostly.

"My rooms are lovely," she said once. "It was kind of you to think of all that."

"If you don't like them, fix them over," I said. "Do anything—buy anything you please. I'll open accounts for you at all the leading stores—and at the bank—"

"Thank you," she said, "that's very kind."

"Lela," I said later, "I'm not going to annoy you—begging you to forgive me. But I'll be asking, in my heart, always. And if you ever *do*, won't you tell me, please?"

"Yes," she said, "I will."

When they prepared to retire, Chard set up an uproar. He didn't want to sleep in that new bed in that strange room; he didn't want to sleep with Lela—he wanted to sleep with me!

"Let me keep him," I begged, "tonight."

"Oh, well," she yielded, "keep him!"

And he slept in my arms all night. I couldn't sleep until along toward morning. I was too happy.

The next day I bought Chard a police puppy and three Persian kittens. And I bought a car for Lela—and opened those accounts. She gradually lost her aversion for me, and became friendly—comradely. I had thought it would be heaven to have her in my house—but it came to be almost hell. The sight of her tortured me. I wanted her so!

Six months passed away in this fashion, and summer came. Lela was especially lovely in her thin chiffons. Her loveliness hurt my eyes. It was bitterly hard to have her there—in my house—and to know I could never have her. But I never said a word about that. I never even touched her.

One day—about dark—as I was driving home, just ready to turn into the drive—a car driven by a novice crashed into mine. I knew the smash could not be averted, and braced myself for it.

The next thing I knew I was lying upon the ground, Lela's arms were around me and a crowd had gathered from passing cars. There was blood upon my face, and I felt as weak as water.

"Don't!" Lela begged, as I attempted to rise. "Don't—sweetheart! Oh, are you hurt—very much?"

Now the feel of her arms was very sweet, and her anxiety like a glass of strong wine. I fell back with a faint groan.

Her embrace tightened. She bent forward and kissed me—the first kiss since our marriage.

"I'm all right," I said. But I couldn't rise to save my life. They carried me into the house—up into Lela's room. I managed, with the assistance of one of the boys from the dairy, to struggle into pajamas.

"Why did you let them bring me up here?" I asked Lela when she came into the room.

"Because I'd rather we stayed up here than downstairs in your room," she said.

MY heart was beating like a trip hammer. I reached for her arm and pulled her down beside me.

"Lela," I said, "Lela!"

"Oh, Tough," she wept softly against my ear, "I forgive you! I *love* you! I've wanted you a long time—but I was sort of afraid. I was trying you out. And—maybe I wanted to punish you a little bit!"

"A little bit?" I said. "Girl, you've nearly killed me! Oh, but I'm glad that fellow smashed me! Tell him I'll buy him a new car, and give him a reward!"

I was all right in a few days. And happy? Well, if you've forfeited every right to happiness and then had it handed to you, you'll know how I felt—and feel today.

My case is one in a million. It's not unusual for a man to turn in his tracks—to turn his coat. But it is unusual for a man, after outraging every decent thing in life, to win the love and confidence of the people who have the best reasons in the world to hate him.

There are times when I can hardly believe in my wonderful good fortune, and it's no effort for me to stay humble. I think I ought to be the most thankful and the happiest man in the world.

Sure, I'm happy! But don't forget the sin scars I'll carry to my grave. And don't imagine the straightening of a crooked life is an easy thing to do. And don't forget that I'll have to tell my boy some day of my treatment of his mother; that for four years I neglected him, and that I was *made* to give him a name. And let me tell you I have to fight every day of my life to stay honest and decent; to make myself fit to train my boy and his little sister.

I wanted to write this as a warning—perhaps—to young folks of both sexes.

The road of life runs hard by a precipice—and watch your step! If you go over, it's hard to climb back, and you'll be cut and scarred and possessed of nightmare memories.

But the main thing I want to say—call it preaching if you want to—is that you *can* climb back—with the help of the Lord. The world is full of people who have asked Him for a second chance—and there's not one case on record that has been turned down.

Up From the Swamps

(*Continued from page* 63)

the ugly, slinking, vicious creatures, you know they're enough to cause fear in any child's heart.

Yet somehow I was never afraid, either of the rats or the river. But how I did hate them! As far back as I can remember, there was in my heart a burning, consuming rage against the river, and everything in it and about it and, at the same time, a cold, deadly hatred of it. I looked on it as my enemy.

Often I've stood on the bank and shaken my fist at it and defied it. "I hate you, I hate you!" I would call out. "You are wicked and cruel, and greedy. You swallow up helpless little babies, and you carry off people's houses and their cows and pigs and chickens. I'm going away some day, so far that I can't see you, and I'm never coming back!"

I was fourteen or fifteen when I used to shout defiance at the river. Old enough to know that, hate it as much as I might, it was too strong for me.

BUT the river rats were different. I was a big, healthy girl. Most of my life had been spent out of doors. I'd fished and hunted with Pap—that's what all river children call their fathers—and I could row a boat as well as any boy. So, if I couldn't fight the river itself, I could fight the evilest things that came out of it—the river rats. And fight them I did. When I first began fighting the river rats, and killing them, I used any weapon that came handy—a stone, a piece of heavy timber, a hoe, the ax with which I chopped kindling. When I got bigger, Pap taught me to shoot them. Said it wasn't so messy and was better sport.

Mona was different from me in every way. She is seven years younger than I am. She looks like her mother—Sally, my pretty stepmother—who was always as good to me as if she had been my own mother who died when I was too little to remember her.

You see, Mona and I are only half sisters. The little boy that was drowned was Mona's twin. But if any full sisters love each other more dearly than Mona and I do, I've never seen them.

I often wondered how Pap got Sally to marry him. Not that he wasn't good to her, and to us; for he always was. But he was an out-and-out river man, big and husky, easy going and good tempered, but lazy and shiftless; loving the muddy old Mississippi as much as I hated it, calling it his best friend, and the place where he found the money to buy our bread and butter. He was always teasing me about hating the river so, and trying to coax Mona into not being afraid of it.

"What you 'fraid of, baby child?" he'd ask her. "Ole Mississip' ain't goin' to hurt you. It knows your ole pap is the best river man twixt St. Louis and New Orleans."

But Mona would tremble and hide her face on Pap's shoulder and say, "It's a bad ole river. Mona's f'aid."

"And how about you, Mollie?" Pap would ask me. "Are you 'fraid, too?"

"No," I'd answer, bold and fearless tomboy that I was. "No, I ain't 'fraid of the river. But I hate it, and some day I'm going to run away and go where I'll never hear of it again."

"And how about the rats? Ain't afraid of them neither, be ye?" Pap would ask.

"You know I ain't 'fraid of them. They're the ones that are 'fraid of me. I killed three of them today."

But Mona would tremble worse than ever, and over and over she'd wail in her frightened little voice, "Mona's f'aid! Mona's f'aid!" For my little sister's fear of the ugly river rats was as great as her fear of the river.

My stepmother—Sally—was as different from Pap as any one could well be. She had been a city girl, educated and all. Pap could manage to print his name, but that was as far as he could go.

I ASKED Sally one time how she could bring herself to leave the city and come to live on a dingy, old shanty-boat. "You must have loved Pap a lot," I said.

And Sally answered, "Your pap was willing to give me another chance, Mollie, when all the rest of the world was ready to sling stones. Besides, Mollie, I've learned that city mud's worse than river mud, though I hope that's a thing you'll never find out for yourself."

But whatever it was that made Sally marry Pap, it was the best thing that ever happened to me. She taught me to read—made Pap give her money to get books for me. Made him let me go to school whenever the old scow on which we lived, which Pap called a house-boat, was tied up close enough to a city or town to make it possible for me to walk the distance to the nearest schoolhouse. Other times, Sally was my teacher—mine and Mona's—though Mona was only ten when Sally made Pap let me leave

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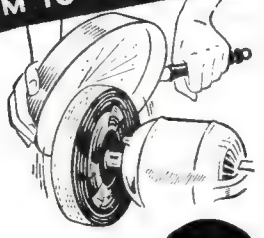

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home and go take the job one of her old friends got me in an inland town. I was glad it was inland, I didn't want to go any place where I'd even be reminded of the river. I was seventeen when I said good-by to the old house-boat, and Pappy and Sallie and Mona, and shook my fist at the river and said, "Well, I'm getting away from you, as I told you."

The river was pretty high, and running swift and strong that day, and almost it sounded as if it were laughing at me when I said that, a gurgling sneering laugh. I know Pap was laughing when he said, "The river's in your blood, Mollie-girl, and because it's in your blood it'll be pulling you back, you know."

Then I was the one who laughed. I couldn't think of anything that could ever make me come back—except, of course, for a day or two to see the folks.

Looking back on it, I've felt that the reason Sally fought Pap till she made him give in, and let me start out on my own, was because of the change that had come since Jake Peters showed up.

I'll never forget the night Pap brought him home. He'd been off for two or three days with his little skiff that he'd fixed up with a motor. I never did quite know what Pap did when he went on those trips. He always came back with money enough to buy what stuff we needed.

SALLY always said Pap was right when he called himself the best river man on the lower Mississippi. She told me that catching fish was just his pastime; that when he wasn't too lazy to work, he could always get plenty to do around the logging camps, or even at the government fleet or the boat works, or in the sawmills at Memphis or Vicksburg or Helena. Till Jake came butting in on us, I think what Pap earned was honest money. After that, things were different.

I hated Jake from the first minute I saw him. It didn't take me long to know what he looked most like was a gray, hungry, mean rat. Only after I saw a sewer rat, I decided it was more what Jake was like, even than he was like a river rat.

But that first day, when he came slinking in behind Pap, he looked as if he'd been in the river, for his clothes were all wet and sticky with mud and his oily, black hair was all plastered to that ugly head of his. He had little eyes and mouth, with thin lips and long, sharp yellow teeth. If ever a man looked like a rat, Jake Peters was that man.

Pap explained to Sally that he and Jake were on a job together; would be on it for some time. "There's sho' nuff money in it Sally-girl," he said. "I told Jake that, so long as we're pardners, he could eat here. There's a shack down the river a bit where he'll sleep."

Sally said all right, and set a place for Jake at the table. I was across from him. After awhile he grinned, an ugly, wicked grin, and asked, "Like my looks, do you, sister? You can't keep your eyes anywhere else. Ever seen me before?"

Politeness was not a virtue I possessed in those days, and I blurted out, "No, I don't like your looks and I never saw you before. But I know what you look like."

"And what would that be?" he asked, still with the ugly grin that bared those fang-like teeth.

"If you were a real river man, you'd know 'thout asking," I said pertly. "You're the spittin' image of a river rat."

Pap roared, he laughed so loud. "She's done named you, Jake," he shouted. "The kid's done named you for keeps. River Rat you are from this day on." And River Rat he was, as much as he hated the name I'd hung on him.

But that night Sally looked worried. She'd seen Jake's kind before, in the city.

There was a bothered look on her face when Jake snarled at me, "A river rat, be I? And don't you know river rats bite bad girls?"

"I'm not a bad girl," I told him, "and the rats don't bite me. They don't dare. I fight 'em!"

Jake's scowl changed to a leer which made him uglier than ever, and his snarl gave place to an oily tone that turned me sick, as he said, "Now, sister, here's one river rat that likes a girl with some spunk—a girl what kin fight back."

Sally looked more worried than ever, and timid little Mona, feeling somehow that I wasn't being talked to in a way that suited her, broke in and said, "But when Mollie fights the rats, she always kills them."

But even as she said it, I could see her shiver and draw closer to Sally.

"Oh, she kills 'em, does she?" Jake asked. "And what do you do while she's killing 'em?"

"I always run away," Mona said, her voice quivering. "I'm 'fraid of 'em. I'm 'fraid now." And she began to sob. Sally took her away to quiet her, and presently Pap and Jake went out to see about the motor of the little boat, which was out of order. That was the last I saw of River Rat that night.

HE and Pap were gone before daylight, next morning. They were away a lot longer than Pap usually stayed, and when they got back, Pap was bragging about how much money they'd made.

The Rat tried to shut him up, but Pap had been drinking. Sally finally got him to quiet down.

But late that night I waked up, and heard something I'd never heard since Sally first came to our old house boat to live. She was crying. Sobbing—scared, pitiful sounding sobs. And Pap was quarreling.

"Don't go sticking your nose in then," he said, gruffer and rougher than I had ever heard him talk to Sally, or to one of us children. "When did you get so pure and holy? I don't remember that you were so overly pertickler when I fust met you back in the city."

Sally sobbed harder than ever. "Ben, Ben," she said, "I never thought you'd say that to me. You never have in all these years."

Pap's voice wasn't as mad and mean-sounding when he answered, "And no more will I do it in the years to come, unless you go meddlin' with what don't consarn you."

"But, Ben," Sally said, a coaxing tone in her voice, "it does concern me. Suppose the government men get you some night. What would happen to me and the children?"

But Pap just laughed. "Don't go

worrying about that," he said. "It'll take somebody smarter and quicker than any gov'ment man I ever run across to catch Ben Brady. Now don't go arguin' any more. My mind's made up. I'm done with hard work, raftin' logs, and doin' a nigger's job aroun' river camps and gov'ment fleets. There's lots of easy money layin' aroun' in this ole river, an' I'm goin' to get my share."

But Sally wouldn't be silenced. "And this man you're pardners with, this rat, Jake Peters, how long are you going to have him here? It's not safe. He's bad clean through. I didn't like the way he looked at Mollie tonight. She's growing up into a mighty pretty girl, and—"

But Pap interrupted her with a string of uglier words than I'd ever heard. And don't forget that, along the river fronts, I'd heard plenty.

He talked so loud that Mona waked up and began to cry. I got her into my bed and calmed her down. But, for the first time in my life, I was as scared as she was. Something wicked and dangerous seemed to have come into our lives when Pap took the River Rat on as a partner.

I was sixteen then, and I hadn't lived on the river all my life for nothing. I didn't have any doubt that Pap and Jake were quitting other work to be whisky runners. I knew that Pap was right when he said there was money in it. But I wasn't so sure it was easy money. I knew that when the officers shot, they shot to kill, just as Pap had taught me to shoot the rats.

PAP was gone most of the time. Sally looked blue and worried—almost sick. But the one good thing about it was when Pap was gone, the River Rat was gone too.

I had begun to hate him worse even, than I hated the river. When he was home he was always hanging around me, trying to tell me that I was easy on his eyes, and saying the sort of things that made me shiver as Mona shivered when something scared her. At last, I told Sally about it; and she didn't give Pap any peace till he agreed I could go to town and take a try at my new job.

I hated leaving Sally and Mona. But even at that, I was half crazy with excitement at getting away from the river.

Sally made Pap hand over some of the money he was always bragging about making, and when I started out the clothes she had got for me were like those that other girls—not river folks—wore.

I don't suppose most girls used to nice homes and all, would have thought there was anything much to the little town where one of Sally's old friends got me my first job as clerk in the general store, and took me in to live with her. But, to me, that quiet little town, with its pretty cottages and bungalows, the two brick churches, the schoolhouse and the few stores, was near enough to heaven to keep me singing in my heart even when my lips were silent. I had been there about a year when I met Harry.

Sally's friend, Mrs. Townes, with whom I was living, had seen to it that I met the young people of the town.

But Harry was different from all the other boys. Right from the first, I fell for him hard, and he fell for me. He had a good job in the electric plant in a nearby city. It wasn't long before he was telling me I was the only girl in the world for him. But I wasn't so sure he'd feel that way when I told him about Pap and the shanty boat, and the whisky running.

He did look pretty sober over it. Then he said, "None of that matters, Mollie. The only thing that really matters is the sort of girl you are. When you and I are married, I don't want you ever to go back to the river. You're lucky that none of the mud has stuck to you. But from now on, I'm going to keep you away from the mud. That's my job."

"But, Harry," I said, "you don't mean I'm never to see Pap, and Sally and Mona? You can't mean that!"

Harry was quiet for a minute. Then he said, "I don't reckon I can go quite that far, Mollie darling, though I'd like to. When you want to see Mona, get your dad and Sally to let her come and stay in our home. And if you must go back to the river to see your folks, you're never going alone. I go with you."

I wasn't at all sure that I liked the idea of Harry's seeing the shabby, dingy surroundings in which I'd grown up.

IF it hadn't been for Sally, things would have been a lot worse. But from the day Pap married her, she managed to turn even a shanty boat into a home. I know she kept herself clean and neat, and the clothes she wore, cheap and home-made though they were, didn't look like those of other river women. She managed to have Mona and me looking like other little girls. She kept our bodies clean and she kept our minds and hearts clean. Till Jake Peters showed up, she had Pap's help. After that, Pap was a different man.

But when I told Harry I hated to have him see the old shanty boat, he just laughed and said, "You stood it for sixteen years. I reckon I can stand it for two days. Anyway, I want to take a look at Mona, and I want to talk with your stepmother, the marvelous Sally."

It sounded as if he were kidding me when he said that about Sally, and I sort of flared up. "Well, she has been marvelous to me. My own mother died when I wasn't quite two, and from then till I was past five I got what the river folks call 'pot-luck.'

"Sometimes I had enough to eat and the right sort of clothes to wear. Sometimes I didn't.

"If it had gone on as it was before Pap married Sally, I'd have grown up an ignorant, slatternly river girl, not knowing how to read, cook or sew; but knowing more cuss words and dirt than girls that grow up in decent homes know exist.

"But Sally changed all that. I don't remember anybody's ever kissing me till Sally did. I'm for her clean through, and I don't care what she was, or what she did, before she met Pap. I do know that since then, she's been straight and clean and loving."

"What do you mean about not caring about what she was before your pap met her?" Harry asked.

I hesitated before I told him. I wasn't right sure I was being as loyal to Sally as she'd always been to me. Then I decided that if Harry and I were to be husband and wife, he had a right to know all about me. So I told him what Sally

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said to me about city mud's being worse than river mud, and about Pap's being willing to give her another chance. I told him too, about the night I had heard Sally crying and what she and Pap had said.

"I'm glad you told me that, Mollie," Harry said when I was through.

"I have an idea I know more about it than you do. Mrs. Townes told me the whole story, after I told her how crazy I am about you, and that I wouldn't rest till you said you'd marry me.

"She said that night, 'I don't know anything much about Mollie's father. But I do know that her stepmother is as good a woman as God ever made, even if a lot of evil-minded people did try to say she was a bad woman, when all that had happened was no fault of hers.'

"Then she told me that Sally had been an orphan, living with her aunt, a strict, hard sort, in a gossipy small town.

"Sally was about nineteen when she met a no-account chap from the city, who made his money around the race tracks and the gambling houses. He was a slick customer, and good looking, so Mrs. Townes says. Anyway, Sally fell for him.

"HE painted a lovely picture of what life in a city was going to be like, and when he left the little town Sally went with him. They were married before they left. I guess it didn't take her long to find out what sort of bird she'd married, or thought she'd married. He was a buddy of the toughest gang in town. I can imagine how they must have appeared to a decent, small-town girl. But she thought it was her duty to stick by her husband. The end came when one of his flashy friends tried to get gay with Sally. When she complained about it, instead of going after the fellow, he turned on her and said, 'I'm under obligations to him; it wouldn't hurt you any to be nice to him.'

"When Sallie tried to explain what 'being nice' meant to the man in question, her husband snarled at her, 'What you take me for? A newborn baby? I know what he wants.' Then he went away.

"Sally was crying when the other man showed up. But she had plenty of fight in her. She told him what her dirty dog of a husband had said. Then she added, 'But I'm not that sort of woman. I was clean when I married Joe, and I aim to stay clean.'

"But the man just laughed and said, 'When you married Joe! That's a good one. Look here, my girl, don't you know Joe's had a wife these eight years? She and the two kids are living up east.'

"Sally wouldn't believe it till she asked Joe. And when he told her it was true, she was in an awful hole.

" 'But what does that make of me?' she asked him.

" 'How do I know?' he came back.

"He didn't tell her that what it made of him was a bigamist, and that he belonged behind the bars. But revenge wasn't what Sally wanted. All she wanted was to get loose from him.

"She didn't have but about ten dollars. Joe gave her ten more, and told her to 'get out and keep her mouth shut.'

"She didn't have the heart to go back home; she knew what her aunt and the gossips would say. She tried to get work, but there were too many folk who knew Joe and his dirty gang, and they just laughed at her.

"She was down to her last quarter. She hadn't had anything to eat all day, her room rent was due and the landlady had told her she'd turn her out if she didn't have the money that night.

"Dusk was coming on. She went down to the river bank. That's where she met your pap. He followed her out on the big bridge that crosses the Mississippi, and dragged her back when she was trying to climb on the rail for the final jump. He got her story out of her. Then he told her he needed a woman to look after his shanty boat and take care of his little girl—that was you, Mollie. I don't know all he said, nor what Sally said. But the end of it was that she married him and went to spend the rest of her days as a river woman.

"Take it from me, Mollie, your marvelous Sally's all to the good."

I was crying before Harry got through. What he told me about Sally couldn't make me love her any more than I did already, but it did make me sorry for her and proud of her, and eager to repay some of the things she'd done for me.

After that, I didn't mind taking Harry home with me.

The first night we were there, Jake came in. When Pap told him about Harry and me, he grinned that mean, ugly grin of his, and said to me, "Picked a city slicker, did ye? I'd never have believed it of a regular river gal like you, Mollie. Must've been 'cause you want a husband you can handle easy."

That was the first time, and one of the very few times, I ever saw Harry lose his temper.

He turned on Jake, and his voice was hard as nails as he said, "That'll be about enough from you!" Then he started for him, a grim look on his face. "I'm going to handle you as some real man ought to have handled you long ago, you rat!"

IT was a hot night. Harry had his coat off, and his shirt sleeves rolled up. We could see the powerful, trained muscles in his bare arm.

Jake didn't answer, but got up hurriedly and slunk off into the darkness of the night outside like the river rat he was. A rat never puts up a fight, you know, unless it thinks you are afraid of it, or unless it is aided by other members of its pack. They are cowardly creatures.

Pap and Sally and Mona all liked Harry. I knew they would. Everybody likes him. That night, after Pap had taken Harry in his little boat down to the nearby town where he was going to sleep, and I had gone to bed, Sally came to my room and sat down by me and stroked my hair and patted my head, just the way she used to do when I was a lonesome little girl, just learning what it meant to have a mother to love me.

Then she leaned over and kissed me, and said something that startled me. "Mollie darling," she said, with a quiver in her voice, "I think you know how I've always loved you. And I believe you love me, and I know how much you love Mona. It may not be very long now before I have to send her away, as I sent you. When that time comes, or if anything happens to your pap or to me, I

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want you to promise me that you'll look after Mona, as I tried to look after you."

"Of course I'll promise, Sally," I told her. "You know I will. But what could possibly happen to you and Pap? There isn't anything wrong, is there?"

"Not a thing, Mollie darling," she said, and lied in saying it, so as not to throw a cloud over my happiness. "I reckon I've just got the fidgets, sticking around here on this old river, and now I'm kind of worried because your pap's talking about moving the boat downstream, back on what he calls a branch of the big river.

"But from all I can find out about it, it isn't anything but a bayou. But there, honey girl, I didn't aim to tell you all this. I just wanted to let you know how thankful I am that you've found such a clean, good, fine boy."

"And I wanted to ask you to look after your little sister when I'm not here any longer, or perhaps when I send her to stay with you and Harry after awhile. I won't do it yet; you two ought to have some time just to yourselves."

Next day Harry and I went back to Mrs. Townes', and the next week we were married in the little brick church around the corner, and went away to the city.

THERE was just one thing about the city I didn't like. It was on the Mississippi River. But our home was out in the suburbs, a long way from the river, and Harry promised me I need never go near it. I didn't till, about four months after we were married, I got Mona's letter—her dreadful, tear-stained letter with its awful news.

Pap had done what Sally had said he planned to do; moved the boat from the Mississippi to the bayou she'd told me about. Neither Sally nor Mona liked the change. Sally said she didn't believe the place was healthy, and that it was so lonesome and sort of spooky, it gave her the creeps. Mona said she was afraid—more afraid that she had been on the big river.

I worried over them, and wanted to go see what sort of place Pap had poked them into.

But Harry said no, I couldn't go. He told me he'd had a long talk with Sally when we paid my people that visit, and she had told him to keep me away from the boat, and from Pap and Jake.

"Mollie isn't going to like it," she told him. "She's got a loyal and loving heart. But she can't do any of us any good by coming here, and she might do herself harm, and I'd never forgive myself if that happened. Tell her that she can keep her promise to me better by just staying where she is. And when the time comes that it isn't safe for Mona to stay on here, I'll send her to you and Mollie."

"Sally knows what she's talking about," Harry said when he told me of their conversation. "You've got to let me decide what's best for you, Mollie-girl."

I've got a pretty hot temper, and I flared up at that. It was my first quarrel with Harry. But he stood firm and wound up by saying, "All right, Mollie. I'm sorry you won't promise to do what I've asked you. But just remember you've got to choose between your pap and me, and if you ever go back, unless I go with you, it'll be the end."

"But what if they need me, Harry?"

"If they really need you, we'll go together," he answered. "But if you go by yourself, no matter what the reason may be, you'll have to stay. You're my wife now, Mollie, and while I think Sally's fine and Mona is a dear little girl, that rat Peters has your pap in his clutches, and you've got to keep away from them!"

Now here was Mona's letter, with its heartbreaking story of tragedy, its pitiful appeal to me to come and help her. A letter which wound up with that old cry of her childhood, "Mollie darling, I'm so afraid, and I need you so!"

Yet what was I to do? Harry was hundreds of miles away in another state, sent there on business by his firm and wouldn't be back for a week. And not only did Mona need me, but she needed me as quickly as I could get to her.

It broke my heart to decide, but there was but one decision to make. I packed up my things, made arrangements to get to the town where Mona was, in a motorboat. It wasn't on a railroad. I wrote Harry a letter. I never can say much when my heart is full. I just wrote:

HARRY DARLING:

I guess this is good-by. You told me once that if I ever went back to Pap or Sally or Mona unless you were along, I couldn't come home again. But I've got to go. Mona needs me. Nobody knows where Pap is, but it looks as if he'd been murdered, or drowned maybe. Sally is in a hospital. She's out of her head, and they don't think she'll get well. Mona is all by herself. So I'm on my way to help her. Good-by, and thank you for always being so good to me. I love you more than anybody else in all the world, but I've got to leave you! I'll love you till I die.

MOLLIE.

I DIDN'T send the letter by mail; just left it where Harry would find it when he got home. Then I started out to find my little sister, and poor, beaten, bruised, dying Sally. I had to find out too, what had happened to Pap. Whether he was murdered, as Mona seemed to think, and if he was, who had hurt Sally.

Mona's letter had said:

Mollie, Mollie, Pap is dead, I feel certain! Jake Peters came back without him early last week, and said he was drowned. But Mom and I felt sure Jake and another man had killed him, and then maybe thrown him in the river. So Mom started out in the skiff to see if she could find him. She was gone most four days. She crawled to the door one night in an awful fix. She was so weak she couldn't stand. She'd been beaten up, and was all bloody and bruised. I got her inside. I thought she'd die before I could get a man who lives near here to find a doctor.

Then the doctor came and took Mom to the hospital in this town. He said I mustn't stay here any more by myself—it wasn't safe. So he took me along too, and got the hospital to let me stay in a room near Mom. But, Mollie, I want you so much. I'm afraid Mom's going to die, and nobody knows anything about Pap. The night Mom came home she told me awful things about what she'd found out, and what Jake and the other man did when they knew she thought they'd killed Pap.

The letter ended with that pitiful wail, "Mollie darling, I'm so afraid. And I need you so!"

There never was a more dreadful journey than the one I made, as I hurried

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By Bernarr Macfadden

NO matter how strong the mother instinct may be, no matter how desperately she may long for babies, no woman can think of childbirth without the cold hand of dread gripping at her heart.

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to Mona. When we began feeling our way up that ghastly bayou, it was like a horrid nightmare. I don't know what the name of that stream is but, to me, it will always be Death River. For death seemed to be lurking in every shadow, lying in wait at every turn.

Just before we reached the town where Sally and Mona were, a government boat went racing by us. There was something wrapped up in sailcloth on the deck. I thought I recognized the River Rat on board, but I couldn't be sure.

When we reached the town I found that was who it was, and the sailcloth bundle was Pap. The government men had fished his body out of the water, near where they'd run up on Jake and the Negro man who was with him.

Poor, frightened little Mona was talking to the government men when I got there, or trying to talk, though she was sobbing so it was hard to understand what she was saying. They had made her look at Pap to identify him.

When Mona saw me, she ran and put her arms around me and sobbed, "Mollie, Mollie, I thought you would never, never come. And I'm afraid, I'm so afraid!"

After that the government men talked to me. They told me how they'd found Pap's body, with a bullet wound over his heart and his head bashed in.

THAT put an end to Jake's story that Pap had been drowned. But he'd changed his story, and was claiming that another set of government raiders had run across him and Pap, and had taken a shot at them. Pap had been killed, but Jake and the other man had got away.

But when the doctor got the bullet out of Pap's body it wasn't like those any of the government men use. So that seemed to put an end to that story.

"I think we've got enough on him to convict him," the officer told me, "but I don't know. The jury will have to decide, and the folks that serve on juries in these river towns don't like us government men much, specially when we're on rum running cases."

"Maybe Mona can help you," I said. Then I told him about Mona's letter, and what Sally had told her.

"That's the stuff!" the chief officer said. "We must get the little girl to talk."

But Mona was too scared to talk. "I can't, I can't!" she wailed. "It's too awful!"

So the officer turned her over to me. But Mona really was too frightened to tell anybody. "I meant to tell you, Mollie," she sobbed. "But when they brought Pap back just now, the River Rat came with him. And when they brought me here and Jake saw me, he must have known somehow that Mom had talked to me. For he looked at me that way that scares me so and said, so nobody else could hear him, 'You open your trap about what you know, and I'll handle you worse than I handled your mom. I'll slit that cry-baby throat of yours, and before I do it you'll be begging me to kill you and get it done with.' "

I tried to make her see that if she told the officers what Jake had said, and what Sally had told her, Jake would never be free, to hurt her. But she was so little and so frightened that nothing I could say would do any good. "I can't, Mollie," she wailed. "I can't! I'd die of fright if I tried to tell with Jake sitting there looking at me. Oh, Mollie, Mollie, don't let them make me tell!"

I know now that I did wrong. But Mona was such a little girl, and I didn't believe she'd ever talk, even if they put her on the witness stand. So I told the officers I had found I was mistaken, and that Mona really didn't know anything that would help show that Jake killed Pap. Then I went to the hospital to see if Sally was able to talk. I wouldn't be afraid of the River Rat, and I'd do my best to send him to the chair.

But poor, pretty Sally wasn't able to talk to anybody. The nurse told me she might live two or three days, or that she might die any minute.

"She was cut and beaten, and she looks as if she had been in the river. She's suffering from exposure and exhaustion. The chair's too good for the man who did this to her," the nurse said.

The officers were much disappointed when they found there was nothing to learn from Mona, though their chief told me he hoped he had enough facts to send Jake to the chair. "If the man who was with him will talk, it will be all right."

Court happened to be in session. The grand jury brought a charge of murder against Jake, and the trial was set for two days later.

The officers kept begging me to let them put Mona on the stand, and I kept saying no. Most of the time she was at the hospital with her mother.

Then the day of the trial came. I was so certain Jake had killed Pap that I didn't see how it would be possible for a jury to think anything else. But there wasn't anybody who had seen him do it except, maybe, the man who was his new partner, and he backed Jake up in his story that the government men had run them down, and Pap had been shot.

Jake's story was that, after that happened, he threw Pap's body into the bayou. That was where the officers found it.

"WHY did you do that?" the district attorney asked him.

"I didn't want anybody thinking I'd killed him," Jake snarled.

"And the wound in the head—how did that get there?" the attorney asked.

"I dunno," Jake growled. "I reckon the old man must have hit somethin' goin' down. We pitched him out of the boat pretty hard."

Court adjourned for noon dinner, after Jake got through testifying. I asked the officer what he thought the jury would do. He looked sober and said, "Send him to the chair, I hope. But I'm mighty afraid they're going to turn him loose. We're short on proof. Now if you'd just change your mind and let us put the little girl on the stand. It isn't too late yet."

Turn Jake loose? Why, Mona would never be out of danger another minute; neither would I.

So I made up my mind that it was up to me to make her see that she simply must get up enough courage to tell her story. I started out for the hospital to find her. But when I got there the nurse told me Sally had died just a few minutes earlier, and Mona had fainted, and was too sick even to talk to anybody. It

looked as if everything was against us.

The nurse wanted me to look through Sally's things, get some of her clothes, before I went back to the court house to hear what they did to Jake. While I was going through Sally's shabby grip, I found something Pap had given me when he taught me to shoot the river rats, instead of killing them with an ax or a hoe. It was a little automatic pistol. When I left home I'd given it to Sally.

I don't know what made me put it in the pocket of my coat as I started to the court house. I told the nurse when everything was over there, I'd come back. I had forgotten all about my promise to the officer to try to coax Mona to talk.

When I got back he asked, "Where's the little girl?"

"Her mother just died, and it made her sick. She can't come," I told him.

"Too bad," the officer said kindly. "But I don't reckon it matters. It's too late now. The jury's coming in and, what's more, they're going to set that murderer free."

The jury was indeed coming in and the foreman was grinning at Jake as the judge told him to stand up to hear the verdict. And Jake was grinning back.

THEN the judge asked, "Gentlemen, have you agreed on a verdict?"

The foreman said, "We have."

"What is your verdict, gentlemen, guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge.

While this was going on, all the old hate of the river and the river rats, and of Jake Peters, vilest river rat of them all, was boiling in my heart. I thought of Pap with that bullet hole in his head; of Sally who had just died—Sally who had been so good to me.

I thought of Mona, who would never be safe again; I thought of my own happiness, lost forever, perhaps, and I found my fingers clutching that little automatic.

The foreman of the jury had started to speak. He said, "Not guil—"

That was as far as he got. Jake was grinning that ugly, wicked grin. Then something made him shift his eyes and he saw me. The grin faded. I never saw such a look of terror on any face. Then, as I fired, once, twice, he crumpled up in a heap on the floor. He was dead when they got to him. Long ago Pap had taught me to shoot straight.

The court room was in an uproar; everybody was shouting or screaming. But I just walked over to the judge's stand, handed him the pistol, and said, "All right. I'm ready for you to lock me up. But please let them know at the hospital where I am. Somebody has to look after Mona, and see that Sally's buried somewhere not in the potter's field."

"I'll do all that, Mollie darling," said the kindest, truest, dearest voice in the world, as Harry made his way through the crowd, got to my side and took me in his arms.

"I'm her husband, Judge," he said.

I thought I'd be charged with murder and locked up and tried, as Jake had been tried. I didn't see how they could let me go when everybody had seen me shoot Jake right there in the court room.

But they didn't even lock me up. They let me go back to the hospital. The judge sent the officer who had been so kind to me, to act as guard. He said Harry got Mona's story from her. She wasn't afraid now that the River Rat was dead. She told how Sally had left home and gone down the river, hunting Pap; how she'd come on Jake and the other man unawares, and had heard them telling how they'd quarreled with Pap over dividing the money they'd got from selling a boat load of whisky.

She heard Jake say, "I'm glad I killed the old devil! Now I'll get that little gal of his. His smart-aleck wife cheated me out of the big gal—the one I wanted."

Sally had heard all she needed to know. She tried to slip away without their knowing she was anywhere near. But Jake saw her. First, he threatened to kill her. Then he beat her, cut a big gash in her shoulder and threw her into the river. He probably thought she was dead. She got out of the water some way, but her boat was gone, so she walked and crawled through that heavy underbrush of the bayou—like a jungle it is, almost.

It took her three days to get home. She hadn't had anything to eat. She was half dead from her wounds, and from fright and exposure. She managed to tell this to Mona. Then she went into a wild delirium, and after they took her to the hospital, she just lay there in a stupor.

Mona told all this to the grand jury. She told the vile threat that Jake had made to her when they brought him in after they found Pap's body. The other man got scared and admitted Jake had killed Pap, and had threatened to kill him if he opened his head.

That afternoon the officer took me back to the court house. The judge was there, so were Harry and Mona.

The foreman of the grand jury said, "Your Honor, we have returned no indictment against this young woman. After hearing her young sister's story, and after hearing from her husband some of the circumstances of her early life, her love for her sister and her stepmother, her hatred of this man, Jake Peters, the slayer of both her father and her father's wife, we have marked the bill against her, 'Not a true bill.'

"UNDER the circumstances I do not believe any grand jury would ever indict, or any trial jury ever return a verdict of guilty against her. The only mistake she has made was in seeking to protect her frightened little sister by not making her take the stand.

"Had the jury heard this morning the story we have heard this afternoon, Jake Peters would have gone to the chair. For him to go free would have been a grave miscarriage of justice.

"This young woman took the law into her own hands, a thing which we do not condone. But in this instance, we consider it justifiable homicide. It is not usual to make an explanation, such as we are now making, in refusing to return an indictment. But this case is not a usual one. The circumstances surrounding it are not usual. We make this statement in order that those who were in the court room today may know why we do not believe the young woman who fired the shot that killed Jake Peters should ever be brought to trial for her act."

The judge thanked the grand jurors.

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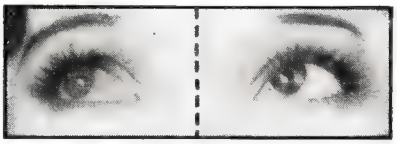

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Then he turned to me. "My dear child," he said, "take an old man's advice. Forget all this as quickly as possible; as you would forget a nightmare from which you have awakened. Go home with your husband. Take your sister with you. All of you are young. Life has much happiness and peace in store for you, I am sure."

Harry's arms were around me. Soon everybody had left us alone together. He was comforting me. "You didn't think I'd ever let you go, did you, Mollie darling?" he was asking me. "I didn't hear from you, so I came home sooner than I had thought I could. I found your letter and followed you. You're never going to leave me again."

Do you wonder that I hate the river? But we're far away from it now. For three years we've lived in Ellensville, this prosperous, growing valley town ringed around with hills. How I love those hills and how my two-year old Harry, Junior, loves them. Gradually, Mona and I've been able to do what the kindly judge told us to do—put the past behind us as a horrid nightmare. But it's hard for me to forget that I killed a man.

Because I Was a Wise Guy

(*Continued from page* 69)

and equity. Then the driver of the car will show you how gravely mistaken you are.

He will show you how his license plates differ from yours; where there were numbers, secret or otherwise, there are now new numbers on the chassis and motor or the body of the car; he will show you a different pink slip, a different registration and different equity.

Perhaps this sounds a bit strained, but I can prove what I have said. For obvious reasons, though, I won't. And, in my opinion, that is the main reason why the greater numbers of stolen cars are never recovered. You can't find something that does not exist, can you?

So much for that.

FOR five years I was with the doctor. Then came the crash. We were out on the Pacific Coast when things went haywire, right and left. They literally buried the doctor in prison. He was found guilty on eight counts of grand larceny, and on five counts of obtaining money under false pretenses, each sentence to run concurrently. In other words, he must serve the minimum of each sentence before he would be eligible to start on the other sentence. So you see that he was dead sure to serve thirteen years, at the least. And Doctor Paul was a man fifty-one years of age; though he did not look it.

At first, I was booked as an accessory before and after the fact. They could not make that stick.

Then they held me as a material witness. I tried to save Doctor Paul, and nearly got swamped myself by a clever prosecuting attorney. For an hour, that man made me almost sweat blood. I never knew before that one seat could get so hard and uncomfortable as that witness chair. But I managed to ease out of that crack.

After the doctor went to prison, I left the Coast. And every month, sometimes oftener, I wrote a letter to the doctor. That is, I did, until he died in May, 1926, from a heart attack.

After leaving the Coast I came home. Here I found that there was a little money coming to me from the estate left by father. It was not very much, but it came in handy, as I was nearly broke. I did not linger at home. I found that some one was living in the old home. That hurt. For a week I haunted that neighborhood; and when the residents became suspicious, I left the city entirely.

I went to Chicago and there stole a car in which I drove down to St. Louis. That was my first deliberate crime.

On reaching St. Louis, I asked myself what was I going to do. I told myself that I did not know. That was a barefaced lie. I did know. I was going crooked. I had several friends in the city that were gangsters. I meant to join in with them. Doctor Paul's name was a password, anyhow.

Though but twenty-one, through constant association with Doctor Paul, I had acquired a certain poise and polish.

Now comes the part that is going to sound pretty vain, but it happens to be the plain truth. My greatest difficulties were the women of the underworld. Being with the doctor for so long, I had acquired, unconsciously, certain mannerisms and tricks of speech that appealed to women. Many times I have said and done things in the presence of women that required lots of ducking and dodging to get away from, when, in reality, I meant nothing at all.

DO not think, from that, that I avoided women though. If you do, you are sadly mistaken. A fellow in the racket without a broad is like an airplane without wings. You can't stay up in an airplane without wings.

Anyhow, I stuck with the gang for about a year and a half. Long before then, I had become sickened by it all. Things just didn't pan out as I had hoped they would. There were times when life among the gangsters nauseated me. I did meet some square and rather fine fellows among them, but the majority were weaklings, with guns slung under their arms or in their pockets, near to their hands. I knew intimately men that would fill your throat and head with bullets. Gangsters always shoot high. The reason for this is that most of them wear an armored suit under their clothes.

The thing that held these men together was fear in all kinds of forms. Fear kept them together, and fear made them shoot their buddies down in cold blood. Fear kept their lips sealed as the black clouds of death whirled through their heads. Not fear for themselves; but, after all, they were only human

beings, and some place there was some one whom they loved, or who loved them. And through fear for these loved ones, they kept sealed lips. Others died because they were keeping the code of silence; they wanted to die like men.

Though I was sickened by it all, I kept the fact to myself. I did not care to be taken for a ride. But every time I met any one from the Pacific Coast I would adroitly question him.

I meant to go to the Coast, and I wanted to find out the right people to see.

I was making, or laying, my plans to keep out of prison when I should be arrested, as I certainly would be. I meant to put down my protection money and put it down in the best place. In the list I finally compiled, I had lawyers, bail- and bondsmen, fixers, prosecutors, judges, and men who were supposed to be mere private citizens with a reputation for honesty. These latter were the men I hoped to meet. These were the men behind the machine.

Then, one fall day, I told a couple of fellows that I was going out to take a drive. I didn't stop driving till I hit the Coast. Here I holed up. For six months I lived the life of an idler. I kept away from all places like road houses, public dance halls, night clubs, and buffet flats. I got in touch with people I was going to need in a hurry, and put my dough down.

I MADE plans for jobs I intended pulling. I can't tell you what they were, of course. Anyhow, I went to work, hitting at several places in rapid succession. I scored clean every time. I had sense enough to know that I would get knocked out, but I did not leave town. It was inevitable that I would be arrested, as some of the people that I had seen were playing a double game with the underworld and the police. Besides that, these new jobs bore marks of the handiwork of a stranger. After my release I bought a *remodeled* car and drove up and down the Coast for a year or two. I soon became acquainted with a host of people, all of the underworld.

But of all the people I met I count Mel Strong my closest friend. Mel was a crack reporter for a large daily on the Coast. He was far from my idea of what a reporter should be, with the exception of two things; he wore disreputable clothes and he was always broke. A darned swell fellow to know.

It was Mel who caused me to know Billie.

Mel had asked me to drive him down the country on an assignment one day, and I dropped in to pick him up. Catching sight of me, he walked down to meet me. We turned to walk to the elevator, when I chanced to look up and saw Billie step from a side door and walk through the front door of my heart. Mel said something to me, but I had my eyes glued on that charming bit of femininity. Tiny, black of hair, soft brown of eyes and divine of form. She was coming straight toward us.

"'Lo, Mel!" She spoke to my friend.

"Ah, light of my dark days, betrothed of Allah, I hail thee!" Mel said, making a mock obeisance before her.

Billie raised her eyebrows quaintly and gazed from Mel to me. For the first time, I saw that slow sweet smile that crinkled up the end of her tiny nose. And when she spoke again, that slow Southern voice completed my route, though what she said caused me to start.

"Listen, Mel, be sweet now and tell where I can find ——," she had said.

She must have caught my almost imperceptible start, for she shot a quick, surprised glance at me. And well I might start, for —— was the missing key witness in a big scandal that involved several men high in the city's political life. And here was this little thing wanting to know where he was. I knew, of course, and Mel knew that I knew. I turned to look at him and found him regarding me speculatively. Before I could say anything he spoke up:

"Billie, this is Mr. Melody. Lee, this is Miss Temple. And I'll bet you two people are hungry. I'm sorry I can't join you, but I've got to cover a story down the country. Some other time, though. Lend me ten dollars, Lee, will you?"

That business down the country was supposed to have included me. And now he was letting me out at the cost of ten bucks. I didn't know whether to take a poke at him, or tell him to keep the ten I gave him as a Christmas present.

Of course we had lunch; and, of course again, I promised to get in touch with —— and get the desired information.

I got it. I demanded payment before handing over the information though. Three nights of the following week, and a day at the beach.

Billie tried to hedge on the payment, but I suddenly became stricken with an affliction of the ears. In fact, I lost my hearing altogether for a few minutes. Finally with a soft laugh, she gave in.

That started the ball rolling. And how it did roll! One cool, scent-laden evening, driving back from the beach I told her of my love. She heard me through in silence.

"PULL over off the highway, boy," she said softly.

I pulled over, and cut out the motor.

"I don't know what to say, Lee," she began, "but I had hoped that you would not tell me of your love for me right through here. I hoped that you would look into yourself first."

I did not quite understand her.

"But, Billie—"

"Wait, please. I don't want to hurt you, boy, and I don't want you to hurt me. No—no—I didn't mean—"

But that was enough for me. I swept her into my arms and pressed my lips down upon her soft, sweet ones. For a moment she struggled against me, then her arms crept around my neck. She returned my burning kiss. But how differently! In her kiss I felt her very soul rush to and tremble upon her lips.

"I never meant for you to know, boy," she said, in a curiously breaking voice that sounded like the falling of many minute pieces of silver, tinkling against each other as they struck a soft covering. "All I ask is that God give me strength. We must understand each other. You know the kind of man that you are. Reckless and defiant of the laws of God and man. And now you ask for my love. I can't see—"

"But," I interrupted, "I love you,

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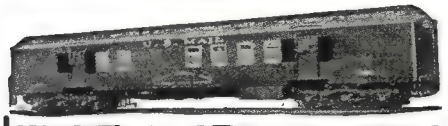

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Billie. I know I've been a pretty rotten sort, but I want you to be my wife."

I could feel her shrink from me. "Oh, Lee, the wife of a thief!"

For the first time in my life I felt the full force of that awful word. I took one look at that little face, a scant six inches from mine, and then looked away. It was then that I felt something inside of me almost shrivel up and die. I slumped down in my seat, thrusting out my long legs and shoving my hands in my pockets.

Somehow I seemed to stop feeling. Vaguely, I realized that a crisis was upon me, but I felt as though I were incapable of coping with it. Starting the car I felt that I had to say something.

"I'm sorry, Billie."

Bromidic? Yes—but my best effort. I felt washed out. We drove several miles in silence. Then I felt her little hand upon my arm.

"I'm sorry, Lee. I didn't mean to hurt you."

The car swerved slightly. Something strangely like a sob was pulling the root of my tongue down my throat. I waited a few seconds that I might be able to speak.

"Please," I said at last, without turning, "don't ask me for forgiveness. I've been a rotter."

THREE days later I ran into Mel. I stopped at a small cigar stand, where booking was made and where I bought my tobacco, and saw Mel there. He grunted when he saw me, then remarked dryly:

"So you're the cause of it, huh?"

When I looked at him in surprise he told of Billie. He said that she had fallen down on a story that the managing editor had kept everybody off of. He told of how she became listless, all of a sudden, and appeared to be in a mental fog.

"She looks as you do," he finished.

"Let's take a ride, Mel," I said.

Driving around town, I told him everything. He asked why I didn't quit the racket, and I gave him the same answer that ninety-nine crooks out of a hundred would have given.

"Listen, Mel, I've made a lot of dough, but I've nothing now. A coupla hundred. And a long way that's going toward making a home for Billie. Give me a couple of months and I'll have a stake."

Mel lit a cigarette. I didn't feel like smoking or doing anything else. Then Mel said:

"Drive me over to the rag. It's five-thirty, and Billie usually has her stuff down by now and goes home. I'll tell her that you are waiting for her downstairs. You can tell her what you told me, but I'm afraid it won't do you a whole lot of good."

It was a forlorn hope, but if a drowning man will clutch at a straw, a man in love will reach for the moon, as the undercurrent sucks him down.

In the first place, I had grave doubt as to whether Billie would come down or not—that is, come down to me. But she did. She gave me that slow, sweet smile, though it did appear to be a bit strained and thin. She invited me to dinner at her little home on the outskirts of the city.

After dinner we returned to her charming sitting room. She turned on the radio. We listened for a few minutes in silence.

Then, leaning forward in my chair, I caught Billie's two hands in mine. She shot me a startled glance and looked away. I began to plead my case. I explained that I couldn't consider myself a man, if I married her with nothing to offer but a lot of clothes and an automobile. If she would give me a couple of months I would make some money; then we could get married and I would be a square John.

Once again Billie heard me through in silence. Unconscious of the act, she half shook her head. I felt a sinking sensation. But I had made up my mind that I would abide by her decision—if I could—come what might. Reading this, you may wonder why I never offered to go to work for her. Frankly, I never thought of it. That's all. Now she looked away and spoke in that voice that I had heard once before:

"It's useless, Lee. There is something the matter with your way of thinking. You see life strangely. I don't know what it is, but it's there, boy. We would only be happy for a little while; then things would go to smash. It is not fair to either of us."

Once again she half shook her head and left the room. When Billie returned, it was to bring two tall glasses with her. She sat down again. I struggled hard to keep the words from rushing through my lips and sweeping her into my arms, smothering her protests with kisses. I'm glad now that I didn't, for as she told me later, just one soft word from me, and she would have crept into my arms, tearfully telling me that she loved me and that was all that mattered. But the moment passed.

"I've resigned from the paper, Lee. I'm going away, Edna and I—the maid," she said at last.

"Going away!" I cried, leaning forward in the chair quickly. "Why?"

SHE gave me a full look. "Don't you know?"

I sank back in the chair dejectedly.

"You don't have to leave. I'll go, instead."

"No. I have made my plans. Besides, you would only come back anyhow." And that was the truth!

"And, Lee, please don't look for me. Some day, if we see life differently, we'll find each other."

And so Billie left.

Nothing seemed to work out just right for me after she left. But Mel stepped into the breach and saved things for me. He cornered me one day and asked why didn't I get a job on the paper with him. I told him that I didn't know a darned thing about journalism. He said:

"That's nothing. You can learn. Besides, if you don't like it you can quit, can't you? But if I know you as I think I do, I'll bet you fifty bucks—which I ain't got—that you'll like it. Come on down and have a talk with the M. E."

I saw the managing editor of the paper, and gave it to him straight. He looked me over shrewdly and then gave me a chance. I worked with Mel for about three months; then, through my knowledge of the underworld and the police, I was put on as a police reporter—I mean as a cub, of course.

From the very start, the work captured my interest and I went at it hard.

Then I learned that a police reporter has no home, for the simple reason that if he has one, he never gets a chance to go there. I knew what it was to go forty-eight hours without sleep. There were times that I went even longer than that.

Once Mel and I sat in different cabs, on different corners, waiting for a man to come from an apartment house. We waited sixteen hours, and the man never came out. As a matter of fact, he never was in the place.

The M. E. raved like a wild man when the taxi company sent in its bill. I never saw a man rave so in all my life. He called Mel and me everything.

It was a novel experience for me. But the greatest of all things I learned while police reporting was loyalty. Loyalty to my paper, to my editors, to my fellow reporters, to the tipsters; even the sarcastic call boys came in for their share.

As for Mel, I found myself admiring him more and more each day. Names, dates, occurrences before and after they had happened, a host of friends, an intricate system of tipsters—all these he had at his beck and call. His knowledge of men and things amazes me, even today.

I worked for the paper eleven months when I was sent up north on a story. That trip came near being fatal for me.

YOU see, about three years ago I dropped into the city from the south with a girl I will call Dago Helen; though in looks and appearance she was far from what the name suggests. That is why I use it. Right now I want to tell you something about this girl that you may better understand her.

One evening she was walking home to the flat, when a man jumped at her with, I suppose, the intention of attacking her. Helen promptly shot him three times with a little pearl-handled thirty-two I had seen her with several times. As the man fell to the ground, she stepped around him and continued down the block. A cop stopped her midway of the block she had turned on, and asked her if she had heard any shots. She told him that she hadn't. The cop turned the corner. Helen went back and saw him stop where the man had fallen.

At the flat she told me what had happened. I felt the blood congeal in my veins as I looked into her strange eyes. They were of a tawny yellow, with flecks of gold in them. Now they burned with an intense fire. I was looking into the eyes of a killer! Strange eyes, indeed! I have known them, though, to grow limpid and soft with a tender passion. Deep, golden-yellow pools that were swimming with love, and that made the blood pound in my temples, a floating sensation steal through my stomach. But those eyes were different now.

"Are you sure that the cop saw the man?" I asked her.

"Yes, Daddy." Her eyes softened.

"Well, I'm going out and make sure."

I drove by the place. There was no one there. I learned later that the man did not die. But I'll bet a blue moon that whoever he was, he did not pull any more such stunts on a woman he thought would be defenseless. This incident gives you an idea of the type of woman Dago Helen was and, I guess, still is.

It was she who told me of a job that a certain gang was planning. She suggested that we beat them to it. We did. A week ahead of time, we struck. Three men were walking down the street where we had the car parked. I stepped from the machine, flashed a gun and they turned to face me, puzzled. Acting on our plans Helen called from the machine:

"Come on, you guys! What're you trying to do, get us pinched?"

That settled it. I reached down and snatched a black satchel from the hands of one of the men. Running to the car, I jumped in. Away we sped!

Two blocks away the three men carried out their part of a bargain that was a week too soon. Shots crashed out. People shouted and scurried for cover.

Two days later the fireworks started. From that day on I wore my armored suit—a fine-meshed suit that would stop a heavy caliber bullet at fifty yards.

One day I was sitting alone in the coupé, waiting for Helen to come downstairs, when I chanced to look up and saw a big sedan suddenly shoot into the street where I was parked. That was enough for me. Quick as a flash, I rose up in the seat. Something hard smashed into my ribs, again and again. There came a staccato chatter. I gasped and sank back into the seat. I felt inside my shirt. The mail suit was still intact. But the pain in my side was maddening.

People gathered around the coupé. Helen came rushing down to the car. She grabbed me quickly and wanted to know if I was all right. I could hardly talk on account of the sharp pain in my side. Just then a cop elbowed his way through the small crowd, and demanded to know what was going on.

And then another cop arrived, followed by a riot squad. More questions. Then the first cop said there had been a girl around here a few minutes ago, but now she was gone. To all appearances, it looked like Helen had deserted me. But I knew better. She could do me more good on the street than in jail.

AND jail is where I went. At headquarters, they took my rod when they frisked me. But, in some way, they overlooked the mailed suit. I don't know how they overlooked it. Then, for nearly an hour, I was questioned by the chief of police. The pain in my side was nearly killing me. Several times clouds swept up from my stomach, but I fought them back. If only that endless questioning would stop and I could get to a bed, I would feel all right, I thought. When the chief said to take me out, I tried to rise. The floor rushed up and hit me a resounding whack on the forehead.

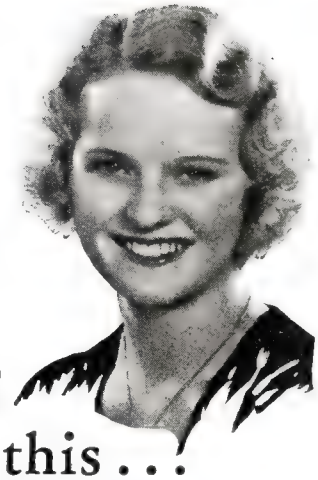
When I came to, I was down in the emergency hospital beneath the jail. Something hard and firm was pressing all over my torso. I felt of it. Bandages. I looked around. The chief was at my left, looking at me perplexedly. The room was full of dicks and cops. I saw a white-robed doctor and a nurse. Once again I felt the bandages. I tried to locate that driving pain, but I couldn't.

"How are you feeling, Melody?"

Turning my head, I looked at the chief who had spoken.

"Pretty sore."

"I guess you do! You've been pretty well shot up. To be frank, there is not



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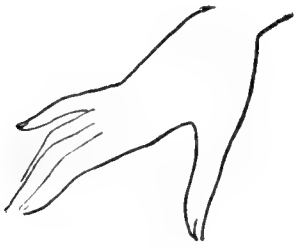

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much chance of your pulling through. Want to make any kind of a statement?"

It was a pretty poor effort, but I smiled at him. Turning my head again, I spoke to the doctor.

"How many broken ribs have I got, Doc?"

"Three. We are going to have an X-ray taken, as I think that a piece of rib is near your heart."

Well, they took me to the hospital. The X-ray did not show any splintered ribs. Helen came every day, between visits of the cops, and left candy and flowers. I have often wondered if she thought I ate all the candy she brought. I gave it away to the nurses, and sent some into the women's ward.

The cops finally left me alone, as I had nothing to tell them that was of any interest. When I left the hospital I also left town. Life there had suddenly become too strenuous for me.

Now I had returned. Through no wish of mine, of course. And as luck would have it, I was seen. That night, as I stepped from a restaurant, I was pinched. They booked me on a charge of robbery.

OF course I let out a squawk. I told those cops at headquarters plenty. Since I had been working as a police reporter, I had found out a thing or two. And one of them was that the gentlemen of the press are not to be trifled with. I ran a hard bluff, and one of them scored. It was late the following morning, though, before I could talk to the M. E. over the phone. He must have stepped down hard on somebody's toes, for in an hour and a half I was ready to hit the bricks.

Before leaving the jail, I walked down to the room reserved for the reporters. There was a man there I wanted to see, and who would greatly help in obtaining the information I was after. I stepped in the room and stopped quickly. My heart gave a queer flop. There was Billie seated at a telephone, talking.

At sight of me she gave a queer little cry, and jumped up to run over to me. I guess the party at the other end, most likely a rewrite man, was doing a lot of cussing in the next few minutes, for Billie was busily engaged with me.

Billie was living in one of those—I guess you call 'em—love nests. As soon as we entered the place I told Billie in no uncertain tone to kindly be seated. She sat. I meant to go over big this time. And I was going to do all the talking. I told her all that had happened since we had last seen each other. There were no heroics on my part. I merely told her the plain, unvarnished truth.

Billie sat there, with her head tilted to one side and her eyes intent upon my face. When I had finished she gave me that slow, sweet smile and chuckled softly in her throat.

"My," she said, still smiling, "how serious you are, Lee!"

"That isn't all, miss," I came back. "Tonight I'm leaving for the South, and my job. You can give me the information I came after. And you listen carefully to this, young lady. I'll expect you back there by Saturday. Then we're going to be married!"

Before she could reply I swept her into my arms. I put all my love in that kiss. Then placing both hands against her shoulders, I gazed deep—into her eyes.

"You are going to marry me. Say yes."

"But, Lee—"

"Say yes, I said!"

She lowered her head as the warm color crept into her face. Her hands caught the lapels of my coat as her head sank against my breast. Then in a small, muffled voice, she breathed:

"Yes, Lee!"

Up went the castle of dreams! Down went the dungeon of despair! Heigh-ho! With a pent-up sigh I crushed her to me. It was late that night that I slipped through the back door, after kissing Billie good-by and telling her to look me up at the office. I did not want to be seen coming from her house by any chance gangster.

Around the block my car was parked. In a few minutes I was on my way out of town. And supremely happy.

On the outskirts of the city I pulled into a small court in front of a gas station. A small, bald-headed fellow, with a professional smile and a pair of discontented eyes, stepped to the car. I told him to give the car a shot of everything, as I had close to five hundred miles to drive. Stepping from the car I examined all the tires. Reaching the rear I paused and, thinking of Billie, I looked back toward the city. That look saved my life.

A big sedan that I had seen once before, had driven near with a muffled motor. As I watched, a curtain was snatched back. With a startled cry I fell against the attendant, knocking an oil can from his hand, and we both pitched to the ground. Simultaneously, there was a sharp buzzing over our heads and the tinkle of glass behind us. Then came the death chatter of a machine gun.

"Roll under the car," I cried, suiting my action to the words.

THE man rolled over quickly. Bullets cut into the ground where he had lain. I had snatched the rod from under my arm, and was in the act of firing when a thought struck me. Rolling from under the car, I pulled the attendant to his feet. He looked at me and then down the road to where the big sedan was picking up speed and disappearing.

"Listen," I said, shaking him, "that car will be back here in a few minutes. Beat it! If there are any women around, take them too!"

With a frightened squawk, he wheeled and ran around the building to climb over a small fence and dash madly across a plowed field. I ran into the station. There were no women there. As far as the man was concerned, there could have been a roomful.

Running from the station, I jumped into my car and drove it around to the rear of the building. I left it there, and ran back to the front and across the highway. There was quite a large irrigation ditch on the other side. I jumped down in this and ran in the direction taken by the would-be killers. I ran about twenty yards and then crept up to the top of the ditch. I was just in time. A huge bulk was coming swiftly down the highway. It was the big sedan without lights. It swept by me, and cut in toward the gas station. It hesitated but

a minute; then picking up speed, it dashed away. A sardonic laugh rang out on the night air from the car.

I rose quickly and dashed down the road to the station. Inside I pulled out my money. I had sixty-three dollars. Ringing the cash register I put fifty dollars, half in and half out of the drawer, and then shut it.

That hurt. No editor was going to stand for that fifty on an expense account, and I knew it. But I didn't want to be stopped on the highway.

Fourteen and a half hours later, I reported to the paper. Then I thought I was going home and get some much needed sleep. But the city editor told me to get the low-down on a killing down in the Negro section of the town, and then I might call it a day. I came mighty near telling him to do something that wasn't nice at all. But I didn't do any such thing. I went down and tried to get the dope.

When I got it, I did not take any chances. I telephoned in and then hung up before the rewrite man could ask any unnecessary questions. I was as hungry as a he-wolf, and perfectly willing to sleep the clock around. I thought I would get a small bite and then crawl in the hay.

AFTER eating, I crawled under the wheel and started for home. Reaching there, I was met by a reception committee. Four detectives. We went to the station. I was booked on an old charge. It was a dirty trick, but right at that minute, I didn't care. All I wanted to do was sleep. At the jail I took one look at the bunk, and promptly tumbled into it. I went out like a light.

It seemed that I had just closed my eyes when I felt some one shaking me by the shoulder. With an effort I pulled the ton weights from my eyes and rolled over. Mel was standing in the doorway of the cell, and behind him was a turnkey.

"Come on, get up," Mel said. "I'm springing you. You won't need any bond. I've had a talk with ——, and he says that it is all right."

"Thanks, Mel. You're a swell guy. But come back tomorrow. I'm going to sleep, and no two editors are going to rob me this time."

With that I rolled over and went back to sleep. If I had got up, I would have never lost Billie.

When I did wake, they let me go. I beat it over to the paper. One of the telephone operators handed me an envelope. Though I had never seen Billie's writing, I knew it was from her. Eagerly I tore it open. There were but a few words. But as I read them I became sick at heart.

You don't know what it means to be square, do you? You have killed something that was too fine for you to understand. Good-by. I never want to see you again.

There was no signature.

I think I hated Billie at that moment. How dared she condemn me without a hearing? But, I said to myself, perhaps she had been given the wrong dope. Still, she should have found out. She knew how to find out, she was a reporter. It was unfortunate for me that, at this moment, the managing editor should send for me.

"Say, you," he greeted me, "what do you think this office is—a bail and bond place? Let me tell you something—"

"Yeah?" I cut in. "Let me tell *you* something."

I told him plenty. I told myself out of a job. And what I told him to do with his job would have sent a Sunday-school teacher into hysterics. For once in his life, he was without words. He just sat and gawked at me. Then I turned and walked through the copy room; not a typewriter was clicking.

I walked from the building, climbed in my car, went to a man I knew and borrowed a hundred dollars. Then I went to the flat where Mel and I lived and packed my things. I called up a transfer company, and when a man came I told him where I wanted my trunks shipped.

One hour from the time that I left the paper I was on my way out of town. "Bah!" I snorted. "Don't talk to me about a woman's faith in her man. Boloney! Applesauce!"

A week later, from an adjoining state, I sent back the hundred dollars that I had borrowed. Then I changed states again.

Holing up in a large city, I went my usual route. Libraries, theaters, and drives about the country. Then I tried a trick. I was knocked out. But the district attorney let me go. Reason? Insufficient evidence.

I didn't know it, but I was running from a face. A face that was driving me into things to get a chance to forget it. A face that was getting dearer and dearer to me, as each day dragged after the other. Several times I started to turn back; but when I thought of Billie's lack of faith in me I changed my mind.

FINALLY I crawled out of my hole. By that I mean I went to places frequented by my kind. In a few short weeks I had entered the old merry-go-round again.

It was at Grace's flat one night that I heard something not intended for my ears.

I was seated in a deep armchair, legs outstretched to the electric heater, when two men stopped behind my chair.

When they started to talk I knew that they were business men, and they piqued my interest quickly. I took down the receivers.

When they had finished, there was a short silence. Then one of them made a remark about some woman in the house. The other suggested that they go in search of her. They left.

I waited about fifteen minutes, and then went in search of a telephone book. I soon found the place. I was bidding Grace good-night when the girl I had brought there popped out of a door. Seeing me with my top-coat on, she ran over. I spent a couple of difficult minutes. At last I got away by promising to be back in an hour or so. I never did get back. But it was not my fault I didn't!

It was about three o'clock in the morning when I located the place—an automobile agency. It fronted a main thoroughfare, but on the corner of another street. Up this side-street I drove, and saw there was a mechanical department in the rear. That made everything lovely. There was a door, set back between two large plate glass windows.

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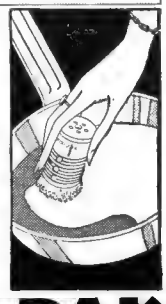

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I knew just about what kind of a lock would be on that door. I drove by and circling the block, drove by once again.

Then I headed for the apartment. Here I changed into a blue suit and a dark cap. I found my keys, strapped a holstered rod under my left arm, put a jimmy in my hip pocket and a flash light. Snapping off the apartment lights, I came downstairs and climbed into my car.

It was the work of a minute to get through the side door; in fact, the first key went home easily. I stepped inside quickly and shut the door behind me. I heard it click. I stood near the door silently for about five minutes. You never can tell—there may be somebody flopping in a place of this kind. A sort of privileged watchman. And so I waited.

Then I stepped lightly across the floor, passing between two large sedans. Out of sight of the window, I pulled out my flash light. Placing my fingers over the bulb I pressed the switch. By placing the fingers over the bulb only several thin streams of light can be seen, instead of a full glare. The light lasts but a split second, and any one chancing to see it would be likely to think that it was but the reflection of a passing car's light, or else would lay it to an optical illusion. But, in that quick flash of light, I saw a little door set in the middle of a larger door that led to the front, or exhibition, room.

THIS little door was fastened by a catch lock on the inner side. The side facing me was smooth, as the lock did not come all the way through. Out came the jimmy. I stepped inside the showroom. Straight to a sport cabriolet in the front part of the agency I stepped. Reaching this I lifted up the front seat. I ran my hand down in the cavity. It touched something smooth. I lifted it out. The day's receipts. The man had not lied when he said that he put the stuff there, because he was too late for the bank. Well, the cashier was here now! I grinned and turned.

Suddenly the room was ablaze with flash lights, and I was surrounded by three dicks and the two men I had overheard in the flat. I dropped my own light and reached for the ceiling as my heart sank into my boots.

Dead bang—at last!

Of course, I tried to fight the case. I put dough out right and left, but I was found guilty. I appealed the case and lost in the Supreme Court.

They broke me! I even sold my car. That money went also. I couldn't duck the blow. Pay-day had come around at last, and my end of the receipts was from one to twenty years in the state prison!

What a long time!

Now I'm shaking time. An unforgetting and an unforgiving law had at last caught up with me who learned to hold that same law in contempt. I am not kicking over my lot. I had it coming to me for a long time.

I recall how two colored fellows in here put on the razz for me the first day that I was released from quarantine.

"You can't read very good, can you?" one asked the other.

"How come I can't?"

"Well, if you can, you sure read that letter I sent you the wrong way. I said, 'Read and run.' You thought I said, 'We're having fun'; and that ain't all. I sent you another one and you thought I said, 'I'm doing well.' When what I said was; 'I'm catching hell!' "

To all appearances, they were unaware of my nearness to them, but I've learned to grin in my twenty-eight years of living.

You know, in a place of this kind, where you see life lived in the absolute raw, and learn to know the caliber of men, it gives you a lot to think about.

Sometimes I see a bit of life here that is too horrible to picture, too degrading to think about. But a fellow just has to live it out. Then again, I see life in here in its most beautiful aspect. I have seen men, hardened criminals, do things so gloriously human that something grips me by the throat; perhaps it is an unuttered sob. It moves me deeply. Life then is a wonderful thing.

I have found out something else also. There are men in this world whom people call misanthropists. Nothing could be more cruel than that. I have found that the men we think are misanthropists, if they could be weighed by a delicate scale, would assay nine-tenths shyness and one-tenth reserve. You can figure that out for yourself, I suppose. All quiet men are like that. They have more time to think because they keep their mouths shut.

A chance remark, made a little over a year ago, woke me up. To be colloquial "I took a tumble to myself." Once in awhile a speaker from the outside comes in here and gives the men a talk. Just such a person came at the time I just mentioned. He used as his topic, "The Law of Nature." It was very interesting. Then he made a remark that sank deep inside of me. I have heard the remark before, but who is credited with giving it birth, is lost in the ages. The speaker said:

"Obedience to the law is liberty!" I only half heard the following words, for the ones quoted crashed into me with a force that stunned me. Their awful force crashed through my conceited ego and set the wheels of thought moving And they moved!

FROM that day on, I began to look about me. I have seen things I never dreamed existed. A new vista opened up before me. I found that there was a beauty unbelievable in doing things—for myself and for the other fellow. I found myself keenly interested in this "other fellow." I was curious to see how he would react to a given circumstance. And I found that I was not quite the fellow that I thought myself to be. I, who had lived the life of an idler, found out that work is the greatest of all things; the panacea for all ills of the mind and, sometimes, of the body.

But don't think that all this time, I had forgotten Billie. Long ago the bitterness had passed. From the wreck that came with my trial and conviction, I saved two things that I would not take the world for, except Billie, herself.

They are two pictures of her. They sit on the little table in my cell. Every morning when I wake they greet my eyes; every evening they smile me to sleep.

Since I have been in here I have learned what love really is. The kind of love that Billie tried to explain to me. Was it a century ago? The knowledge that I once held her love has been a great help in carrying me through the dark moments that are bound to come from the dull days of ceaseless routine.

Last fall, the warden instituted a curriculum of study in the prison, and I am teaching a class of about fifty men to speak Spanish.

I have none of the qualifications of a teacher; but most of the men in here think that I am a "good head", and I manage to be fairly successful. And you know I find, in teaching these men, I have learned many things that have been a great help to me. Some of them do not even know the rudiments of their own language; some can not even read or write, and they are native Americans!

This sounds unbelievable, but it is the truth. And I believe that by giving these men a chance to learn something worth-while, a blow is hit at crime.

I'M no philosopher, but I doubt if there can be a real way to keep men from stealing. The point, I believe, is to catch those men when they enter the prison, and show them that they can learn this or that trade, and when they are free, they will be in a position to enjoy those things which they tried unsuccessfully to steal. Teach a man something that absorbs all his interest, and there will be no need for such a thing as the Baumes law.

And now you wonder what I have found that interests me to such an extent that it will be a guarantee I will not go back into the life of crime.

That should be easy to guess. Journalism. I had a taste of it and found it absorbing. I can see a future in journalism that no racket of crime can expect to cope with. My greatest difficulty is in getting books that touch on the subject. It is not taught in here. No one is qualified to teach it, as all the teachers are inmates. Only the supervisor is a free man. My teacher is a newspaper—just any old sheet. I wonder if you have ever hungered for something, and found yourself balked. Pretty tough feeling, isn't it?

I have no desire to be a story writer. This is my first effort in that line and, if I keep my mind, it will be my last. I won't tell you how long I spent on this one, but it has been a long time. The world is full of young people who aspire to be writers. And, believe me, they have my deepest sympathy. If this were not a simple record of events that happened to me, you can bet a blue man I would never have tried it. I think if I see something happen I can tell you about it, but when it comes to digging into the old think-box, I'll go to the rear of the class.

And now comes the break for me that set the whole world right again. I got a chance to read regularly a paper from the Pacific Coast, and there has been a story running in it for nearly a month. So when I got the paper one night I eagerly turned to the fiction page. It was the last installment. Just before the story started, there had been an announcement that the picture of the author would be on the news picture page. Curiously, I turned to that page.

It was Billie!

I think my heart took a complete somersault. I let out a whoop that startled the other men on the tier. Boos, cat-calls and none too gentle requests to crawl under my bunk, came; but I did not give them a tumble. Instead, I picked up the pictures on the table and made them acquainted with the new number. Oh, I had a glorious few minutes!

Then I recalled that I knew several fellows on the paper. I would write to them and ask them to get in touch with Billie for me. Then I changed my mind. They didn't have to know where I was. Then I thought of Mel. Straightway, I wrote a letter to him, requesting him to find Billie for me.

The next morning I took it to the front gate and asked permission to have it mailed, as it was after the regular mailing day. The permission was granted. After the letter was on its way, I spent several miserable days. Perhaps she did not love me any more. Perhaps she was married. If she were married and happy, what right had I to cast an unwelcome shadow over her happiness? But, perhaps she was not married. Maybe—I thrilled—she still loved me!

Then came a telegram from Mel:

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF NOT LETTING ME KNOW WHERE YOU WERE STOP LET KNOW IF CAN HELP STOP SAW BILLIE SAME DAY YOU LEFT STOP SAW MISTAKE STOP TRIED TO FIND YOU STOP SAW HER TODAY STOP ON WAY TO YOU STOP WRITE LETTER TO ME STOP WIRING FIFTY BUCKS STOP HOT ABOUT YOU LEAVING LIKE THAT WRITE ME LETTER STOP MEL

Good old fellow! And Billie was coming!

FOR two days I walked around like a man in a dream. Then, one morning while I was teaching my Spanish class a runner came for me and said I was wanted at the front gate. I fairly flew out to that gate. One of the guards at the front said to go in the reception room. I did.

A woman was seated facing the door I entered. At sight of me she rose. It was Billie! With a little, strangled cry she rushed into my arms.

"Oh, boy, boy, boy!" she cried against my shoulder. "How I have missed you! Please forgive me. Please! Oh-h-h, Lee-boy!"

We walked over to two chairs and sat down. We searched each other's faces hungrily. Billie was just the same sweet girl. I could see no change in her.

"Lee," she said at last, "you look the same, but there is a difference. What is it? Tell me."

And so I told her all that had happened; how I saw life through different eyes; how I was planning for a new and better future and, now that she was here, everything was lovely.

"Oh, I'm glad, honey-boy! I'm glad!"

And that is about all.

Billie and I have laid our plans.

And I have good reason to believe that I won't be here much longer. Six months or a year, at the very most. That is going to be a long wait, but I guess I can make it. After that, Billie and I are going to some city or town where we are not known.

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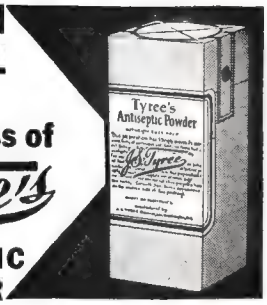

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Home Problems Forum

(*Continued from page* 6)

it. Within the next two years, I had to have two more. Besides, a great deal of money was needed for doctors, in addition to the hospital bills; and each time I had to accept their generosity.

Around this time, Jerry's father, whom we have always called Pop, was doing very well and wanted to make us a substantial gift, so we decided it would be nice for him to build us a little home.

I want to make it plain that this was not such a great sacrifice on Pop's part. He really had amassed a great deal of money, and Jerry is the only son, though he has two sisters who both married well. I know, in those days, Pop always planned to leave the business to Jerry, because he felt, naturally, that the girls wouldn't be interested in running a men's furnishing store. Also, he had given them each a house when they were married, and furnished it for them, whereas we furnished our own home. We have the darlingest little place you ever saw. It is a brick bungalow of six rooms, and we bought lovely furniture.

Jerry and I have always been perfectly happy together. He is attentive to me, likes to have his friends in, and to go places. There were never any differences of opinion between us, and never any cross words.

WHEN we had been married four years, Pop proposed to Jerry that he come into the business. He felt young blood was needed, and if Jerry would take a personal interest, it would be worth his while.

Jerry was glad of the chance because he knew something of the business from having helped out on Saturdays and after school, and it seemed a shame that Pop should always be paying a stranger, since he couldn't handle the store alone.

However, Jerry started just like any other help, on a salary and commissions. Soon he began to do very well. He began to do a great deal of the buying, and his winning personality attracted many new customers. All the friends he had made in high school came into the store, and many hadn't come in before. Also, he began to take various small responsibilities off Pop's shoulders, so that he was really giving all his time and thought to the business. I will say he got a very excellent salary, and, with his commissions, we were able to save quite a bit and live very comfortably.

Three years ago, my mother-in-law was taken sick. I helped take care of her for months, because she hated a strange nurse. Then she passed away.

The question came up immediately as to where Pop was going to live, because he couldn't bear the thought of living alone in their large house.

His two daughters never even offered to take care of him. But naturally, since he still had the business, and since they lived in other cities, that idea was out of the question. However, it still rankles with me that they never even offered to take him.

There seemed nothing to do but for us to open our home to him. As a matter of fact, my own parents gave me a long talk, and told me I had to do it.

I will admit that I was a little surprised at their attitude. My mother didn't seem to be thinking of us at all. I suppose she was putting herself in Pop's place. After her pounding at me for a few weeks, I told Jerry we ought to invite him to stay with us.

Jerry was tickled, of course, and Pop was so pleased that, for awhile, I forgot my fears and thought everything would come out all right. But even from the beginning, it didn't seem possible that we could be perfectly happy with a third person around, and my worst fears have certainly been realized.

A month after my mother-in-law's death, Pop sold his old home and moved over with us. He was very nervous.

During the first few months, he hardly went down to business at all. He sat about the house, brooding and grieving.

Jerry didn't say anything. He knew the business backward and forward; and although it was hard to handle Pop's work and his own, he did it cheerfully.

I don't want to seem mean, but the extra work has been quite hard on me, too. You see, I have never hired any help, because I felt that hard times might come again, and that we ought to save.

After about four months Pop had a real nervous breakdown, and the house was turned into a hospital.

Of course, Pop paid all his own expenses. He was still drawing his regular income, though Jerry was doing all the work. The business is still in Pop's name.

There has never been any talk of giving Jerry a partnership. Every week the receipts are deposited in Pop's account, and all he has ever done in the past four years is to sign checks and pay bills. Although he trusts Jerry to run the business, he doesn't seem to trust him enough to let him handle the money.

ANYWAY, to get back to Pop's illness. The house was in confusion for months. I was almost a nervous wreck when, at last, Pop could get out of bed.

Since that he has changed completely. He doesn't like people to talk to him. He is not interested in anything in the world except his own health. He complains about being sick all the time, though doctors say his body is in perfect condition. He quarrels with us about having visitors, and complains that we make too much noise, even though he retires to his own room. He doesn't want the radio on, and he doesn't like to be left alone in the house, if we are going to the movies or to a party. He won't come to meals when the table is set; either wants to eat at odd times, or after we are all through.

After about a year of this, I began to get disgusted. Then Jerry and I began to quarrel.

Naturally, Jerry wants to please me but he feels under obligation to his father, too. I always tell Jerry everything his father does, because I think he ought to know. It is his father, and I don't

(*Continued on page* 190)

"AN OPERATION MAY SAVE THIS CHILD"

"—and I had no money"

"A MAN can knock along on what he's making until something happens! Then when the emergency comes and the money he *hasn't got* could do *so* much, the cold realities of life haunt him.

"I know what I am talking about! I'll never forget the time when my child's life was at stake. Not an extra dollar to my name. If it hadn't been for friends. . . .

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Laughs *from* Life

Sure to Succeed

My nephew, John, has been very successful in business, and I tell him that I always knew he would be, from the time he was but a boy.

Thirty years ago, when John was only eight, he and his older brother James came to visit me. As a little test, I put out two pieces of cake on the table, one much larger than the other. "Now, Jimmy and Johnny," I said, "I want to see which of you has the better manners."

"Jimmy has!" shouted John, as he grabbed the biggest piece.—L. E. L.

Quality Maintained

Many years of restaurant eating have taught me to be philosophical. I am thankful for my daily whole wheat, rye, brown or white bread. Never am I too choosy about it, because I long ago learned it doesn't do me a bit of good to be fussy.

The incident which completely resigned me to the whims of restaurateurs occurred in a little Southern town, where I was working temporarily. One night I called the waitress to register a mild and polite complaint of my dinner.

"Miss," I said gently, "this veal stew isn't half as delicious as the deviled chicken you gave me yesterday."

"That's funny," she replied, "it's made from the same rabbit."—A. M. T.

Smart Boy

A friend of mine has a lazy, good-for-nothing son. He begged me to put him to work at any job and at any wage, just to get the boy started toward standing on his own feet.

I called the boy in and offered him a job clerking. "I'll pay you twelve dollars a week," I said, "and in three months, I'll raise it to fifteen."

"Thanks very much," he replied. "That's awfully nice of you. I'll look in again in three months."—W. M. L.

Some Claws

Sister is an awful cat, but she has one pretentious friend I always enjoy seeing scratched a bit.

A couple of days ago this dizzy friend came prancing over to the house and said to Sis, in front of Sis' best beau, "What do you think of this dress? I got it for my eighteenth birthday."

Sis smiled sweetly, and answered, "I think it's worn amazingly well."—I. M. H.

Real Love

I was trying to teach my youngest son something of the meaning of love in daily life by pointing out examples of devotion in history, such as Leander, the ancient Greek youth, who swam the Hellespont every night to see his beloved Hero.

"Huh," snorted my son, "that ain't nothing! Sis is in love with the postman, and she writes herself a letter every night to make sure he'll come the next day."—L. F. M.

Perfect Practice

Nothing had happened on my beat for a long time. I had just about concluded the world was turning law abiding, all newspaper reports to the contrary. Musing thus, and nonchalantly swinging my nightstick, I passed a solitary young man sauntering home in the darkness. We bade each other good-evening and each went on his way. I had gone scarcely half a block when I heard the sound of scuffling and cries of terrible pain. I wheeled quickly and ran back.

In the next block I found the young man I had just passed, carefully rearranging his clothing. On the ground were three masked thugs, bruised and battered, their clothing torn, and weapons scattered. I was astounded at the feat.

"Fine work!" I congratulated the young man as I handcuffed the wreckage. "Ju-jitsu?"

"No," he replied, lighting a cigarette carelessly, "railway porter!"—M. J. B.

Brave Man

The husband of a patient of mine has an extraordinary fear of the dental chair. His wife and children appear regularly twice a year for examination, and consequently seldom have any work to be done. But the husband will procrastinate until he actually gets a toothache, and, of course, has to suffer for it.

One morning he called in an agonized tone of voice and requested an immediate appointment. I arranged one for him; but the time came and he didn't appear. An hour went by, but still there was no sign of the patient. I called his home and his office, but they said he had left long ago. Finally I spoke to my assistant about it.

She said, "Why, Mr. Gardner's been here for an hour or more."

"Well, where is he?" I asked. "Why didn't you show him in?"

"He's in the waiting room," she replied. "But he's locked himself in."—H. H.

A Convincing Story

There were two things Frank Lowe could do better than any one else. He could eat and lie. He was the biggest liar I ever saw, and I have seen plenty!

One day at noon, he came into my restaurant. It was crowded; there was hardly standing room. I was at the cashier's desk when he came over and stood looking around for a vacant chair. There wasn't any. Finally he said to a man at a nearby table, "Did you hear about the big fish they just caught right down here in the river?"

The stream was hardly more than a brook, but in that country the natives called it a river.

The man looked up, interested at once. "No," he said.

Frank explained in a loud voice, so every one in the place could hear, that a fellow had caught a fish weighing around a hundred pounds. He didn't know what kind of a fish it was, but it was just down there a little way, and any one could see it who wanted to.

The man got up from the table and said to another man sitting with him, "Come on, Bill, let's go see it."

They both went out. Whereupon, Frank promptly slid into one of the chairs and ordered dinner.

The story was all around the place in a few minutes. Those who weren't eating left, and those who hadn't finished, hurried and were soon leaving too. In a short time the place was deserted.

Then Frank suddenly got up and came over to pay his check. I glanced at his table and noticed that he had hardly eaten anything. This was something that I had never seen him do, leave food on a table. As he paid me, I asked him where he was going.

He said, "I guess I will go down to the river. *There may be something to that fish story, after all!*"—F. H. E.

Worse than the Disease

Soon after I graduated from medical school and hung out my shingle in a small Kentucky town, a high-school girl in ragged clothing, which showed that she was one of the mountain whites, called at my office.

Her grandfather, she explained, was suffering from chills and fever. They lived eight miles from town, back in the hills, and she had been commissioned to see the doctor and get some medicine.

As the symptoms were obviously those of malaria, I gave her a bottle of a quinine preparation, very bitter, and carefully wrote on the label instructions that the old man was to take a couple of tablespoonfuls every two or three hours.

"It may take a few days for this medicine to relieve him," I said. "But let me know in a week how's he's feeling."

She promised to do so. Precisely a week later she came again to my office, carrying a note painstakingly written in pencil.

"I've tried both your medicine and the chills," It said, "and I prefer the chills."—GEORGE I. D.

Modern Agriculture

I spent my vacation last summer on a quaint New England farm. During the day I went for long walks and a swim, but during the evening it was my pleasure and privilege to talk to the droll character who owned the farm.

One evening he remarked, "The main difference between the theoretical farmer and the practical one is that the theoretical farmer insists on trying to make a living off the farm, while a practical one just faces the inevitable and turns the place over to summer boarders like you."—J. B. D.

"NO KISS . . . until you wipe off that PAINT"

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$12,000 Contest Bulletin!

YOUR judges are busy grading the mass of entries in True Story's gigantic letter contest, in an endeavor to award the ten thousand prizes of cash and books at the earliest possible moment. True Story is as anxious as any individual competitor to establish the results and to have the prizes in the hands of the winners.

However, a letter contest can not be judged until the competition closes. The judges must wait until all entries are in before they begin to appraise the material. In all other games in which you compete, the score is kept as the game progresses. Then, at the end, it is a simple matter to total the figures and announce the winners. In cards, you know the result as soon as the final hand is played. In baseball, the winner is indicated the minute the last putout is made. In tennis, the final point decides the result. But in a letter contest, where every entry must be valued and graded in its relation to every other entry, no such speed is possible. The scoring can't begin until the game ends. That is why the results are not available immediately.

Just as this issue went to press, we called on the judges for a statement of progress. And, in substance, this is their report:

The work is being pushed with all the haste that is compatible with accuracy and fairness to every entrant. It is entirely possible that we may be able to announce the first of the prize winners in next month's issue. Every effort will be made to start publication of the big news at that time. Therefore we ask each entrant to be patient for a few more weeks, and to look in the July issue, on sale June 3, for the next contest bulletin.

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(*Continued from page* 187)

see why I should shut all these things up inside me.

I have believed all along that if Pop wanted to cure himself of his imaginary diseases, he certainly could, and there is certainly no reason why we should tolerate all this unhappiness.

However, every time I mention to Jerry, when we are talking privately, that Pop ought to be sent to one of his daughters, Jerry becomes furious. He can't see it my way at all. He thinks I am ungrateful and mean; but I do feel that I can't stand it any longer.

Even my mother gives me no sympathy. She says old people get that way, and young people should be kindly and tolerant. But I know, if he tried, he could change his ways. Pop isn't so old, anyway. He is only sixty-three. All the neighbors say he is just lazy.

There is just one other thing. I shall never be able to have a child. Jerry and I want to adopt a baby, but I know Pop would make it much more unpleasant for us if we brought a child in. He wouldn't like the things the baby did, and would probably complain all the time if the baby cried or made a noise. I think Jerry and I have the right to bring up a child. What are we going to do, Mrs. Willman? Won't your readers please help us? —Irma.

Jerry Writes:

Dear Mrs. Willman:

I, myself, am getting nervous and crabby, because Irma's unhappiness works on me. I know that things have changed. I long for the peace we had when we were alone and were perfectly happy. But I don't think that any married couple can always live for themselves. If the presence of a third person brings unhappiness, then that is one of the things we have to face in life.

I must say that I am amazed at Irma's apparent ingratitude. I say "apparent," because I really am not sure that, in her heart, she is ungrateful.

Pop is everything that Irma says. He is cantankerous and unhappy and has never seemed able to readjust his life since mother's death. It may be all right to say that he could be different if he wanted to, but can he—really? He is not sick enough to be sent to a sanitarium. He isn't really weak. His illness, if it is such, is in his head and in his heart, and that is something which, perhaps, he can't overcome at his age.

He would be very unhappy with the girls. You may say that he is unhappy with us. That is quite true. But if I only can, I want to make his last years as smooth as possible.

There is one thing which Irma hasn't brought out very clearly. Maybe she doesn't realize it. Although Pop objects to the activity of our household, that activity goes on just the same. We do have friends in. We do play the radio. We do go out to shows and dances, whenever we have the time. We really don't give up anything for Pop, and if Irma will think back, she will see that this is so. The extra strain is caused by the arguments we have with Pop over doing these things.

I hate to admit this but I want to be honest, and sometimes I feel like shaking Pop when he objects to some soft music on the radio, or to a few friends coming in for bridge in the evening. I lose my temper, too. I can't put it all on to Irma. But nevertheless, I feel that, in gratitude to Pop, we should try to make the best of things. If he wants to spend a lot of money on doctors, that is his privilege, and it is his money. The business is still his. And why shouldn't it be? He built it up through years of hard work. He is being repaid now for the effort he put into it in his youth.

I voluntarily reduced my salary a year ago when the business wasn't going so well. I told Pop, but I really don't know whether he remembers it. But that isn't important. We still have more than enough for our needs. The business is going better than most stores at this time, and there is no sign of its going to pieces.

Except for Pop's money, Irma would have been a charity patient in the hospital. She wouldn't have had the kind of care which she did have. Except for his generosity, we'd be paying rent to a landlord, instead of owning a beautiful little house with every modern improvement. Again, if it hadn't been for his interest in me, I'd be working for a stranger and maybe wouldn't have a job at all. Really, all the material comforts we have, and even our health, are due to Pop's assistance.

Even Irma's parents agree with me, and are beginning to get impatient with her, because, you see, they are parents and understand Pop. I know her mother lectures Irma every time she goes to visit her.

OF course, I want to see Irma enjoying life. I want to see things go smoothly. Sometimes, after Pop is asleep, and Irma and I sit on the porch, I long, just as deeply as she does, for peace and quiet and just us two. But really, I don't see what is to be done, except to make up our minds that we have to be decent and sensible and courageous about it.

You might say that Pop has enough money to board with strangers. That is true, but if he can't adjust himself to us, how could he adjust himself to complete strangers? He simply wouldn't know how to go about it. And I would feel that I had to go to visit him every day and look after him, because I know he couldn't get along.

What else can I do, Mrs. Willman? Am I wrong in my attitude? Am I demanding too much when I expect my wife to bear with my father's annoying habits, under the circumstances? It does seem rather hopeless, and I would certainly welcome the advice of anybody who has been through a similar difficulty.

—Jerry.

What is your opinion?

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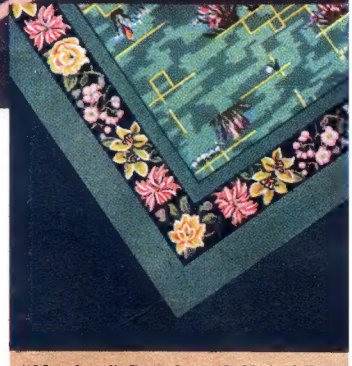

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